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NETTIE CROSBY WALLACE

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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

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CONTENTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

		PAGE.
Nettie Crosby Wallace	opposite	1
George Munro Grant	"	97
McMaster Debaters	"	337

POETRY.

Autumn Lyric from Song Waves	By the late Theodore Harding Rand	12
Herring and Oyster, The	E. J. Farmer, '03	246
Incarnation, The	D. M. W.	305
Katydid, To a	M. A. Maitland	362
Mid-Year Exams	A. E. H.	157
My Magnet	A. E. H.	100
My Tepee	W. Sherwood Fox, '00	205
Our English Speech	B. W. N. Grigg, '94	63
Plugging for Exams.	Mamie Voo	384
Quest of Love, The	A. E. H.	314
Quatrain	Eustace	165
Receipt of a Beautiful Picture, On the	E. A. B.	255
Song of a Troubadour	H. P.	15

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

Bible Criticism and the Average Man	J. L. G.	13
Chronicle of Class '02	Jacqueline M. Norton '02	7
Convention for Religious Education	George Cross	241
Educational Monthly, The		262
McMaster Abroad: In Italy and Greece	Glenn H. Campbell, '00	306
McMaster Abroad: In the Philippines	S. R. Stephens, '99	16
Missionary Work in India	H. F. Laflamme	111
Morning with Dr. Alexander McLaren in Union Chapel, A	Henry Bury, '02	166
Nettie Crosby Wallace	Eleanor P. McKay	1
Opening of the New Wing at Feller Institute	T	105
On Board the Rose Marie	Stambury R. Tarr, '95	306
Our Champion Debaters		337
Passing of "Big George," The	I. G. Matthews, '97	101
Pioneers	L. Owen	23

Principal Grant's Life an Inspiration.	G. M. Milligan, D.D.	97
President Harper's Address		338
Savoy—The New and the Old	W. Sherwood Fox, '00, and Glenn H. Campbell, '00,	145
Scriptures the Authority in Religion	W. T. Graham, '89, Theol.	350
Traitor, The	W. Sherwood Fox, '00	49

STUDENTS' CONTRIBUTIONS.

Big Bell of St. Ives, The	F. S. Beddow, '06	201
Canadian Poetry	Annie M. McNeill, '03	193
Epic of Rama, Prince of India, The	J. Fletcher Calvert, '03	247
From My Window	L. S., '05	65
Gareth and Lynette	A. S. Woodburne, '06	297
Mike	Elizabeth Munro	260
My Friend of the South Sea House	Henry Moyle, '06	256
Paddle on the Susquehanna, A	R. G. Hartley, '05	253
Ramble Through Cambridge, A	C. R. Jones, '04, Theol.	206
Rockies, In the	A Guide	58
Seamy Side of London, The	T. McC. Dadson, '06	158
Shakespearian Theatre, A	Edith Dennington Hartley, '05.	303
Shakespeare's Richard the Second	W. J. Grigg, '05	355
Summer on the Prairies, A	J. M. Warner, '04	258
Thomson's "Autumn"	D. C. Macintosh, '03	363
Thoughts Suggested by a Waste Basket	F. S. Beddow, '06	109
Tramp Printer, A	W. J. Grigg, '05	61
Twilight Reverie	Henry Procter, '03, Theol.	18
University Studies	D. C. Macintosh, '03	153, 210

Editorial Notes	27, 67, 116, 169, 216, 263, 315, 368
Book Reviews	28, 70, 117, 172, 217, 265, 316, 370
College News	32, 75, 122, 176, 219, 268, 319, 374
Here and There	46, 93, 138, 189, 235, 285, 335

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1902.

NETTIE CROSBY WALLACE.

Leonette Moore Crosby was born in Hebron, Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, on the twenty-ninth day of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-one. She was the second daughter of Harris Harding and Jane Saunders Crosby. Early in life she accepted Christ as her Saviour, and became a member of the Hebron Baptist Church, of which her beloved father was a deacon for many years and the superintendent of the Sunday school. She received her education in her native village and at the Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, graduating in eighteen hundred and eighty-three.

On the thirtieth day of May, eighteen hundred and eighty-five, she became the wife of the Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, then pastor of the First Baptist Church, Lawrence, Massachusetts, where they spent nearly six years. When her husband became the pastor of the Bloor St. Baptist Church, in January, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, she came with him to Toronto, a frail body, possessed of a loving heart and a beautiful strength of spirit. Her little daughter Rachel, a winsome child with a head running over with silky brown curls, was a fond mother's constant companion. Although she was still very young her mother, most thoughtfully, talked with her, leading her wee feet into sweet paths when babyhood was scarcely passed. Patient guidance was a beloved task to Mrs. Wallace, and what to others might have been a care was a source of joyous companionship in the society of her little girl.

I remember very well my first visit to her home on Prince Arthur Avenue nearly twelve years ago. There was a character-

istic kind remark made by her and repeated by her husband, which created for her and for myself a new friendship, a bond of sympathy that has been of great benefit to me. When speaking most affectionately of her father, one time early in our acquaintance, the remark she made concerning him often recurred to me : "Father is not a tall man, but he has such a great heart, such a broad mind, that you think he is large in stature when you see him." It was the same with his daughter ; her calm face, lighted by a pair of luminous eyes, blinded one to the fact that she was not physically much stronger.

How true she was ! She never deviated one thought from what she felt was right, always maintaining kind and charitable opinions concerning those who may have possessed faults in the eyes of the critical, ever ready with a "reason why," which bore with it love and true Christian grace.

> "Our life is lent
> From first to last, the whole, for this experiment
> Of proving that we ourselves are true,"

was one of life's lessons she had learned well, and in her neighbor she looked for the good and true only.

Unconsciously influential was undoubtedly a strong characteristic in her life. She never seemed to realize what a tower of strength she became to some natures, or what confidence in one's better self she inspired in others. She did not obtrude views concerning duty or obligations others should feel, but she regarded friends with such faith in their capabilities, such a high regard for attainments she felt they possessed, that oftentimes she led shrinking natures to examine their lives in the endeavor to discover the talent she thought they possessed, until a latent gift was appreciated and under activity became a part of a life.

She was a reader of only that which she felt was profitable, and a great lover of God's word. When her husband conducted a very successful course of inductive Bible study in the church of which he was pastor, she was a deeply interested and faithful student. As a pastor's wife she lost no opportunity to reach all.

She dearly loved children, and if one were a patient at a hospital or in any distress, she never forgot them. Even within a few months of her "going away" she told of having followed the ups

and downs and trials of one sweet child in whom she had been much interested years before. So, also, in her position as wife of the Chancellor of the University, where new interests and duties confronted her, she still had time to follow the loved ones in the church where she was always greatly beloved.

She had a profound and thoughtful love for the students. She sought out the new-comers and made them feel they had a friend in her, entertaining them with simple grace and cordiality in her home. Her home! What a joy she felt in it. Rachel grew apace, and her little son, Crosby, came to share her love and attention. And never did children possess a mother whose influence would leave a deeper impress upon their characters.

When she with her husband decided to purchase the home on Prince Arthur Avenue and returned to live on the street on which she was happily settled in her first Toronto home, what pride she took in their new home ; how she delighted in the garden, which is a place of great beauty. She loved to share its sweetness with her friends, bestowing upon them the beautiful flowers and luscious fruits which grew there.

For nearly two years she richly enjoyed it, and then her dear frame was stricken. The call was sounding for her to go to a better home, eternal in the heavens. For many weeks hearts were wrung with bitter anxiety. Loving friends prayed earnestly and endeavored to show her their love in their gifts of flowers and loving messages. Sorrowful, yet gratifying, incidents of bright sunny days will long be treasured in loving hearts. The physicians had told her broken-hearted husband that the end was not far off, and although too weak to bear in the room any but those ministering to her, she longed to see the forms of a few of her beloved friends and wave her hand to them in the garden. She had been tenderly placed in the window of her husband's library, where she might enjoy the peaceful quiet and sunshine of her garden in the early spring. There was only visible to those in the garden the motion of a delicate white hand, seen through blinding tears and bursting hearts, which was just another evidence of her sweet nature and love for her friends.

Commencement Day came and her vacant place caused grief and a longing for her presence with her accustomed greetings to students and friends. When our hearts sought relief for the tension of

sorrow by sending to her a little floral gift and a word of love, in spite of all the physical suffering there awaited the donors, when the day was over, a beautiful farewell letter, dictated by her and penned by her beloved sister, in which she gave Christ the pre-eminence, the secret of her pure and beautiful life here.

ELEANOR P. MCKAY.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral services, which were held on Tuesday afternoon, June 3rd, were conducted by Rev. Dr. Herr, acting-pastor of the Bloor St. Baptist Church ; Rev. Dr. Welton, senior member of the Faculty of McMaster University, and Rev. Dr. Weeks, of the Walmer Road Baptist Church. The pall-bearers were : Professors McKay and TenBroeke, representing the Faculty ; Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., and Rev. Dr. Bates, representing the Board of Governors, and Mr. John Stark and Mr. W. J. Robertson, representing the deacons of the Bloor St. Church. Appropriate passages of Scripture were read by Dr. Welton, and heartfelt prayers offered by Dr. Herr and Dr. Welton. The large company of mourners sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the hymn she had asked to be sung. Dr. Weeks spoke as follows :

"We are all mourners here to-day. Therefore our words should be few. On occasions like this we realize the poverty of our vocabulary. Words are to our thoughts what waves are to the sea, they ripple its surface but never reveal its deeps. Instinctively we feel that silence is the true companion of sorrow. I believe we would all agree that an attempt to eulogize the departed would be both inopportune and useless. Our sister has already heard words of praise from Him who spake as never man spake, and in the records of her life she left a eulogy more eloquent than speech. With peculiar aptness we might apply to her the words of Scripture : 'Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.' There are many women in Toronto who are more widely known than was Mrs. Wallace, but not one more universally or intensely loved by her acquaintances. Instead of seeking she rather shrank from public scrutiny, and with the instinct of true womanhood found her joy and her

rest in her husband, her children, and her home. With a beautiful self-forgetfulness she thought and wrought for them until the end, and when the King called her to His palace and she could no longer linger, she bequeathed to them the priceless legacy of a beautiful memory. I think it was Henry Ward Beecher who said that to him the greatest mystery in Providence was that God should put His most beautiful souls into such frail bodies. This was surely true in the case of Mrs. Wallace. With a less heroic soul I doubt not that the body would have fallen years ago, but with her splendid courage and devotion she lived a sweet and sunny life, until on Monday morning last, when, just as the dawn was tinting the east, and the birds were beginning their morning hymn of praise, she passed into that day that has no night, and joined her voice in the ever increasing chorus of praise, 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood.' In our mourning to-day our sorrow is not for the one who has gone, but for those who must walk life's weary way without her tender love and care.

"What are the lessons of this life to us? Permit me to mention two. First, what a testimony it bears to the power of simple goodness. For many years Mrs. Wallace lived quietly in this city, and I suspect she did not dream that she was being closely observed; but now that she has gone we find a great company who had noticed and were charmed by the simple and beautiful life that she lived, and by her example she has helped many a struggling soul upward and Godward. Goodness, like the woman who has left us, is an unassuming virtue, but in many respects it is the mightiest of them all. Humanity is everywhere attracted and held by goodness as by nothing else in the world. Other graces may charm the eye, but it is goodness that wins and holds the heart. Even the mighty miracles of our Lord have not so taken hold upon us as has His purity, His tenderness and love. Mrs. Wallace was great in that she was good, and will live in our memories when others who have occupied more public places are forgotten. And yet there is a way—a true womanly way—in which our sister has done a great and permanent public work. Only eternity will reveal how large a part she had in the great work done by Pastor Wallace in Bloor Street Church, and the greater work accomplished by Chancellor Wallace in McMaster

University. In his many positions of trial and perplexity she was his true counsellor and helpmeet.

"The other lesson to be learned from the life of the departed is the sustaining power of the Christian faith. She who bore so bravely and so brightly the burden of life, without fear or faltering faced the ordeal of death. Indeed, she went forth triumphantly to meet it. Unbelievers may await with a Stoic's firmness the approach of the destroyer, but only the child of God can welcome him. When Death called for Mrs. Wallace, he found her with her house in order, ready to go or stay as her Master willed. For her the poet's words were true :

> No moaning of the bar, but down the tide,
> The white sails swelling free,
> The stately spirit-ship in gallant pride
> Stood out to sea.
>
> No sadness of farewell, but from the skies,
> Like music faint and far,
> One gathering shout of triumph swells and dies
> Beyond the morning star.

And while we stand here she is within the vail. We are in the shadow, she is in the light. For us there is still the storm and the tossing ; for her, eternal rest. For us there is still the discord that ever mars our sweetest songs ; for her, the eternal harmony. We still tabernacle in the desert, she dwells in the palace of the King. May it be yours and mine to follow her as she followed Jesus, and, like her, leave behind us a light that shall guide others to that land where to-day she dwells."

THE CHRONICLE OF CLASS '02.

πρώτος ἀεί! ἀεὶ πρώτος! Year '02! These are the words the sound of which, during four years, has been able to recall the wandering attention and bring a recognition smile of "Here am I" significance to the faces of all the boys and girls who have been fortunate enough to be enrolled in '02, McMaster. During college term these words, like the bugle call of an army corps or the rallying cry of a Scottish clan, would cause each member of the class to hasten to the muster-place. If heard in the summertime, when we were scattered almost as far as the east is from the west, and perhaps panting for breath under a blazing sun, they were especially welcome, seeming to bring with them a cooling breeze from the football campus, from Field Day, the skating rink and the hockey matches, debates, oratory contests, and from merry class-rallies; in short, they represented to us all a joyous college life and seemed to make more real that indefinable bond which was uniting in close and lasting friendship thirty or thirty-five boys and girls whose surroundings and relations in life had hitherto made them simply so many isolated units on the shore of life's great ocean.

But, strange as it may now seem to us to whom it has become almost a talismanic word to arouse pleasant memories and stir to higher aspirations, there was a time when πρώτος αει and "Naughty-Two" had no particular significance. The beginnings were in the fall of '98, when thirty-nine lonely lads and lassies entered the wide-open doors of hospitable McMaster and were duly enrolled as students in the Arts course of that college. But they were not yet a class. Only as they began to grow familiar with each other's faces, so that they could sympathetically understand and correctly interpret the puzzled expression when they faced the problems of divine mathematics or tried to be absorbingly interested in the history of the English language; as they heard themselves dubbed as the "Freshmen" and found the all-wise Sophomore or lordly Senior patronizingly striving to instruct them in the way that they should go; as they heard rumors of some awe-inspiring initiation soon to take place; only then did

the idea and necessity of class-organization seize upon them, perhaps in self-defence.

With the class duly organized under the presidency of Mr. J. R. Coutts, the colors chosen, and, if not the most important, in after-days the most in evidence, the class-yell composed and memorized, '02 was a fully-fledged university class, ready for work with an abundant supply of college and of class spirit, and ready to show the world that they were in very truth what their motto proclaimed them to be,—first always, always first. From this time on '02 was, to an onlooker, probably much the same as those classes which had gone before, but to those, its constituent members, '02 was the centre around which all their college interests revolved; it was the pole-star towards which all their college thoughts pointed; it was the class of all classes. We had champion athletes, star football players, successful debaters and orators, and, not by any means least, students of the first rank.

The first year in college means much to every boy and girl. Everything, from the delightful first class-rally even to the weary task of learning to skilfully manipulate "dictionaries and other helps," all has the delicious flavor of novelty. Our first class-rally was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Newman, and was unanimously voted—by the class—the best rally ever held at McMaster. Rumors are still afloat of the trials of some of the more diffident of our number in their efforts to secure the desired companions for this event. But, indissolubly connected with the first rally, is another event which even yet provokes a smile, but there always follows a sigh of regret. A quiz was appointed for the following morning! It was the refinement of cruelty to the weary minds and bodies of those who had taken part in the amusements and festivities of the evening before, and history records that the quiz was focused upon one poor unoffending student who had not shared in the dissipation of the evening before. But a sigh of regret comes at the thought of the sequel and of the long-continued and systematic penalty which was visited upon the delinquents.

The result of the Inter-Year Debates of '98-99 chronicled a victory for '02. In competition with the three Senior years the supposedly inexperienced Freshmen, through their representatives, carried off the palm of victory.

But not only did '02 play football and hockey, debate, orate and hold rallies,—they studied. Like the illustrious who had preceded them, they groaned over Bradley's Arnold and listened to discussions of abstruse theological problems in Old Testament English, or rallied their sometimes flagging energies to solve Prof. McKay's knotty problems, until, in due time, they reached their first experience of that awful new season known as "cram-time." The fever of plugging seized them all and ran its course, so that when the crisis came they were all able to pass it successfully and no failures were reported.

Then came the summer scattering and the pursuance of all occupations from that of the stereopticon-vendor to that of the housekeeper with her blue-checked apron or her red sweeping turban.

In the fall of '99 most of the wanderers found their way home again, quite willing, in their new capacity as Sophomores, to welcome and patronize in their turn all in-coming Freshmen. Prof. and Mrs. McKay very kindly entertained the class at their second rally, which proved even more pleasant than the never-to-be-forgotten first one, though the novelty had somewhat worn away.

This Sophomore year was distinguished for its achievements in athletics. We were proud to count among our number the champion athlete of the college for the year, Mr. G. C. Lamont, and our football team captured the much-coveted Ryrie pin, given for the championship in inter-year matches.

Books occupied their full share of our attention again, but exams. were approached with less trembling than before. Through our newly-acquired knowledge of the workings of the cerebrum and cerebellum, and with our reasoning powers developed by the gymnastics of the classes in logic, we were ready to wrestle with any problem.

The Junior year found the different members of the class devoting more time to their "specials," and consequently less together as a class. Every subject on the curriculum found supporters and enthusiasts among our number, but science claimed the majority. Indeed, '02 science class was the largest special class yet graduated from McMaster. Constitutional history, philosophy, and economics, with its delightful Saturday morning trips to King's shoe factory or to the Central Prison, kept the class un-

broken. Dr. and Mrs. Smith entertained the class for their third rally, and we had, in addition, a sleigh-ride, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all the members of the class except a few studious ones who could not be persuaded to leave their books two evenings in one year. Again '02 carried off the victory in football and wore the Ryrie pins for the second year.

October, 1901, brought '02 together again for the last enrolment. We had now to play the part of Seniors and hold the chief offices of college life. How every moment of this Senior year whispered, "The last." Railway tickets to college purchased for the last time—trunks unpacked in college dormitories and boarding-houses for the last time—registration for the last time ; and so it was through everything. As we moved about the halls and into the class-rooms, looking as grave as judges and as wise as Solomon, everything echoed "the last," until we could almost wish ourselves back at the starting-post instead of bending ourselves to the home stretch.

Our honors must now be counted and placed to our credit. For the third year the football championship was won by our team, an unprecedented success in the annals of McMaster sports. The Chancellor's gold medal, given to the champion on Sports Day, was captured for the second time by a '02 man, this time by Mr. C. C. Sinclair. Throughout our course we have had our full quota on the first teams of football and hockey, and the good work done by such representatives as Mr. R. D. MacLaurin and Mr. R. V. Bellamy will long be remembered by all lovers of sports at McMaster.

But athletic honors, though ardently coveted and earnestly striven for, are not the only ones sought and won by '02 men. Our class was equally successful along literary lines. Mr. H. S. Arkell, the capable president of the Literary Society for the last year, was one of the debaters who won for McMaster the championship in the Inter-College Debating Union for the second time. The Inter-Year Oratory Contest resulted in another victory for '02, when Mr. R. V. Bellamy was given first place for oratory.

The columns of THE MONTHLY bear witness to the fact that many members of '02 are writers of no mean power. As well as many excellent articles from the pens of various members of the class, we have had even more than our share of representatives on

THE MONTHLY editorial staff. These have served in all capacities —as business managers, editors of college news, and members of the reportorial staff.

Our final class-rally was held at the home of Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace. It was one of the most pleasant ones we have had, but even the pleasure was tinged with the "last time" whispering which had now come to be a part of every college experience.

Time flew on apace and brought the final exams. all too soon. Bradley's Arnold and Co-ordinate Geometry had seemed impassable barriers in their day, but as the "Pons Asinorum" of the novice in Euclid's Elements becomes simple to the student of Co-ordinate Geometry, so these one-time difficulties now seemed to us to be child's play as compared with the theorizing, speculation and hypothesizing of Ethics, Theism, and Astronomy. But, in due time, these too were mastered or "crammed," and one paper after another was written off, till, like all other things, the final exams. were at an end.

At our last business meeting, held after exams., we decided to have a permanent class-organization, with Mr. A. R. Girdwood as the president. A reunion, to be held five years hence, was one of the things which we hoped might come to pass, and, to keep us in touch with one another during that interval, a class-letter has been started on its journey, under the direction of Mr. Arkell.

The commencement exercises had much more significance to us this year than ever before. The graduating dinner was the first of the farewells, where we were bidden adieu by our fellow-students with the most cordial assurances of good-will. Then came the last and crowning event in Walmer Road Church. As we passed up one by one in solemn procession, to receive the degree from our Chancellor, and realized that we must henceforth be classed among the alumni, and no more could belong to McMaster, there was very little of the triumph to which we had looked forward, but a great sadness of farewell overshadowing us. We felt that now, indeed, college-life was over, that real life had begun, and that McMaster had been simply a splendid training-school to fit us for the greater battles into which we must now enter.

A few days more and '02 is scattered far and wide, this time with no reunion ahead in the fall. After all the good-byes are said

and we are far away from the scenes of college-life, there comes a feeling of a great blank in our lives. McMaster has filled such a large place in our lives that we dread the parting of the ways. But we have studied that we may serve, and, though we must leave behind us our college-home, we will not leave behind us the lessons learned there. The inspiring and ennobling influence of the Chancellor and of our professors, the softening and sanctifying influences of Fyfe Missionary Day, and of class prayer-meetings, and, indeed, of all departments of college-life, will remain with us, not only as pleasant memories but as incentives and helps to a truer and higher life, wherever we may be or whatever we may do.

McMaster has sent out many loyal classes but none more so than the class of '02.

"Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,"

will always be that of our dear college-home, and never will our Alma Mater or our class be forgotten.

πρώτος αεί ! *αεὶ πρώτος* ! Year '02 !

JACQUELINE M. NORTON, '02.

AUTUMN LYRIC FROM "SONG WAVES."

By the late Theodore Harding Rand.

The full ripe year, these maple hills !
The pure October weather fills
  Earth's veins so full of glowing crimson
That every leaf is ablush, and thrills.

An expectation holds the days,
And angel sunbeams throng the ways ;
  The luminous skies grow close and tender,
And over all is a brooding haze.

'Tis summer's apotheosis
In flame of color, burning kiss,
  As dew dies in the arms of sunlight—
A world of beauty dissolved in bliss.

BIBLE CRITICISM AND THE AVERAGE MAN.*

This book is really a Biblical Introduction. In the presentation of its material it does not claim any great originality on that side of it which has to do with research regarding the books of the Bible. For this it relies on statements of scholars who have made a specialty of it. But the equipment that Dr. Johnston claims as the justification for adding another to the many books on this subject, is his knowledge of the average man, gained in work at Young Men's Christian Associations and at Bible Conferences generally. There can be no doubt that there is room for such a book. Dr. Johnston holds that the average man is "the large factor in any problem which involves the human race," and that he is a large factor in the matter of Bible criticism. Our author holds that the average man is fair, ready to receive the truth, and able to make a distinction between those who are extreme and those who are not. He is ready to listen to men like Professors Robertson Smith, George Adam Smith, and McGiffert. But the average man is cautious, and when he sees difference of opinion amongst critics he is disposed to suspend his judgment. But it would appear from this book that the average man is not uninfluenced by the Higher Criticism, and that his views of Scripture, its nature and its purpose, are not quite the same as were those of one similarly situated one hundred years ago, for the average man finds in the fundamental positions of George Adam Smith, for instance, much that makes the Bible richer and better, and holds that "the fact is that one of our strongest grounds for hope is in these very men; for when such men, holding views of literary criticism which many cannot accept, still stand upon such fundamental grounds of Christian faith, no man need fear that the outcome of this movement will not be with full possession of every vital truth. It is Dr. Smith's expectation that a new conception of inspiration will take the place of the old. Perhaps it may be so, but all that inspiration gives us now of eternal and saving truth will still be ours."

Indeed it would appear from this book that the average man

*Bible Criticism and the Average Man. By Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00 net.

has already accepted a new and, according to the author, a better view of inspiration, built partly upon the labors of the leaders in the Lower and in the Higher Criticism. In passing we may say that the author holds that there is no fundamental difference for the average man between the Higher and the Lower Criticism, because "as a matter of fact practically all critics deal with the whole problem of criticism." This statement is liable to lead to confusion. It is true that the principles of the Lower and of the Higher Criticisms are fundamentally the same; but the Lower Criticism deals with the text, while the Higher Criticism deals with authors, and history, and the books as a whole. The term "Higher Criticism," which is perhaps a little unfortunate, was chosen, not in order to give to those who accepted views put forward by scholars in this sphere, a mark of superiority over those who saw no reason to give up the traditional views, but only to indicate that the area with which it deals is broader than that of the criticism which deals with words and various readings, and which in its day had to struggle for a right to be heard.

The plan of Dr. Johnston's book is to pass in review the whole sixty-six books of the Bible. It will naturally be understood that in a short work exhaustive work cannot be done in any case, but the book before us affords pleasant and profitable reading, and is well calculated to help a man who wishes help in mapping out the whole territory that the Bible covers. The general impression that the whole book gives is, that the average man is more cautious regarding the Old Testament than he is regarding the New, that the average man is hardly prepared to accept the reconstruction of the Pentateuch and of Isaiah and of other books, but that in the New Testament he feels himself safe in being guided by Dr. McGiffert.

Perhaps the average man of this book has been a little disposed to overlook some arguments that should have been examined carefully if the subject was started at all. For instance, the average man appears to assume that there is a general acceptance amongst critics that Jeremiah was the author of Deuteronomy—which hardly represents the facts; and the average man, in examining Deuteronomy, appears to have overlooked the legislation regarding the "law of the altar," which is a very important matter.

But yet the average man seems to have made some important concessions to the principles of the critics. Dr. Johnston says that if we get good from the story of the Prodigal Son construed as a parable, it may be that God intends us to construe the story of *Jonah* as a parable. In speaking of *Chronicles* he quotes Dr. Brown (evidently with approval) where the latter asserts of the chronicler—"David and Solomon he idealized, depicting the religion of their time according to what seemed to him the necessary conditions of righteousness. . . . It follows that the value of Chronicles is not mainly that of an accurate record of past events. Nevertheless, its value is very great. It is, however, the value of a sermon more than of a history."

We have exhausted the space at our disposal, and have only given a few preliminary suggestions that arise from reading Dr. Johnston's book—a book which will prove interesting to all Bible students who take more than a superficial interest in the great subject of Bible study. J. L. G.

SONG OF A TROUBADOUR.

I.

When the heart of a boy goes out to a girl
And he cares not who she may be,
'Tis the longing known of the children shown
As they play with the waves of the sea.

II.

When the heart of a man goes out to a maid
And his only love is she,
'Tis the yearning deep of those who keep
The trackless paths of the sea.

III.

O, I am a mariner bold!
And no child at play by the sea;
And deep is my love as the blue above,
My love for Rosalie.

H. P.

McMASTER ABROAD: IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Dear Bro. Wallace,—Your pamphlet concerning McMaster University to hand. Very many thanks. I read it with great interest indeed. For me to speak at this time of the thrill of loyalty which is the common heritage of McMasterites is too common a theme. Loyalty to McMaster is an axiom of her graduates.

What appeals to me at this time, surrounded as I am by semi-barbarism, is the loyalty of McMaster to her men. So far as I know I am the only Canadian in the service, and certainly the sole representative of our Alma Mater in the islands. And as the cock-roaches, lizards and spiders creep over the walls and floors of my domicile, it is companionable, to say the least, to know that there are other hearts beating in unison with mine, on one theme at least.

The work of teaching here is more a work of superintending native teachers and also of conducting a normal class for said teachers. My hours are not very long—about four a day. As the work is the simplest rudiments in English, and for that matter in all subjects, no special preparation is possible. This leaves me much time for private study.

I am working on psychology and the languages. I have made my language course embrace Hebrew—thanks to the inspiration I received during the year under our dear old Dr. Welton. I hope to return to California in two years—at least I have a pressing invitation to do so. I welcome gladly this opportunity for study, as I am somewhat backward in French and German, having never taken a regular course in either.

I hope to acquire a little Spanish, though outside of Manila very little Spanish is spoken. The language of the islands is Tugalog, the original tongue of the natives before the regime of Spain. You can readily understand from this the extent of Spanish civilization. Spain has done nothing in the four centuries except bleed the islands.

Strange to say, however, the natives do not appreciate what the United States is doing for them. There is still considerable insurrection in the Southern Islands. I am thirty miles north of Manila. The chief trouble now is amongst some who are of the

Mohammedan faith. Many of the people in some of these Southern Islands never paid any obedience to Spain. One year ago this district was in insurrection. It is pacified now, or perhaps better —it is bluffed.

As to the moral and social standing of the natives, I can best give you an idea of it by saying they are lower than the average Chinaman. In the Islands there are four classes, Americans, Spaniards, Chinamen, and natives. Three classes are professed Christians, and one heathen. I have arranged them in the order of their social, business and spiritual standing, though it is a question with me if really the Spaniard should not follow the Chinaman. Such, indeed, is Spanish civilization. To say that Spain is not responsible for the morals and business standing of the people is to stifle truth. She made a great success of introducing the Roman Catholic religion and all its evils. Had she introduced the Lord Jesus Christ doubtless history had been a different page.

Cholera has been very bad this summer here. This is the first scourge since '87, I believe. Here in Pulilan (8,000 population) there were about 300 deaths. This in the last three months. There are very few cases at present. The native doctors cannot handle it. Furthermore, the people here live in filth. This I need not dwell upon. The whole family of man and the lower animals are one family and partake of the same festal board. I had dinner at the mayor's house the first day of my sojourn here. Thanks to his forethought I did not dine with the family. I had rice, chicken and boiled water (boiled on account of the cholera). Underneath my chair lay a little pig about six months old; in another corner of the room was his prize fighting cock. This all seems very like heathenism.

Men, women, and children two years old and upwards smoke, drink wine and beer, and chew betel-root. The race is stunted—no intellectual acumen, in fact, most inconceivably stupid. They have, however, a most prepossessing, ostentatious conviction of their own importance and educational attainments. It is hard enough to combat stupidity, but ignorance and conceit added to the list make an almost invincible trinity.

Well, I have written quite a lengthy letter. There is no limit to a man's experience here, however. I am in hopes I may obtain

transportation home via New York, or perchance spend a year in South Africa and return via New York. In such case I am looking forward to a flying visit to Toronto. Of course the time is still somewhat distant. In case I apply for a position in South Africa for a year I may need your assistance in the way of a recommendation.

Now, I trust and pray at all times that the beneficent Lord may richly bless McMaster and her work. Kindest regards to all the faculty. Yours very sincerely,

S. R. Stephens.

Pulilan, Bulican Province, P.I.,
June 22nd, '02.

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

"Are you going to the Gardens this evening?"

"Yes, if nothing occurs to prevent me."

"Then I'll call for you on my way down."

This conversation took place during the noon-hour of a very warm day in the month of July, 18—. The speakers had met on the main street of the little town of S., bordering on the North Sea. It was the custom of the inhabitants of this seaside resort to spend the hours of the long summer evenings on the cliffs, which had been converted into beautiful pleasure-grounds by the town council, at great expense, and were known as "The Gardens."

Many visitors from all parts of the United Kingdom were accustomed to spend their holidays at S., and each summer evening witnessed the gathering of hundreds eager to avail themselves of the refreshing breezes that usually swept the cliffs after the burning sun had set. Some preferred the embankment at the foot of the cliffs below the Gardens, and thronged the promenade; others found greatest delight in sitting around a little pavilion and listening to the orchestra—a band being engaged each evening during the summer months; while many spent their time examining and admiring the prettily laid-out flower-beds and walks of the Gardens.

My friend, true to his word, called for me, and together we sought the Gardens, glad to escape the heat of the town; for even

the oldest inhabitants, who were ever praising the glorious elder days, acknowledged that this July had been the warmest for many years. It was our custom to seek one of the seats on that part of the cliff least frequented, and there to enjoy reading our books until the fading light forbade us. I forget now what book my friend had taken from his well-stocked and well-chosen library (for he was a great lover of books and had gathered together a number of the very best in our language), but I remember taking with me on this particular evening a volume of poems. For an hour or more we read, interrupted now and then by a passing friend, or by the shouts of the children at play on the beach, or by some one remarking in appreciative tones on the playing of the band.

"There's A. B. ! Just the one I've been wishing to see," suddenly exclaimed my friend. "Kindly excuse me for a few minutes." And he hurried to the beach below.

His departure occurred when I had just finished one of my poet's longer efforts. Attracted by the barking of some dogs on the sand, I looked out to sea. Never had I seen the water calmer —it was like a sheet of glass. A mile off the home-coming fishing fleet was becalmed. The tawny sails of the vessels were unfilled and the skippers were vainly holding their bows to the harbor mouth. Immediately I thought of the poet's words,

> "As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

Gradually the vessels faded from view ; the dogs ceased to bark, and I heard no longer the merry shout on the beach ; the strains of the band died away, and the people passed from my sight. Suddenly from out of the sea there appeared a large canoe-shaped vessel, which moved towards me seemingly unpropelled. When it approached near enough I saw a man standing in the centre, motionless, but with his face towards me. He looked a fisherman, above the middle age, gray-bearded, and of medium height, and wore a white smock and what the fisherfolk of these parts called a sou'wester. As soon as the vessel touched the shore he stepped out and beckoned me ; and, as if a spell were upon me, I arose and went to him, when, without a word, he signalled for me to enter. The vessel moved to sea in the same mysterious manner as before. Right through the fleet we went ; then I saw

large numbers in black, on squares of white, on every sail, but of human beings aboard there seemed none.

With his face towards the open sea my pilot stood motionless and spake never a word. Thus for a while we glided on, noiselessly and swiftly, somewhere. But whither? As suddenly as the vessel appeared first to me, there rose, some miles off, a long line of white cliffs, that grew higher and higher as we approached them. For a time no opening appeared, then I descried a narrow inlet—so narrow that it seemed closed at the top. Through this we glided, and then it was that astonishment did indeed possess me, for before us lay a large circular bay, sloping down to which, from all directions, was rich green grass, portioned off by hedges into irregular yet pleasing plots; while on top of the slope, immediately noticed by one entering the beautiful bay, stood a large edifice built of some white material. Towards this the vessel sped, and ran upon the fine beach which fringed the bay.

Pointing to a well-worn path that led to the building that crowned the slope, my guide left me, and I commenced to climb slowly, for the path was long and winding. At the summit I was met by one wearing the academic gown, and discovered him to be the man who had conducted me on the mysterious voyage. Previously not a word had escaped his lips. Now, he greeted me cordially, much to my astonishment (for I was truly astonished, so strange had been the whole of my experience, and every moment had increased my astonishment and wonder). His kind words unloosed my lips.

"Where am I?" I exclaimed.

"This is the Island of Pieria. It is known to many as the Isle of the Poets," my guide answered me.

"And what is this large building?"

"This is a college devoted entirely to the study of poetry. I have been sent to conduct you through it. Follow me."

As we drew nearer I saw a goodly company of men and women in front of the building. Some were walking about in twos and threes, and others were gathered in groups. All appeared to be in earnest discussion.

"These have come from far and near to listen to the lectures of well-known teachers from many lands," my guide explained. "Some of the professors are famous poets; many of the students

are destined to influence their native lands, and the world too, for they have the gift ; but most have come because of their great love for poetry—some that they may interpret it aright themselves, and others that they may learn the true method of teaching. Come, let us go inside."

Words fail me when I attempt to describe the bewildering scenes through which I passed, so quickly did my guide lead me through the long, large halls, from room to room, and up and down magnificent stairways. Artisans may have built it, but artists planned the college. This much was impressed upon me as we hurried through every part of the building.

The largest room was evidently used as an assembly hall, and was suitable for an audience of many hundreds. Splendid paintings hung on the walls. But what interested me most were the statues of poets that were placed here and there around the room David and Homer, Virgil and Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe I saw, and I know not how many besides ; but my guide assured me that all the great poets of every age and of every clime were there. Many were veiled, and to my question the answer came :

"These are statues of famous living poets. When they die the veils are taken off."

In another room I noticed that the teacher stood behind a long table upon which lay an open scroll. This he was measuring with a rule and marking off into sections of varying lengths. The operation was greeted with merry bursts of laughter by the students.

"Why all this noise ?" I exclaimed.

"The professor is showing his class how mechanically some teachers attempt the interpretation of poetry," my guide replied.

The very next room which we entered offered a marked contrast to this last. Here every seat was occupied and many were standing. Every face expressed earnest attention and deepest pleasure, and the professor's own seemed lit with a peculiar radiance as he lectured.

"That is the way to teach," whispered my guide.

Both of these rooms just mentioned were upon the ground floor and were entered from the main hall. After visiting these we went to the very top of the high building, to a little garden on the roof, from which point of view we could see the whole island.

There I saw, at the foot of that portion of the slope not seen by one entering the bay, a rather large manufacturing town, and, farther off, a harbor where several ships were riding at anchor, while the surrounding land was divided off into farms and pasture lands. And leading from the college to the town was a broad white road, upon which were many moving to and fro between the two.

"Every student," exclaimed my guide, "is expected to spend so many weeks on the farms and in the factories and around the docks. This is a necessary part of the course of training here, hence the large number which you see on yonder road."

After this word of explanation, he drew my attention to several students moving among the flower-beds in the spacious garden behind the building. All seemed to be eagerly examining the flowers in search of something, and I naturally enquired the reason for their movements.

"Oh, they are seeking the seed of a little flower that blooms prolifically, but of which great number few bear seeds. Now, these seeds are very small but have wondrous power, for the eating of one of them opens the eyes to the things of this world and their relationships, and the mystery and meaning of life are unfolded."

"And do all, by continual search, succeed in finding the seed," I asked.

"No, not all. Some seek for years and fail. In fact, few are fortunate in the finding. I have noticed that those who have the gift always succeed. Some, of course, are more quickly rewarded than others; and a few, after diligent search, find them, but allow them to slip through their fingers, for the seeds are very small. Strange that mortals should be so careless! But I must leave you now, for the hour draws near when I lecture. Follow me and I will take you to the garden. Perhaps you may . . . ."

"I must beg your pardon for leaving you alone so long, but A. B. would persist in detaining me. What! tired of your favorite author! Come, it is getting too dark to read now; let us go."

And picking up the volume which lay at my feet, I rose and followed my friend like one recovering from a trance.

Henry Procter.

PIONEERS.*

"Hail to the pioneers! Their names and deeds, remembered and forgotten, we honor here."

"Let it not be grievous unto you that ye have broken the ice for others, this honor shall be yours to the world's end."—*Parson Robinson to the Pilgrim Fathers.*

The breaking of ice is not suggestive of ease and comfort, nor is honor likely to accrue, especially, in the latter ages of the world as an attractive reward. Fortunately, perhaps (if ease and comfort are to be esteemed the highest good), the number of those who are ambitious to break ice is not very great. The most of men are imitators, copyists, conformists. Farmers carry their wheat to mill with a stone in one end of the sack to balance the grain in the other, because their fathers carried it in that way. The medical practitioner refers for light upon a puzzling case to the tomes of Machaon or Podalivius. The legal man confutes his opponent and triumphantly demands a judgment that black is white and that white is not a color, because he is able to show that it has been so held by Lord Fossil, in the Court of King's Bench, in the fifth year of the second Charles; and even the theologian is sometimes tempted to silence dissent by appeal to the dogmatic utterances of fathers of the church, who flourished in the times of Chrysostom and St. Jerome.

To its conservatives and conformists the world owes much; they keep the treadmill in motion, they maintain order, they force us into ruts of habit and fashion, they discourage the erratic, they suppress crankiness and freakishness, they reject phonetic spelling and the metrical system of weights and measures, they lend continuity and consistency to life, they fit out the vessels that bring Pearey and Nansen and Bernier back from futile searches for the pole; they are quiet and content, prosperous and happy, they fill our streets and are sometimes to be seen in our schools, they populate London and New York, they are an exceeding great army.

In sharp contrast to these in character, but in numerical proportion infinitesimally small, is the order of men of whom just now I propose to speak as pioneers, the men of faith, of imagination, of invention and originality—the icebreakers, the discoverers, the

*An oration delivered in the oratorical contest at Woodstock College, June, 1902.

men who have the glorious gift of initiative. Few in numbers they have always been, out of step with the procession, out of tune with the choir; misunderstood, disliked, caricatured, opposed, they are yet the people who have led the way in every foot of progress that the world has ever made, the people without whom we should be left to consume the wealth that they have accumulated for us, and afterwards to die of stagnation and inanition.

Where, in a spiritual sense, might the world now be if, in far away Mesopotamia, in the olden days, all of our fathers had served other gods, and one lone emigrant had not set his face to the west, resolved to found a race that should keep alive in the earth a knowledge of, and a belief in, a spiritual and invisible Deity?

Where, in a geographical sense, might we have been if there had been no mariner venturesome enough to sail westward under unknown stars, westward over unknown seas, westward when his men grew wan and weak, westward when there was mutiny on his ship, westward when the very winds had forgotten their way, and it seemed to the seamen that God from these strange seas had gone, westward until he had found a world, and taught that world its grandest lesson, On! and on?

Where, in a material sense, might have been the fair province of Ontario, the mother of so many of our boys, and the hostess of the rest of us, if 100 years ago there had been a dearth of pioneers, of men willing to brave the hardships and deprivations of wilderness life in a strange land?

Where, in a political sense, might British North America have been if 35 years ago there had not been a man who, by an eye of faith, could see a chain of united provinces stretching across the continent, a man who could plan to build a railway across the vast plains of the North-west, then marked only with the footpaths of the buffalo and the ruts worn by the Red River carts, a railway through the stupendous wall of the Rocky Mountains, the peaks of which rise above the clouds, a railway down the shadowy canyons of the Kicking Horse and the Illicilliwait, a railway from a terminus on the Gulf of St. Lawrence to another on the Gulf of Georgia?

And where, in a mechanical sense, might we have been if Humphrey Potter, the steam engineer's idle assistant, had not connected the walking-beam of the engine to the valves "by suit-

able strings and catches," as the old books say, and thereby made the engine self-acting and lost his job ; or if Elias Howe had not thought of punching the eye in the point of the needle, or if McCormick had not thought of teaching the iron fingers of a binder to tie knots in twine, or if M. Michaux had not thought of riding upon a machine consisting of two wheels, attached one behind the other ?

And now we come to the inquiry as to whether the pioneer is born or made, and in answer to this we may well assume that the traits of character that distinguish a man from his fellow-men as capable of originating ideas, are natural and native-born. Without this divinely implanted spark of genius, impelling to independent action, men will follow in each other's tracks with the docile placidity of cows coming home from pasture, or of ducks on their way to water. But the possession of the potential spark may be one thing, and the setting of the world on fire by achievement may be another and quite different matter. "I write from intuition," said a great author, "but I work hard between times to collect the material of which the intuitions are made."

In a certain sense the work of the schools is to train men to uniformity. Generations succeed each other, all studying the same lessons, from the same books, each in turn handing on the knowledge so gained to its successor ; and this process has gone on until it might be supposed that all capacity for diversification had been eliminated. But of the schools it may at least be said, that if they do not encourage originality—if, in fact, they do a good deal to suppress it—they at least put the student on the track of material out of which intuitions may be made.

For the majority of us who graduate from Woodstock, or even pursue our studies through a full university course, there awaits only the humdrum life of humble imitation. We shall plod carefully along in the beaten track, looking continually for guidance to the precedents of the past, content to be imitators of those who have gone before us, leaving the world when we are through little better or worse than we found it. We will fill rural pulpits and appear in the inferior courts of law, will sell tea and sit in municipal councils, and grow potatoes and make money, and be duly thankful to our Alma Mater for the training that has fitted us for these stations of inconspicuous usefulness.

Some, perhaps, who have studied here will hear the call of God to go forth into a far country, to be the pioneers, the ice-breakers, in some field of science, or industry, or literature, or moral reform, or political innovation. To these the knowledge they have gained from books, the training of their teachers, will be the scaffolding from which they will erect monuments of achievement—the caravels of Columbus drafted from Palos. They will rise superior to their teachers and to those who wrote their text-books, and to those who were their companions in study, and lead the way for their contemporaries and successors into hitherto unexplored realms of material or intellectual or moral wealth.

L. Owen.

Mr. G. W. Langdon, one of our assistant business managers, makes the following appeal to the students, an appeal in every way justifiable and one that ought not to be in vain :—

It behooves every student of McMaster to patronize, as far as possible, our Monthly advertisers. This is a matter, the importance of which we have failed to fairly estimate. The fact that the proceeds from our advertisements are more than double those from our subscriptions will give some idea of the value of this department and of the necessity of supporting it so as to keep our publication up to its present standard. Every student will, therefore, readily see where his duty lies in this matter. Of course we would not expect a student to purchase an article from one of our advertisers if he can get it cheaper or better elsewhere, but if he can purchase it as reasonably from one of our men as anywhere else we hope that he will patronize him by all means.

We would further request that when dealing with our advertisers all should mention the fact that they are McMaster students. We know of cases where the advertiser was patronized faithfully by us and at the end of the year claimed that to his knowledge none of us had entered his establishment. Furthermore, some of our advertisers are keeping an account of what they sell to us in order to see if their advertisement pays. We are glad to know that the Freshmen of this year already are giving a loyal support in this regard ; and we know that Moulton and Woodstock have always done their duty to our advertisers. We respectfully request all our other Monthly friends to continue to help us in this respect as much as possible.

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Editorial Notes.

THE Faculty and students unite in congratulations to Professor Cohoe upon his marriage to Miss Edith S. Rubidge, of Denver, Colorado, formerly a student at Moulton College. All unite in giving a most cordial welcome to Mrs. Cohoe, and in wishing her and our genial Professor every happiness.

THE University opened on Wednesday, October 1st, and work has gone forward ever since with perhaps more than ordinary earnestness. In numbers the student body shows, we understand, a slight increase over last year. The Freshman class is larger and apparently enthusiastic, and will, we hope, prove worthy successors of former Freshmen. The members of the Faculty, with one exception, are in the best of health and ready to co-operate with the students in a year of hard work. Altogether there is a general spirit of hopefulness pervading both Faculty and students, and a genuine desire to make this the very best year in the history of the University.

Since last the professors and students gathered in the college halls our Chancellor has had to drink the bitter waters of sorrow in the loss of his beloved wife, who passed away on June the 2nd, after several weeks of painful suffering. On behalf of both Faculty and students The Monthly desires to express sincere sympathy with Chancellor Wallace in his sad bereavement. Mrs. Wallace always took a deep interest in the welfare of the students. She felt it her pleasant duty to welcome them to the life of the college, to call on the wives of the married students, to entertain many in her own home, and in every way to prove to them that in her they had a friend. Thus she endeared herself to them, and as a result her death appears to many as a personal loss. We are glad to be able to print in another portion of The Monthly a short sketch of her life and character from the pen of one who knew her well and loved her and was loved in return. A perusal of that will but heighten our present sense of the loss our Chancellor has suffered, a loss in which every member of the University shares. We print also a brief account of the funeral and give the substance of the sympathetic words uttered by Dr. Weeks on that sad occasion. It is our prayer that He who doeth all things well may give consolation and strength to our Chancellor in his great affliction.

Book Reviews.

LORD STRATHCONA.*

The life of Lord Strathcona is full of inspiration for the Canadian youth who has to make his own way in the world, and full of lessons for all, whether rich or poor. Born in 1820, of comparatively poor parents, at Forres, Scotland (the Forres of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*), Donald Smith came to Canada at the age of eighteen as a junior clerk in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Today he is the Lord High Commissioner of Canada at the Court of St. James, known and honored of all men, from King Edward on his throne to the humblest peasant in the Empire. The story

*Lord Strathcona. The Story of His Life. By Beckles Willson. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., 1902.

of his ascent of the ladder of fame, as given in the volume under review, reads almost like a romance. From the narrative two qualities emerge as distinctive features of Lord Strathcona's character, his generosity and his perseverance. The former appears first in the following incident: "When Donald was nine years the Findhorn and the Spey broke their boundaries and flooded the country. Many of the peasant folk with their families came into Forres to seek relief, and among them the parents of one of Donald's childish playmates who was drowned. After school Donald called on the bereaved family, and, 'with a gravity far beyond his years, condoled with them, and on leaving begged they would accept a slight token in memory of his friend. He then handed over all his pocket-money, amounting to a shilling and some odd coppers.'" This shilling was the earnest of the millions of dollars that constitute his princely benefactions of later years. But it is his dogged persistence and faithful devotion to duty that loom so largely in these interesting pages and that make his career an object-lesson to all thoughtful young men. These may be discovered by every reader of the book.

One reason for the great interest that the present biography excites lies in the fact that Lord Strathcona was a prominent actor in some of the most stirring events of the early history of our country. Indeed, the historic interest almost overshadows the personal. Several chapters deal with the Riel rebellions, and Sir Donald Smith's share in the negotiations as Canadian Commissioner to Red River. His own narrative of the events of 1869-70 is given in an appendix, and forms one of the most interesting portions of the book. The Pacific scandal, the construction of our great imperial highway, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the debates in Parliament in connection therewith, are other topics of more than ordinary interest, about which much information is given. Mr. Beckles Willson, the writer of the book, is by no means an ideal writer, and yet he has been able to produce a vivid narrative both of Lord Strathcona's life and the historical events in which he participated. His book is a worthy tribute to one of nature's noblemen, and may be read with interest and profit by all. Mr. Morang, the publisher, is to be congratulated upon publishing so excellent a book in such an attractive form.

THE MISSIONARY WORK OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.*

This book supplies a felt want. Heretofore anyone wishing to get at the facts of the missionary work of Southern Baptists was compelled to search among journals, year books, pamphlets, etc. Now we have the main facts collected and interestingly presented in this beautiful volume. There is a special pathos in this history, due to the sad experiences through which all Southern missions passed during the dark days of war and reconstruction. On the reasons for the organization of a separate Southern Convention in 1845, and the causes of the awful conflict of the sixties, Dr. Burrows' introduction throws much light. The story of the events leading to the formation of the Convention is told in the first chapter, and this is followed in two chapters by sketches of the Woman's Missionary Union and the Bible and Sunday School work. The Foreign work is next taken up and a chapter given to each of the nine missions—the South, Central and North China Missions, Liberia and Yoruba in Africa, the Italian, Brazilian and Mexican in the Latin Catholic countries, and the Japanese. Five chapters are devoted to the Home field, covering regular Home missionary operations, work among the negroes, among the foreign populations, and the Indian and Cuban missions. Many will be glad, no doubt, to hear in brief succinct form the intensely interesting story of Diaz and Cuba. Other chapters, *e.g.*, that on Yoruba, are quite as interesting to the reader who is in close sympathy with missionary work, and who can appreciate the pathos of loneliness, monotony, discouragement and the magnificent patience and faith with which trying situations have been met. Nowhere are God's people of different sections more likely to find common ground and learn to understand, sympathize with and appreciate one another than in the arena of common obedience to the Lord's final commission. This book is calculated to exert that kind of influence and we hope many Canadian Baptists will read it.

J. H. F.

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*The Missionary Work of the Southern Baptist Convention. By Mary Emily Wright, with Introduction by Lansing Burrows, D.D. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 12 mo. pp. 412. Cloth, $1.25 net.

HOW CANADA IS GOVERNED.*

The death of Sir John Bourinot, only a few days ago, lends a pathetic interest to the publication of the fifth edition of his well-known work, "How Canada is Governed." Since its appearance several years ago this book has been the standard authority on the subject, and now that it has been brought up-to-date by revision and addition it will prove even more useful than heretofore. It is a mine of information concerning all the important points in our Canadian system of government. The powers of the Imperial Government and the measure of its control over ours, the powers and methods of procedure of the Dominion and Provincial Governments and municipal councils, the several public school systems in vogue, these and other matters are dealt with at length. Technical jargon is rigidly avoided, and even terms loosely used in common speech are carefully explained. In a word, the book is the work of master writing for intelligent citizens, not merely for the expert in political science. By way of conclusion, the duties of Canadian citizens are emphasized. University men and women have a peculiar responsibility in this connection. They should not only be familiar with the origin, development and working of our system, but should also see to it that the best men are chosen to serve the country. The words of the Canadian poetess, Miss Machar (Fidelis), make a fitting conclusion to Sir John Bourinot's exhortations and may well be repeated for readers of THE MONTHLY:

"As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It's left for those who rule us now to leave their impress there—
The stamp of true nobility, high honor, stainless truth;
The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife;
The love of learning, art, and song—the crowning grace of life;
The love of science, soaring far through nature's hidden ways;
The love and fear of nature's God—a nation's highest praise."

*How Canada is Governed. By Sir J. G. Bourinot, K.C.M.G. Fifth Edition. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., $1.00.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. A. RAY, '03.

THE editor of this department, having accepted the pen and waste-basket recently relinquished by his worthy predecessor, Mr. R. V. Bellamy, B.A., draws up the editorial chair to commence the year's work. The members of the reportorial staff have taken the oath of office, and solemnly bound themselves to declare the whole truth concerning the wise and otherwise sayings and doings of the student body.

MCMASTER students extend a hearty welcome to the new member of the faculty, Mr. John A. McDonald, M.A., and are assured that in the lecture room, as on the campus, he will be found a man after their own heart.

As at present constituted, the dining-room is an all-student aggregation. In days of yore there were one or more representatives of the faculty seated at our hospitable board, but the old order changed when the head of the science department joined the ranks of the Benedicts during vacation. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Prof. Cohoe.

THE Freshman Class, '06, consisting of thirty-nine souls, all told, assembled with great decorum Oct. 17th, 1902, for the election of officers. A superabundance of nominations had been made, no one of the class having been omitted, and, consequently, great interest was shown. After the door of class-room three had been bolted, and the keyhole and crevices had been well plugged with wool provided for the occasion, the arduous task was begun. The ballot elected the following: Hon. President, Prof. A. C. McKay; President, T. Dadson; Vice-President, Miss Elizabeth Cutts; Secy.-Treas., D. Campbell; Musician, Miss Grace Stone; Bard, B. J. Pengelly; Orator, W. A. Cameron; Historian, H. R. Nobles; Captain of the Football Team, E. F. Cohoe; Representative for the Executive of the Student Body, R. Benson.

THE annual process of "hazing" the Freshmen was omitted this year, but they were not left without some demonstration of our "goodwill." Several days ago they were coralled in one room by an armed press-gang and summoned to entertain the audience. This resulted in impromptu speech and song. Among the former

the one which began, "Thieves, Fellow Prisoners and Ex-convicts," was by far the most noteworthy.

The students of the University extend a welcome home to Miss Wallace on her return to Canada after spending a year in the University of Graz, Austria; and to Mr. F. J. Scott, B.A., who arrived a few days ago from Manitoba.

From various sources we learn that "every organism is affected by its environment." The students would be under a lasting obligation to the one who will determine what influence, benign or baneful, makes the new clock in the dining-room no more reliable than the "old clock on the stairs."

McMaster Hall has always pleased the eye of the beholder, but never as much so as this year. The students have in the past delighted in the architectural beauty of their Alma Mater, but this fall, with the addition of Castle Memorial Hall, and the extension of our lawn, there is not one of our number whose heart does not beat with renewed loyalty and pride as he looks upon the University buildings. The creeping ivy has almost hidden from view the masonry, and but for the windows peeping out here and there through the green, nature would seem to have our dear old school a not unwilling prisoner. Already the vines are creeping up the walls of Castle Memorial Hall, and soon it, too, will have assumed the classical beauty of the older buildings. The lawn is greener and prettier than ever, and no higher compliment could be paid to Mr. Pritchard than to say this. Inside, too, we find improvements, not so much in an artistic as in a useful and beneficial way. What perhaps pleases the students more than anything else is the addition of three splendid, new shower baths to the lavatories. They fill a long-felt want. Now, when we get our gymnasium—well, we will discuss the matter further then.

Class '05 will be just about the same numerically as last year, an equal number having come in to take the places of those who have dropped out. Sickness has been responsible for the non-return of several of the most popular members of the year. Miss G. C. MacGregor, who was a general favorite, will be much missed. Mr. Ralph Duncan has spent the greater part of the summer in Kingston hospital owing to an attack of typhoid fever, and consequently will not be back. Mr. T. R. H. McCurdy has also been ill. Mr. Alex. Tilley is attending McGill Medical College, and Mr. Percy Tilley has gone into business, where we wish him every success. Because of his sickness at exam. time last spring, Mr. Frank S. Beddow will take his year over again with '06. Frank

is a clever debater and will be a source of great strength to the Freshman class. Those who join '05 this year are: Miss Windsor, Miss Hartley, Mr. J. Jones, Mr. S. M. McArthur, Mr. J. Weir, and Mr. D. A. MacGregor. The year elections took place on Tuesday, October 14th, with the following result: Hon. President, Prof. W. P. Cohoe, M.A.; President, W. J. Grigg; Vice-President, Miss Lily Senior; Secretary-Treasurer, George S. Johnson; Bard, J. B. McLaurin; Orator, W. E. Matthews; Musician, Miss Windsor; Historian, Miss Hartley; Captain Rugby, J. B. McArthur; Captain Association, J. Weir; Captain Hockey, S. M. McArthur. The famous class slogan, "Paugauwaugau!" was yelled at the close of the elections with a vim that promises a lively competition in a vocal way for Sports Day.

THE first meeting, this term, of the Literary Society was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, Oct. 17. After making some changes in the reportorial staff and the election of Mr. Langdon as Curator, Mr. Ernest Farmer gave two of Chopin's waltzes in pleasing style. The President, P. A. McDiarmid, gave a concise and appropriate address, referring to the ideals and methods of the officers of the Society. The advantages the Literary offered to new talent were duly emphasized and (Pa)rental advice given to the new students. The expectation that '06 had brought good literary ability to McMaster was immediately realized in the next two numbers. Mr. E. St. James gave two delightful selections from "L'Habitant," and Miss Cutz, with Langé's "Flower Song" and "Pure as Snow," brought the programme to a close.

THERE is a new denizen of the laboratory, the former occupant of that position having migrated from the smells and smokes of the chemical "Inferno" to the higher planes of theology. And this same graduation has proved to be a bone of contention among the devotees of science and theology; the former claiming that this "passing" vindicates the development theory, while the latter hold that it is an example of final perseverance.

THE autumn convocation was held on Friday evening, October 10th, in Castle Memorial Hall. The students of the University and of Moulton College, together with many friends of our educational interests, made up a large and appreciative audience. It was with no small degree of satisfaction that we met in our own new and commodious auditorium. The scholarships and prizes won by successful students last spring were presented by the Chancellor, who also announced that Mr. Frank Sanderson, M.A., had given an additional scholarship of $50 for special mathematics in the third year. The convocation address was delivered by Rev. John

D. Freeman, M.A., pastor of Bloor Street Baptist Church, one of our own graduates, who in his opening remarks made a touching reference to his student days at McMaster and the great changes since he first entered its halls sixteen years ago. He paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the men who then directed the affairs of our institution. Ideals in Education formed the theme of his address. Mr. Freeman said that in Canada we find three educational ideals—the commercial, the æsthetic, and the Christian. The commercial ideal aims at producing a money-making machine —a merchant, a lawyer, a physician, a minister. Property not personality is the end in view. Those who possess this ideal deem knowledge that cannot be converted into cash a useless commodity, and money spent in education that does not give a return in dollars and cents a bad investment. The æsthetic ideal makes for the refinement of taste, for delicacy of feeling, for elevation of thought, and so has a positive value. It is not, however, capable of meeting the necessities of a world that had been wrenched out of its original harmony. It knows no cure for sin ; for conscience it substitutes taste, for virtue it substitutes beauty. The Christian ideal embraces all that is of value in the commercial and the æsthetic ideals, but it goes far beyond the best that these can offer, for it looks at human life in its totality, and recognizes as the ultimate aim and end of life the bringing of the spirit into harmony with God. This is its prominent note, in harmony with which it seeks to call forth all the faculties of life into full activity. Toward this Christian ideal all our educational efforts should tend.

Dignity Newly Found.—First student (a meek Freshman) : "Pardon me, but you are a member of the Faculty, are you not ?" Second student (with hauteur) : "No, indeed ! I'm a Sophomore."

Naughty Four has, this year, returned hale and hearty for the campaign with nearly all the members present. The first meeting of the class was held on Wednesday, October 8th, when the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. The following were elected : Honorary President, Dr. R. Wilson Smith ; President, H. H. Bingham ; Vice-Pres., Miss J. S. Shields ; Sec.-Treas., W. C. Pearce ; Corresponding Secretary, J. G. Whiten ; Bard, W. V. Poapst; Historian, Miss L. Layng ; Musician, G. E. Tomkinson ; Class Orator, J. Morgan Warner ; Football Captain, R. A. F. McDonald ; Hockey Captain, W. W. Lailey. L. A. Vail was appointed to look after the interests of the class on Field Day. The escutcheon of office was duly presented by the retiring President, Mr. Lailey, to his successor, Mr. Bingham, who thereupon vowed allegiance to the cause of Naughty Four. Short speeches by the other officers followed, after which the meeting adjourned.

A course of lectures and exercises is being conducted this year by Mrs. Fenton Arnton, the daughter of Mr. J. Short McMaster. Though an Englishwoman she took her course at Ralston University, Washington, D.C., where she graduated with all the honors conferred. The aim of the course is to free the voice from "the error of its ways." The intellect may have received the highest training, the spirit may have been drawn out to full development, and a man may go out among his fellowmen almost a failure, because his "tools" have not been brought to the same perfection. From the doors of the ideal college of the future no man or woman will step forth until voice and physique have received an equal training with the intellect and spirit. "All good things are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul." . . . The most sanguine hopes are expressed for the forensic future of the embryonic divines.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: D. C. Macintosh, '03.

Miss H. A. Iler, '02, is studying pedagogy at Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mr. S. A. Buckborough, '02, is pursuing post-graduate studies in Science at Harvard.

Mr. H. S. Arkell, '02, is attending lectures at the Ontario Agricultural College, in Guelph.

Mr. A. R. Girdwood, '02, is in attendance at the Normal College, Hamilton.

Mr. Henry Bury, '02, is attending lectures under Dr. Marshall in Manchester Baptist College, in England. He is also taking charge of a mission church near Manchester.

Mr. H. D. Riggs, '02, has taken charge of the Bayview and Goodlands Mission, in Manitoba.

Mr. J. A. McLean, '02, is studying pedagogy at the Normal College, Hamilton.

Mr. A. J. Madill, '02, is teaching in the High School in Paris, Ont.

Mr. R. D. MacLaurin, '02, is taking post-graduate work in Chemistry, Geology and Mineralogy, at McMaster.

Rev. D. Alexander, Theol., '02, has accepted the call of the church in Hartney, Manitoba.

The following ex-students of McMaster have been ordained to the ministry during the summer :—

W. P. Reekie, '98, missionary-elect to Bolivia ; R. H. Mode, M.A., Theol., '02, B.D., '02, assistant pastor of Jarvis Street Church, Toronto ; D. Alexander, Theol., '02, in East Toronto ; R. G. Blundell, Theol., '02, in Westover ; W. Tindal-Lorymer, in Barrie, to the pastorate of the church in Parry Sound ; C. J. Triggerson, '00, M.A., '01, in Forest ; G. H. Jones, Theol., '02, in Palmerston ; M. D. Coltman, '01, in Brampton ; W. J. H. Brown, in Brownsville ; J. E. Pengelly, '01, in Didsbury, Alta., N.W.T. ; J. E. Hawkings, '99, Theol., '01, in Norwood ; John Pirie, in Palmyra.

Mr. Wm. H. Walker, '02, pastor of the Baptist Church in Fort Frances, was recently married by Rev. T. J. Bennet, to Miss Lizzie S. Foster, of Hamilton. The groom was supported by Mr. H. B. Coumans, '02, of Binbrook.

Rev. R. H. Mode, M.A., Theol., '02, was married on June 10th to Miss Lille D. Collett, of Toronto. Rev. Dr. Thomas performed the ceremony.

Rev. D. Alexander, Theol., '02, was married on June 3rd by Rev. H. P. Welton, to Miss Emma Lamb, of Toronto. The groom was supported by Mr. Judson McIntosh, '00.

Mr. B. G. Stewart, during 1900 and 1901 a theological student at McMaster, was recently married to Miss Annie J. Mackay, of Edgar, Ont. They will reside in Gravenhurst.

Rev. Jas. E. Pengelly, '01, of Didsbury, Alta., was married at Stonewall, Man., by Rev. W. B. Tighe, '99, to Miss Mary Forsyth, of Whitby.

Rev. W. P. Reekie, '98, was married to Miss Mary McDougall, of Tiverton, on Sept. 10th.

Rev. W. J. H. Brown, of Brownsville, a member of '03 class during its Freshman year, was married on August 27th to Miss Bessie Moore, B.A., of Delhi.

Rev. C. J. Triggerson, '00, M.A., '01, of Forest, was married on June 24th to Miss Hope Elaine Campbell, daughter of Professor Campbell, of McMaster University. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. J. L. Campbell, of New York.

On August 9th, Mr. A. M. Overholt, '97, M.A., '98, of the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, was married to Miss Bertha E. McLay, '00, daughter of Dr. McLay, of Woodstock.

Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe, '96, M.A., '98, Professor of Chemistry and Geology in McMaster University, was married on June 16th to Miss Edith S. Rubidge, of Denver, Colorado.

Mr. L. F. Kipp, '01, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Immanuel Baptist Church in St. Thomas.

Messrs. R. E. Sayles, '01, and R. D. Echlin, '01, are pursuing their theological studies at the University of Chicago.

Mr. A. T. McNeill, '01, is now a member of the faculty of Woodstock College. He has charge of the Preparatory Department.

Rev. T. H. Cornish, '00, was married recently, and has accepted a call to the pastorate of a church in California.

Rev. H. C. Newcombe, '00, of Sawyerville, Que., has accepted the call of the Temple Church, Yarmouth, N.S., and enters upon the work there Nov. 1st.

Messrs. W. Sherwood Fox, '00, and Glenn H. Campbell, '00, M.A., '02, are in Geneva, Switzerland. They will study during the year at the University of Geneva.

Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., the already popular pastor of the Bloor Street Baptist Church, is an alumnus of Toronto Baptist College.

Rev. C. M. Carew has accepted the pastorate of the Maitland Street Church, London, Ont.

Rev. E. J. Stobo, Theol., '96, B.D., '99, who was a recent visitor at chapel service in McMaster, has been granted the degree of B.A. from the Western University, London, Ont.

Rev. P. G. Mode, '97, M.A., '98, Theol., '99, entered upon

the pastorate of the First Church, Woodstock, in May. His services are appreciated, and his work is proving successful.

Mr. D. A. McKerricher, '02, is at the Normal College, Hamilton.

Rev. A. N. Marshall, '96, has been President of the Baptist Union of Victoria, Australia, during the past year.

Mr. C. A. Grant, '02, holds a position in the chemical laboratory of the Carnegie Works at McKeesport, Penn.

Mr. H. B. Coumans, '02, pastor of the church in Binbrook, was married to Miss J. Elizabeth Mackay, of Braemar, on October 14th.

Five of last year's graduates in Arts have returned to McMaster to pursue their studies in Theology, viz., Messrs. W. E. Bowyer, C. J. McLean, T. E. Meldrum, V. E. Reid and A. W. Torrie.

Rev. Chas. H. Emerson, '00, of Meaford, was married on May 6th, to Miss Ethelda Wallace, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Chas. H. Emerson, of Mount Forest, assisted by Rev. W. W. Weeks, D.D., of Toronto. The bride is a sister of Miss Grace N. Wallace and Mr. J. A. Wallace, of the Fourth Year.

Mr. Wilson P. McDonald, who was a member of '02 class during its Sophomore year, has just returned from a trip to England. He is at present writing humorous editorials for the *Quebec Daily Telegraph*. Mr. McDonald has obtained some prominence in a literary line. One of his latest stories will appear in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Rev. J. Russell Baldwin, who was for three years a student at Woodstock and for some time at Toronto Baptist College, has been pastor of the Baptist Church at Ithaca, Michigan, since 1896. Thanks to his energetic efforts, his people have paid off the mortgage on the church property. A late number of the *Gratiot County Herald* speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Baldwin's work. His many friends among old Woodstock and McMaster students will be glad to learn that his labors are being blessed.

A severe loss was sustained by the Baptist denomination in Ontario in the death of Rev. Jas. A. Keay, Theol., '91. Mr. Keay was a man of singularly joyous disposition and Christlike spirit.

To know him was to love him. During his college course he was a member of the football team and of the University quartette. During the eleven years since his graduation, he held pastorates in Dundas, Parliament Street, Toronto, and Jerseyville, where the blessed results of his labors are still apparent.

On September 24th, 1902, Mr. Frank N. Goble, B.A., was married to Miss Norah Sale, of Rosedale. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. G. R. Welch, B.A., of Woodstock, a classmate of the happy man. Mr. Goble is an honored graduate of the Century Class. Since leaving McMaster he has been actively and successfully engaged as a contractor. He purposes to spend this year at Harvard University in post-graduate work and we are confident he will bring added glory to his Alma Mater. We heartily congratulate the benedict, and wish him and his fair bride a long and prosperous voyage together.

ATHLETICS.

Editor: S. M. McLay, '03.

A meeting of the McMaster Athletic Association was held on Wednesday, Oct. 8th, and from the interest and enthusiasm manifested, McMaster will be strong in athletics this year. In former years our boys have always held a very high place in athletes both in football and hockey among the different universities of the city, and this year they will struggle for greater laurels. Until last year we practically had no campus on which to train our athletes, now we have our large and spacious grounds to the north of the city and nearly every boy in the University is taking advantage of them. Diligent training is being indulged in every afternoon and the boys are developing into fine form.

Greater interest is being taken in sports this year owing to our branching out into a new field of athletics. For some years the game of Rugby Football has been talked of, but nothing of importance was ever accomplished. Last year McMaster had an excellent Rugby team, one that would do credit to any university, but it was not deemed advisable to enter any league. However, it seemed this year that the boys were bound to go ahead, and McMaster is now entered in the Intermediate series of the Intercollegiate Rugby Union. We will have an exceedingly strong team with every position well occupied, under the able captaincy of J. B. McArthur. As McMaster has drawn the bye our

team will play the winner of 'Varsity II. vs. Trinity on October the 25th. Other teams in the league are Queen's, of Kingston, McGill and Lennoxville Universities.

For the past few years McMaster has always been in the finals for the Senior Intercollegiate Association Football pennant, and the boys have this year good expectations of winning the finals. Nearly all of last year's players have returned, and with a large number ot new aspirants to choose from McMaster will be well represented. An intermediate team has also been entered in the same league and it has an equally good chance of obtaining laurels. Mr. R. D. Guyatt, B.A., has been elected captain of the senior team. He is a man of long standing in McMaster athletics, and is quite capable of leading his men on to victory.

As yet nothing definite has been decided as to what course hockey should take this winter. With one exception, all the members of last year's team have returned and when the ice comes a very formidable team should be available, one that will be of great credit to the University.

Great interest is also being taken in our Field Day Sports, which will be held on October 23rd. We have a large number of our old track veterans still with us, and some good material has entered this year. It promises to be the best and most keenly contested Sports Day in the history of the University.

The following are the officers and committee of the Athletic Association : Honorary-President, Dr. Ten Broeke ; President, A. E. Haydon ; Vice-President, G. C. Lamont ; Secretary-Treasurer, W. W. Lailey ; committee, J. B. McArthur, G. H. Stephens, L. Buchanan, M. S. McArthur, R. D. Guyatt, E. A. Brownlee and A. Baker.

The University of Toronto held its Annual Field Day on Friday, Oct. 10th, inst., on the Bloor Street campus. For the past few years McMaster has always been represented by one or two men, but this year more events were entered and more representatives competed. Those who entered were Messrs. A. E. Haydon, B.A., E. J. Farmer, H. H. Murray, C. K. Gibson and W. W. Lailey. Mr. Haydon won the pole vault, vaulting 9 ft. 7 in., and Mr. Murray obtained second place in the quarter-mile and third in the 100-yard dash. Mr. Farmer, it may be said, had practically won the hurdle race when he tripped and fell near the tape, allowing the others to pass.

The first game of Rugby football played by our boys this year took place on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 11th, on Upper Canada College campus, against the senior team of that college. The game was well contested throughout, and the score of 2 points to 0 signifies its closeness and keenness. However, the two points were in favor of our opponents, who played excellent football. They tackled well, ran well and punted in the best of style. It was our boys' first match this season, and they showed up extremely well. With a little more practice, both individual and team work, they bid fair to attain high honors in the Rugby competition this year.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS: C. L. BROWN, B.A. W. RAITHBY.

"SPORTS DAY, to which the college athlete always looks forward with great interest, has again passed, leaving behind the record of success achieved and glory won. The day's exercises proved a success beyond that of several previous years. The competition was keen, especially in the senior contest and thus A. Pattullo, the senior champion, deserves great credit for the success which he won. The junior championship was won by R. Kinnear, who succeeded in taking first place in eleven events. We were pleased to have Chancellor Wallace with us, since he has always shown a deep interest in our athletic life. The following is a complete list of the prize winners:

Standing broad jump, junior championship—1st, Kinnear, 7 ft. 10½ in.; 2nd, Nesbitt, 7 ft. 10 in.; 3rd, Wreyford, 7 ft. 4¾ in. Standing hop-step-and-jump, championship—1st, Wilson, 27 ft. 2½ in.; 2nd, Virtue, 26 ft. 2½ in.; 3rd, Pattullo, 25 ft. 2 in. Standing hop-step-and-jump, junior championship—1st, Kinnear, 23 ft. 11 in.; 2nd, Nesbitt, 23 ft. 2 in.; 3rd, Wreyford, 22 ft. 1 in. Running broad jump, junior championship—1st, Kinnear, 14 ft. 5½ in.; 2nd, Wreyford, 14 ft. 1½ in.; 3rd Nesbitt, 13 ft. 9 in. Running broad jump, championship—1st, Pattullo, 16 ft. 2 in.; 2nd, McTavish, 15 ft. 8½ in.; 3rd, Virtue, 15 ft. 8¼ in. Throwing cricket ball, junior championship—1st, Kinnear, 85 yds. 4 in.; 2nd, Nesbitt, 73 yds. 1 ft. 1 in.; 3rd Thompson, 59 yds. Throwing lacrosse ball, senior—1st, McIntosh, 92 yds.; 2nd, Strachan, 83 yds. 2 ft.; 3rd, Ritchie, 81 yds. 2 ft. Throwing lacrosse ball, junior—1st, Kinnear, 89 yds. 2 ft.; 2nd, Nesbitt, 70 yds. 2 ft. Pole vault, junior championship—Thompson, 5 ft. 11 in.; 2nd, Brock; 3rd, Chave. Running high jump, championship—1st, Wilson, 4 ft. 11 in.; 2nd, McIntosh; 3rd, Virtue. Running

high jump, junior championship—1st, Wreyford, 4 ft.; 2nd Kinnear; 3rd, Chave. Putting the shot, championship—1st Virtue, 30 ft.; 2nd, McIntosh, 29 ft. 8 in.; 3rd, Simpson, 28 ft. ½ in. Running hop-step-and-jump, championship—1st, McTavish, 36 ft. 5½ in.; 2nd, Pattullo, 36 ft. 4 in.; 3rd, Virtue, 33 ft. 4 in. Running hop-step-and-jump, junior championship—1st, Kinnear, 33 ft. 6 in.; 2nd, Nesbitt, 32 ft. 4 in.; 3rd, Chave, 32 ft. 3½ in. Kicking rugby football, senior—1st, McIntosh, 158 ft,; 2nd, Gillies, 122 ft. 6 in.; 3rd, Stewart, 116 ft. 2 in. Kicking rugby football, junior—1st, Kinnear, 165 ft.; 2nd, Nesbitt. 440 yard race, championship—1st, A. Pattullo; 2nd, Armstrong; 3rd, Bean. 330 yard race, championship—1st, Kinnear; 2nd, Nesbitt; 3rd, Wreyford. Throwing cricket ball, championship—1st, McIntosh; 2nd, Virtue; 3rd, Kinnear. 220 yard race, ex-pupils—1st, White; 2nd, Stevenson. Pole vault, finals, championship—1st, Ritchie, 8 ft. 3 in.; 2nd, Virtue. 220 yard race, junior championship—1st, Kinnear; 2nd, Nesbitt. Slow bicycle race—1st, Thompson, all others fell off, twelve in race. Pole vault, open to other schools—1st, White; 2nd, Stevenson. Obstacle race—1st, Williams; 2nd, Brock; 3rd, Ede. Hurdle race, championship—1st, Armstrong; 2nd, Pattullo; 3rd, Williams. Hurdle race, junior championship—1st, Kinnear; 2nd, Nesbitt; 3rd, Chave. 220 yard race, open to other schools—1st, McDonald; 2nd, White; 3rd, Stevenson. Sack race—1st, Ede; 2nd, Davis; 3rd, Brock. 100 yard dash, championship—1st, Pattullo; 2nd, Armstrong; 3rd, Williams. 100 yard dash, junior championship—1st, Kinnear; 2nd, Nesbitt; 3rd, Chave. Half mile relay race—1st, 2nd year, 2nd to 4th year, and 3rd to 3rd year classes. Half mile race, championship—1st, Pattullo; 2nd, Armstrong. Fatigue race—1st, McLean and McTavish; 2nd, Wreyford and Cherry; 3rd, Case and Thompson. Three-legged race—1st, Williams and Bean; 2nd, Wreyford and Cherry; 3rd, Cain and Linton. Three-legged race, junior—1st, Kinnear and Nesbitt; 2nd, Firstbrook and Dadson; 3rd, Wreyford and Cherry. Tug-of-war, finals—Fourth year class came out champions. Tennis tournament, senior—1st, D. Kennedy; 2nd, W. Cherry. Tennis tournament, junior—1st, W. Cherry; 2nd, J. Wreyford. 220 yard—1st, Armstrong; 2nd, Wilson; 3rd, Williams. One-mile bicycle race, senior—1st, Gillies; 2nd, Williams; 3rd, Lawson. Half-mile bicycle race, junior—1st, Kinnear; 2nd, McKee; 3rd, Firstbrook.

Under the direction of Mr. Brown the Astronomical Observatory is being refitted for use and already the large telescope has been employed to view the recent total eclipse of the moon and the planets now in sight. The Observatory, when again in good condition, will be a useful and interesting addition to the College.

It was with feelings of regret we received word that the McMaster Athletic Association had decided to discontinue the Annual Association Football game with the College. We believe that both they and we will seriously lose by the discontinuance of this game. It served to create a kindly feeling between the students of the University and the College and to give our students a greater interest in McMaster. Each added interest in McMaster increased the probability that our graduates would take their University course there. Since this annual game has ceased, the only cord which joined our athletic life to that of the University has been severed. Even an approximate estimate of the value of that single game could never be arrived at, but we believe that it was much greater than was commonly supposed.

The Philomathic and Excelsior Societies have already held several meetings, having all been exceptionally interesting. The executives are as follows :—Philomathic Society : President, W. Raithby ; Vice-President, T. D. Kennedy ; Secretary, D. D. Cain ; Editor, S. B. Jeanneret ; Sub-Editor, W. Cherry ; Marshall, R. McIntosh ; Critic, J. W. Russell, M.A. The Excelsior Society : President, G. Fraser ; Vice-President, C. L. Havestock ; Secretary, B. Elliott ; Editor, F. Weston ; Sub-Editor, W. Paxton ; Marshall, M. Nesbitt ; Critic, A. T. McNeill, B.A.

The Athletic Association has been formed for some time, and under the new financial arrangements has been able to keep all branches of our sports in a flourishing condition. An athletic fee was charged in connection with the regular College fee this year. The officers and Executive Committee are as follows : Honorary President, Hon. James Sutherland ; President, C. L. Brown, B.A. ; Vice-President, R. D. Moyle ; Secretary-Treasurer, H. S. Ryrie. Year representatives : 4th year, R. McIntosh ; 3rd year, J. W. Ritchie ; 2nd year, G. Fraser ; 1st year, J. Strachan. Captains : Association Football, Roy McTavish ; Rugby, R. D. Moyle ; Tennis, T. D. Kennedy ; Cricket, W. Cherry ; Basket Ball, F. W. Armstrong ; Junior Football and Rugby, R. Kinnear.

A new and helpful feature of our College life is a Debating Society. This Society, which has been organized with L. Jefferson as President, holds its meeting each Saturday afternoon.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor : Emma Fares.

When the holidays are over, with renewed energy and enthusiasm, and the determination to do our best work, we turn

once more to school and studies. So the tenth of September found at Moulton the usual number of earnest, anxious students, eager to unroll the ample page, which knowledge holds before them. At first the halls seemed desolate, and a feeling of loneliness prevailed among the old students, for many of the old school friends, whom we had learned to love, had not returned. But new faces have taken the places of old ones and we warmly welcome the new girls to our college home ; to its duties and privileges ; to its tasks and pleasures. We miss, too, some familiar faces from among the members of the Faculty, but we welcome most cordially the new teachers by whom their places are filled. Miss Almon, recently of Germany, has charge of the Modern Languages Department ; Miss McDermid guides us in the study of Latin and History, and Miss Cohoe and Miss James have charge of the Preparatory Department.

Much interest has been aroused among the resident students who are studying German by the establishment of a German table under the direction of Miss Almon. Judging from the merriment at the table, those not so favored must conclude that German humor is more infectious than English humor. But perhaps it is German as spoken by English students that is so interesting.

During the summer months the interest in the proposed new building has not abated. As the bazaar held last year resulted in so substantial an addition to the New Building Fund, it is thought advisable to have one this year. Accordingly the date has been fixed for the 28th of November. As the bazaar is to excel that of last year, in every way, we hope to swell the fund considerably.

One of the delightful customs attending the re-opening of Moulton each year is the party given by the old girls to those entering the College for the first time. Friday evening, September the 26th, found the reception rooms filled with a happy gathering of old and new girls, ready for a good time. The new girls were quite relieved to find that their fears of some terrible ordeal of initiation were unfounded. Games were indulged in, addresses of welcome were given and responded to, and so passed a most enjoyable evening, in which all distinction between "old" and "new" was done away with.

This year, the Senior Class being the largest that has ever presented itself for graduation from Moulton, is unique, having a membership of twenty-two. With a class that is equal in quality and superior in number to any of its predecessors, what may we not expect from the Seniors this year ?

Here and There.

EDITOR : H. PROCTER, B.A.

THE following magazines and exchanges have reached us this month : *Nassau Literary Magazine*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Acadia Athenæum*, *The Mitre*, *Trinity University Review*, *The Philomathan Monthly*, *Acta Ridleriana*, *The Ottawa Campus*, *Kenyon Collegian*, *Acta Victoriana*, *The Manitoba College Journal*, *West Virginia Athenæum*, *Brandon College Quarterly*. Although only a comparative few of our usual exchanges have come to hand so far, we are glad to acknowledge receiving the above list. The editor of "Here and There" thinks there is no department of THE MONTHLY so interesting as his, for he comes into closest touch with the life and thought of many of the universities and colleges of the continent by reason of receiving and reviewing the various college magazines. We have on our exchange list some of the very best published and intend to keep readers of THE MONTHLY well posted as to their contents.

A WISH.

O for a song to echo down the years,
One glad, loud strain without a dismal note,
A joyous hymn to haunt a people's throat
And bid the wretched hope and smile through tears ;
To cheer the drooping heart ; to beat on ears
Made deaf with noise of gold ; to float
Clear as a bugle call to ways remote
And charm away man's petty doubts and fears.

So nations passing through the aisles of Time
Might pause to hear and join in the refrain ;
Then nerved anew to high and noble deeds
Straight onward march in harmony sublime,
Forgetting greed and misery and pain,
Stifling for aye the carking war of creeds.

—*Patrick MacDonough, '03, in Notre Dame Scholastic.*

WE sympathize with Ottawa University, Ottawa, Kansas, in her great disaster. In the early part of last September the beautiful stone building and all its contents were destroyed by fire. Just at a time when Ottawa was looking forward to presumably the best and brighest year of her life, this blow came. It is a delight, however, to learn of the noble determination to build again immediately a structure equal, if not superior, to the former building. The faculty and students have taken a leading part in this and deserve great praise. May their efforts be crowned with speedy success.

The "Jubilee Number" of the *Trinity University Review* is an especially fine issue. Published in June last, when McMaster was closed, it is a pleasure to refer to it now at our earliest opportunity. Trinity has had a history to be proud of and it was to be expected that at the time when fifty years of her life were completed special exercises should mark the occasion. Interesting biographies and delightful reminiscences fill many of the pages of this number of the *Review*. Many excellent photographs add value to the issue. There is also a history of the *Review* given by a former editor, now professor at Chicago. The whole number reflects great credit on those who were responsible for its existence, and will doubtless be filed for future reference by Trinity men past and present.

THE BRUNETTE AND THE BLONDE.

The little brunette is a bright coquette,
So blithe, merry, and gay ;
Her love may last until the summer is past ;
That of the blonde will stay.

If the bards of old the truth have told,
The sirens had raven hair,
But o'er the earth, since art had birth,
They paint the angels fair.

—*Winthrop College Journal.*

The *Brandon College Quarterly* for September contains items of interest to McMaster men. There is a very able and interesting article by W. Sherwood Fox, '00 (now studying in Geneva), entitled "The Russian Student." When Mr. Fox resigned his position at Brandon to pursue further studies abroad we were all delighted to learn that M. A. C. Watson, '01, had been appointed to his position. The reference to Mr. Watson in the *Quarterly* does not magnify in the least his many good qualities, and we congratulate Brandon College on having him as a teacher on her staff.

"When I have anything to say," remarked Henry Watterson, the famous editor of *The Louisville Courier Journal*, the other day, "I write it ; then I put it in my pocket. After a while I take it out, read it, and write it again. Once more I put it away. Then I write it again and send it down to the printer and have it put in type. When I get the proof I run over it closely and write it again, and again it goes to the printer. Afterwards it is sent to me again in the revised proof. Then I make the last corrections and send it down again."

A CERTAIN Scottish minister in a West Highland parish has never yet been known to permit a stranger to occupy his pulpit. Lately, however, an Edinburgh divinity student was spending a few days in the parish, and on the Saturday he called at the manse and asked the minister to be allowed to preach the following day. "My dear young man," said the minister, laying a hand gently on the young man's shoulder, "gin I lat ye preach the morn, and ye gie a better sermon than me, my fowk wad never again be satisfied wi' my preaching: and gin ye're nae a better preacher than me, ye're no' worth listening tae!"—*Daily Paper.*

A CHAIR of Chinese has been established at Columbia University. . . . Several Chinese students have entered the University of California. . . . The Japanese students at Yale have organized a debating Society. . . . Harvard conferred its first degree of LL.D. on George Washington. . . . On the University grounds at Ann Arbor a club boarding-house has been opened for colored students. . . . Michigan University has sixteen Latin-American students, also students from Persia, Syria, Armenia and Russia. . . . The University of California is to have a new $500,000 Mining Building, with laboratories for 300 students. Leland Stanford University has been presented with $500,000 for a new gymnasium. . . . Every student at Yale is expected to pay $8.00 towards athletics. . . . The University of Michigan has 15,000 living alumni, Harvard has 14,006, and Yale 11,436. . . . The University of Wisconsin is undertaking to erect a college union, which is to cost $75,000.

THE THREE GATES.

If you are tempted to reveal
  A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass,
  Before you speak, three gates of gold.
Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"
  Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
  Is last and narrowest: "Is it kind?"
And if to reach your lips at last
  It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
  What the result of speech may be.—*Ex.*

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
NOVEMBER, 1902.

THE TRAITOR.*

When old Shunka Washti, the Sioux, forsook the ways of his nation and joined the little band of Christian Indians on the prairie reserve, there were those who sneered, both red and white.

Black Cloud heard of it and rode over with pagan lightning in his eyes to Shunka's little mud tepee. He entered with a taunting stride.

"Black Cloud has heard some news about Shunka Washti." His tone was contemptuous in the extreme.

"I am a Christian now," was the bold reply.

"A Christian?"

Shunka nodded and grunted an assent.

"No more pow-wows for you, then," went on the other. "No more sun-dances. Oh, my brother, to be a Christian is to lose life! Black Cloud will never be a Christian."

Shunka's prairie-brown face was as immobile as that of a statue.

"The white man gives Shunka Washti wheat," Black Cloud began again. "Some day, when he has no more to give, Shunka Washti will say: 'I am not a Christian any more, for the white man gives me no wheat.' Ah!" he laughed sneeringly, "Shunka is very wise, like the dog; he knows who are his friends." With that Black Cloud galloped away over the prairie, the look on his face seeming to foretell that some day Shunka would prove a traitor to his new religion.

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*This story, written by a graduate of 1900, is reprinted by the kind permission of *The Westminster*.

Shortly afterwards a white man came into the tepee.

"Hello, Shunka!" he called out, "You go to the church tepee now?"

"Yes, me Tlistian," said Shunka, in his broken English.

"I know what that means, Shunka," said the other, only half jokingly. "The weather is good now, but some day it will be bad. Then there will be no wheat, no potatoes, nothing at all to eat; only grass and weeds and dead things. To keep from starving to death Shunka will steal from the white man."

"No, no, me Tlistian," said Shunka, nodding vigorously.

"How old are you?"

The old Indian held up his two hands seven times.

"It's too late in the day for you to become a Christian. You couldn't change if you tried ever so hard."

"Me good Tlistian," was Shunka's only answer.

The white man laughed, and going home told his friends to wait and see how Shunka would go back to his heathen habits as soon as he had an ordeal to pass through. Some believed him and joined with him in sneering. Others did not. At any rate, they all waited, and this is what they saw:

On a cold winter night Shunka's tepee was burnt to the ground and he was homeless. Next fall the rains descended on his stooks, and he found himself with a mere handful of sprouted wheat to carry him through to another harvest. The following year the heavens withheld their rain and Shunka saw the just-heading grain discolor, shrivel, and die. Yet through it all he never stole nor was unduly grasping, nor was a murmur heard to pass his lips. So admirable was his conduct that both the red men and the white vied with one another to help him rebuild his rude home, and to keep his poor old body and soul together. But still the sneerers went on saying: "The ordeal hasn't come yet. What Indian would be fool enough to complain when he has so many friends to help him? Just wait and you'll see."

When Shunka adopted and took into his tepee the incorrigible half-breed orphan boy whom the white folks always called One Shirt, these sneerers smiled and nodded in a way that meant: "His time has come now. No man, much less an Indian, can remain a Christian and have that little rascal around. We said it would come." But instead of finding trouble, Shunka by kindness

tamed the wild young heart and won it over to himself. After that they were never apart, these two, the very young and the very old.

When anyone spoke of this friendship to those who sneered, they merely said : " It is true we were wrong, but in part only. Still the trial will come. Only wait."

And it did come. Poor Shunka Washti !

On a bitter December afternoon, when Shunka and One Shirt were, as usual, lounging at home, there stalked into the tepee without a signal of their approach three stalwart blanketed bucks who squatted on the filthy old sacking and worn out blankets scattered over the earthen floor. They were all strangers. One wore a blanket the like of which could not be purchased in Canada. Then Shunka knew he was from Dakota. The others, from their garb, plainly belonged to some Canadian reserve. They kept a strict silence, which gave Shunka a strange, uncanny feeling.

The long, black-striped blankets of all three were drawn tightly around their large-boned forms in a way that made Shunka's heart throb as it were with the war-pulse of old. But a sense of guilt came over him and he stilled the unholy thing. Yet, as he continued to look at them, it came again with a sudden bound through his veins, for behind the surface sullenness of their faces lurked the lust of strife and of blood. Their very mocassins seemed to twitch with the restrained swiftness of violence. Their long matted hair quivered as with the suppressed excitement of a near struggle. To Shunka these men were the living suggestions of his past—a time of freedom, of roaming, of the chase, of strife and of vengeance. It all came back to him, and he felt his old body tingle. He leapt from the floor, and raising his arms aloft was about to utter a whoop of exultation, scarcely knowing what he did. But, at that moment, something solemn, restraining, rebuking burdened his heart and clogged his throat. He dropped back, subdued, upon the floor.

Meanwhile the other Indians were closely watching what effect their silent appearance would have upon him. The instant Shunka fell to the floor, the Dakotan Indian suddenly arose, and, as silent as before, stood grandly in front of the old man. Then, with an impressive toss of his great right arm, he threw off his blanket and revealed his massive chest stained with the deep vermilion of

combat. In spite of himself Shunka stared at it, and as he stared that rebuking something gradually lifted itself from his heart, leaving it light and young, and strong as youth itself. With a tremendous whoop Shunka sprang to his feet.

Then the three strangers smiled triumphantly, and the Dakotan spoke :

"Brother, we come from afar."

"That makes you all the more welcome," said Shunka.

"We come concerning the white man in yonder lone tepee in the wood by the river."

Shunka's eyes snapped. An old and half-forgotten wrong done him by this man was revived. He had promised the missionary never to seek revenge, but where was his promise now?

The Dakotan eyed him keenly, and, reading his feelings, asked eagerly : "Is it peace, brother? Is it peace or vengeance?"

"It is vengeance!" shouted Shunka.

"You have chosen vengeance," said the other, "and so have we. The white man's wrongs against us are old, but have not yet passed from our thoughts. Our tepees are far from here, but time and patience brought us hither. We heard this man had done you evil too, so now we ask your aid."

"What wrong has he done you?" inquired Shunka.

"One that can be satisfied only with vengeance—with vengeance of blood. After that, we care not for the white man's law nor for his fighting men. Oh brother, it is blood!"

"It is blood!" echoed Shunka, fiercely as a snarling lynx ; then he asked impatiently : "And when will this blood be shed, brother?"

"To-night, between the hour of midnight and the dawn," answered the Dakotan. "We will remain here till the time comes, and then will set out together."

Thereupon all three divested themselves of their cumbersome blankets and wildly circled round the little stove in the centre of the tepee, beating tin pans and pails, shouting, screaming and leaping like madmen, until first Shunka, and then the others one by one, sank utterly exhausted upon the dirty floor. Gasping as if for their last breath they soon fell into a heavy slumber. And thus they had sworn a mutual oath of vengeance, the breaking of

which by any one of them would mean for the offender certain death—a slow death of torture, perhaps—at the hands of the others.

One Shirt had been the wisely silent witness of this little powwow. Although the idea of revenge made the Indian blood within him surge with frenzied swiftness through his veins, yet there seemed to him something strangely out of place—not wrong, exactly, for he knew nothing of that—in Shunka's connection with the plot. Shunka was so unlike himself, that was all. And the boy, wondering at the wild mystery of the whole thing, watched the sleepers as the afternoon ran on into the evening and the evening into the night, until he could watch no longer and joined them in their slumbers.

Shunka was the first to wake, and with him awoke the desire for vengeance. The fire was out, and it was cold, very cold, for the north wind was forcing its way through the cracks in the mud roof and walls, and beneath the ill-fitting door. But Shunka was not cold. The spirit of vengeance kept him warm.

Had the appointed hour come? was his first thought. He felt his way through the darkness to the shaky shelf where stood the little clock given him by the last white missionary.

He crept back with it to his place, and, having no matches, felt the position of the hands with his fingers. It lacked two hours of midnight. Every now and then he felt the hands again. How slowly they dragged the time along! The seconds seemed like minutes, the minutes like hours, and the hours—they never came. Fearful lest his fingers might possibly be mistaken, he frantically pressed the clock close to his eyes and tried to peer into its face. But the darkness was impenetrable as a cliff of granite. Nothing could be seen save the darkness itself and the imaginary blood-stain upon the unseen figure marking the twelfth hour. Vengeance! vengeance! Was it always so slow? Perhaps. But when it came it was sweet and swift. Again he pressed the timepiece to his eyes, but they saw nothing more than before. Necessity forced him to believe his fingers. They said only a quarter of an hour had passed since he awoke. What would he have done, he thought, without the clock? He now felt more grateful than ever for the gift of the missionary.

The missionary! The word echoed in his brain again and

again and caused him great uneasiness. He tried to shake it off by softly laughing, but the laugh seemed so strained, so hollow, in the darkness, that he felt ashamed of himself. To drown this feeling in turn, he gave his whole attention to handling the clock and to the coming of the hour of vengeance. But his efforts were fruitless. The very presence of the clock, the missionary's gift, brought its donor before him in memory, and his shame became greater than ever.

He stood up and angrily tossed the clock aside to get rid of its unpleasant associations. Instead, the missionary's very image came before his eyes. He rushed outside, hoping, perhaps, that the cold lash of the wind would scourge it away. But it followed him, not as in pursuit with fiery eyes of malice, but as a suppliant with eyes full of appeal. He rudely turned his back upon it. Still it faced him. He ran from it, and it preceded him. He re-entered his tepee, and it went with him. He turned fiercely upon it to thrust it out, but it mastered him—without a blow.

Then the image seemed to lead him by the hand—it was quite real to Shunka—into the little church-tepee yonder, where the image played the organ as the assembled Christian Indians sang ; where the image stood up before them and prayed a long prayer, ending with the little prayer containing the words, " as we forgive our debtors." When it came to these words the image seemed to open its eyes and look straight at Shunka as if searching in his thoughts, his heart, his soul for a certain promise. Shunka trembled, cringed, and hung his head. All at once the image, church-tepee and the Indians became blurred and dim, and then they faded and faded till nothing was left with Shunka except the darkness, the sleepers, and a decision—to forego his revenge and break his oath.

He knew, however, that should he acquaint the other Indians of his intention, they would still persist in carrying out the plot, and would probably kill him and One Shirt first in order to leave no clue as to their identity. The only thing to be done was for him to warn the white man and return, if possible, before the others awoke, and then to set out with them as if nothing had occurred, trusting that when they found their victim fled they would not suspect him of being the traitor. He wrapped a stout blanket around him and slipped noiselessly out upon the cold, windy prairie, turning southwards towards the white man's house.

Shunka was old, but a strong walker, and, being aided by the wind, soon crossed the space between his home and the bush. There he found it much harder to hasten, owing to the thick undergrowth, but still he made good headway, and beheld the faint, gloomy outlines of the white man's house sooner than he had counted on.

Shunka stole quietly towards the front door, looking out carefully for the cross dogs that guarded the place against pilfering Indians. But suddenly a thick stick snapped loudly beneath his mocassin. A perfect bedlam of barks was its echo, and two large dogs dashed round the corner of the house, making straight for him. Being near the door by this time, he ran towards it. Just as he got there the dogs sprang on him, fastening their teeth in his blanket. But it was strong and held well. In desperation he flung against the door, dragging the snarling brutes with him. This action enraged them all the more, since it seemed like an attempt to break into the house. They loosed their hold and sprang on him again. But he managed to keep his left arm free and to pound with it on the door as hard as he could, while warding off the dogs with his right. And yet, in spite of all the noise that was being made, there had been no sign of the white man. All at once, as Shunka was thinking of how dangerously swiftly time was flying, one of the dogs seized his arm and drove his teeth deeply into the flesh. This was no time for patient endurance, and Shunka howled as loudly as his old voice could howl, partly through anger, partly through pain. Just then a window above opened and a man put his head out.

"What's the row down there?" he called.

"Dog, dog!" shouted Shunka.

From the voice the man knew that an Indian had answered; yet he was humane enough to call off his dogs. Shunka fell exhausted against the door.

"What are you doin' here at this time of the night?" the man called down angrily.

Hearing only groans in reply, he went down stairs, opened the door, and dragged the almost speechless Indian within. Then he lit a lamp and recognized Shunka.

"Well, Shunka, you old heathen Christian!" he said sneeringly. "You here thievin' like the rest of them? Are you trying

to get even with me for that old score, you old red-skinned rascal ? "

Shunka understood the drift of the charge and shook his head, at the same time endeavoring to find English words in which to express his warning.

" Seechee (bad) boy," he said, pointing towards his own tepee.

" I know you're seechee. Just what I meant."

" No, no me. There . . . tepee." Shunka pointed as before.

" Yes, you're seechee in your tepee just the same as you are here. Tell me, quick, now, what do you want ? "

" No, no. Three seechee boy . . . tepee." And Shunka made vigorous signs as if wielding a weapon, for he could think of no English word to denote putting to death. He looked beseechingly into the white man's face. A word flashed through his mind.

" Hurt, strike hard ! " He made the same gestures.

" Well, it'll do you good. You need it, you good-for-nothing old Nichie ! " replied the other contemptuously. " Now get out of here as fast as you can." He opened the door.

Shunka's word had failed but another came immediately to him.

" Seechee boy . . . kill, kill, kill ! "

" That means one Indian less to prowl around and thieve. Now get out."

" No, no kill me . . . kill you." Shunka's eyes were as full of warning as his words, and looking into them, the white man suddenly saw through the whole affair. When Shunka explained it to him further by signs and his limited knowledge of English, the man alarmed his family and fled in precipitate haste without offering one word of thanks to his deliverer.

Then poor old Shunka struggled back against the terrific wind as fast as his remaining strength would allow. He well knew that it must be almost twelve ; besides, there was the chance that the three strangers might have already wakened, even should he arrive before that hour. The thought of this spurred him on. He tore madly through the bush with such force that his blanket, which had defied the teeth of the dogs, was rent in several places. Out

on the prairie his advance was distressingly slow and painful. The wind tossed the corners of his heavy blanket aside. It forced its way through the rents, and even seemed to rise from the ground. It thoroughly iced his whole body, and so stiffened it with numbness that he could scarcely crawl along. But still he pressed bravely on to his tepee, hoping that he was yet in time.

He pushed open the door, but—too late !—a lamp was lit and the strangers and One Shirt were warming themselves at the stove. They all turned and faced him.

Shunka's whole appearance betrayed him. The others looked at one another with savage significance. The old man knew what it meant and stood still, calmly waiting for them to throw themselves upon him. But they remained motionless.

"Brothers!" said Shunka in a moment, "I made an oath with you, but now I am a traitor to it. I had another oath and it was stronger."

Then they made a fierce concerted movement towards him, but at the same time One Shirt flew to the door and stood holding it open, with the evident intention of rushing out and alarming the reserve should any violence be offered to old Shunka.

At a glance they saw their danger, and instead of laying hands on the old man, hastened out into the wind and darkness, One Shirt fleeing before them towards the nearest tepee till he saw them finally vanish.

The next day Shunka's and One Shirt's three Indian ponies were missing from their sod stable, but Shunka never complained. Moreover, had this story not leaked out through One Shirt's love of talk, no one would ever have known how he lost them.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

IN THE ROCKIES.

"Where shall we spend the summer?" Much possible pleasure or worry follows the decision of this ever-recurring and often perplexing question; but those who have spent a summer among the mountains, or in the fertile valleys of British Columbia, have no difficulty in deciding where to build the next camp-fire.

The popularity of our most western province, as a touring country, a hunting ground, a health resort, or a mining land, has grown so rapidly in the last few years, that travellers from all civilized countries spend months in the mountains, and many return year after year. Although the C.P.R. is extending travelling and hotel accommodation very rapidly, tourists in vexation sometimes say that they have to telegraph ahead for a glass of water.

Toward the western part of the Rockies, in the Kicking Horse Pass and nestling at the base of Mount Stephen, is the village of Field. A large hotel provides accommodation for a hundred and fifty guests, and for health and pleasure a more delightful place cannot be found. The Kicking Horse river, fed by a number of glaciers a few miles east, rushes down past the village in a southerly direction, and rises and falls quite perceptibly each day, after the sun melts the mountain snows. Up the river about a mile is Crystal Cave and two miles down is the Natural Bridge, formed of brown rock that was apparently a dam at one time, but now is tunnelled out until the river plunges into a dark cavern with a roar and leaps out below into a milky whirlpool.

Encircling Field are four lofty peaks lifting their accumulated snows far above the river, and preventing any extended views, except of the peaks of the Ottertail and Selkirk ranges down the river. Of these four peaks, the highest is Mount Stephen—6,400 feet. A sturdy climber, with the aid of a Swiss guide, can walk to the top and back to the hotel in about twelve hours, but very few undertake the journey; possibly a half-dozen each summer, of whom one will be Miss Vaux, of Philadelphia, the first lady ever to make the ascent. About a third of the distance up are the famous fossil beds, where millions of forms of trilobites are found buried in rock, eight thousand feet above sea level. These are

procured by the use of a hammer, very thin steel wedges, and much patience in separating the layers of rock.

On the opposite or western side of the river, a good road leads around Field Mountain and up to Emerald Lake, where the C.P.R. has built a picturesque châlet for the accommodation of those who may wish to enjoy a few days with the rod, gun or camera. From this place a good trail leads north-west across the valley, up a steep ascent, past Summit Lake and over into Yoho Valley. Tourists there can make long or short trips as they wish—to Wapta Glacier, Laughing Falls, Twin Falls, Look-Off Point or Takakaw Falls—1,200 feet in height. Those who can compare these scenes with those of the Old World say that there is nothing better in Europe or Iceland.

On the return a different trail leads back by the Burgess Pass. Through mists, clouds and showers one follows the trail over snow banks, under great shelving ledges and along precipices. Gusts of wind sweeping around the gulches occasionally scatter the mists so that glimpses are caught of Emerald Lake, set like a gem two thousand feet below, or of snowy peaks and glaciers far as the eye can reach, flashing back bewildering sunlight, while charming effects of light and shade flit over the misty evergreen valleys.

In these trips it is necessary to walk or ride a cayeuse and because of the long journeys and difficult points in the trail, both ladies and gentlemen ride astride large Mexican saddles. The ponies are trustworthy, lazy, very intelligent and intuitively know that inexperienced riders dare not risk a tumble by making use of the quirt. That bit of merciless rawhide is left attached to the pommel of the saddle, like the rider's hands. Some tourists attempt to jar the pony into a trot by profanity, but he is never shocked, and is only strictly attentive to heel and rein of the experienced rider. He never understands a pull on the rein, as he is always guided by pressure of that strap on the neck, instead of on the bit. But in a dangerous part of the trail, if let alone he is as sure footed as a mountain goat, and if his early education has been perverted, he is still as sure footed as Mark Twain's mule and a little neater in the operation.

Any attempt at classification of the tourists would be difficult and might be resented, but there are several distinct types and all combinations of these. The one most true to his type and to

everyone else is the cultured and wealthy gentleman. He takes trips leisurely and apparently thinks all attendants doing their best for his comfort. He is a delightful entertainer or a flattering listener as the occasion suggests and always carries with him an infectious feeling of pure delight.

The man of wealth, but devoid of culture, needs little description. He attempts to bribe his attendants first, and always thinks he gets the worst kind of service. He generally comes from "The Glorious Republic" and seems sorry that the days of slavery have given place to an era in which even blacks are allowed to have souls.

Canadians and college professors perhaps have greatest appreciation of the scenery, for each one, like Titbottom, "owns the beauty that adorns the castle," but to them time and money are often limited, and no matter how servile the guide, or with what art he interprets each wish, he only ingratiates himself in an estimation not sealed with silver thanks.

One tourist finds everything "deliciously, delightfully soothing"; another goes as unprepared as if he intended to take a walk up Broadway, and if interrupted in his plans, or soaked by a shower, he blames the country and the guide books. Still another comes from the motherland and thinks the mountains were all built by the C.P.R., with some of the scaffolding still standing, and that everything is on exhibition from the railroad. At the hotel, he may walk vigorously back and forth over twenty feet of verandah and announce at dinner that "Aw-w, had a delightful, a chawming walk this mawning, you know—aw-w-." To his acquaintances he has done the Rockies; to those who know what he has missed, he has had eyes and has not seen.

Much might be written of the incidents that fill up the weeks or years of those who go hunting or prospecting, but much writing could not give adequate description of any part of British Columbia life. Only one way of enjoying or enduring its pleasures and hardships is granted. To know them one must spend a summer there.

A Guide.

Field, Sept. 30, 1902.

A TRAMP PRINTER.

There are few, or none, of his kind now. The machines have slowly crowded him out ; but in the days not so long ago—only a few years—when all the type for the large papers was set by hand, his genus was numerous. There was a field for him then. His pasturage was the large offices where scores of men were employed, where the issues must of necessity be turned out on the minute, and the one thing to be avoided was delay. As a consequence many hands were always needed, and almost anyone who could hold a stick and rattle a rule might be fairly sure of a night's work. The tramp, too, seemed to be recognized as an institution, and a foreman scarcely ever refused one a "take."

There was one of these whom we looked for always in the fall of the year, who never failed to come. One year when he paid us his visit the poplars were just beginning to turn. He shambled in about dusk one afternoon, a few minutes before the night men were to begin work.

He was not repulsive. His face had good lines, but it wore the careless aspect which characterized him from head to foot. His brown eyes were bleared but intelligent, and his eyebrows were still finely arched, yet his beard was towsled and his hair uncombed. The set of his face showed that his long habit had been to follow the lines of least resistance. His hat had originally been hard, but wear and time had taken the stiffness out of it, and now its brim had a lifeless curve and several dents appeared in the crown. His coat hung away from him as though animated with the desire to be as easy on him as possible ; and perfect ease revealed itself also in the lines and knobs which appeared on the dull surface of his shoes.

The boys greeted him kindly, and he returned their salutations not altogether indifferently. His first care, however, was to go down through the long side alley to the composing-stone, beside which the foreman was standing. We soon saw the latter point to an unoccupied stand, of which old Axey immediately took possession. Promptly at the striking of the hour he began to work. The skill of long experience was easily evident. He distributed mechanically, but the way in which the type flew from his fingers

into the boxes was admirable. When his case was full and he started to set, the type dropped into his stick with a steady motion which convinced me as I watched him that nothing but lack of desire need keep him out of a regular "sit."

All night he worked, and steadily too, exchanging few words with anyone. But when lunch hour came and he had seated himself comfortably on a pile of old cases, we gathered around and drew from him stories of his wanderings.

He had worked in all the large offices, and had put into type from manuscript the articles of many great editors. The names that we spoke almost with awe he handled with a familiarity that savored of indifference. He had a grievance against them, too. It was one with which we readily sympathized. They all had ideas, he admitted, but that was a minor point—the majority of them couldn't write. In fact, great editors and bad copy were synonymous terms. Only a little while ago they had stood him up against part of a leader for a New York daily, and before the first word was set he had put on his coat and walked out. "It looked like Chinese," he said, "and I couldn't tell which end of the page to begin at."

He had worked in Government printing bureaus, and told us of feeders who turned out thousands of dollars daily in bank bills. The large publishing houses he had visited, too, and when we mentioned a recent novel of wide repute, he told us that he himself had set up part of one of the chapters. We listened to tales of the "swifts" he had worked with and the big "strings" he had seen them produce, till our own average records seemed small indeed. He had opinions about the cities he had seen, and occasionally, on suggestion, would refer to them, but he preferred to talk about presses and type. He knew them best, and they interested us, so we let him have his way.

The dawn was just beginning to show itself when the bell rang again and old Axey quit work. Getting a roll of papers he hunted up a dark corner of the pressroom for his sleep. We bade him goodbye and left him there, for we knew he would be gone when we returned in the evening.

That was the last time he came. The next year our firm introduced machines, and Axey failed to return.

Though years have passed and linotypes are now an estab-

lished thing, there are moments yet when the old-time appearance of the office comes back to me. Here again stands row after row of wooden racks, filled with cases. Busy compositors are once more standing by them, hurrying with their copy or distributing for the next takes. The "pi" box is there still and the long stand with its many galleys rapidly filling with matter for the morning issue. Apprentices with ink-daubed arms and faces leave the racks where they are learning the case and carry the completed work to the galley-press to be "pulled." In my ears is the tramp of their feet, the steady murmur of the proofreader's voice, and the incessant clicking of type in the sticks or its light thud as it falls in the boxes. And though not all of the familiar faces that mingled there in the olden days appear always before me, there is one that never fails : It is that of old Axey.

W. J. Grigg, '05.

OUR ENGLISH SPEECH.

Her hull is Saxon oak ; the prow that glides
  Through mist and wave-crest is of Norman mould,
  And carven with a beauty quaint and bold.
A thousand years of storm : she still abides,
  A staunch and fair world-circling ship that rides
  At anchor off our native shores ; her hold
With merchandise replete and jewelled gold ;
With treasure rich deep-sunken are her sides.

Some day, I doubt not, with the stately Greek
  And Roman, those imperial ships that lie
At final anchor, that our ship shall seek
  Near by their sides her immortality ;
In noble rest the deathless ages spend,
Gathering no more, but giving without end.

B. W. N. Grigg, '94.

THE SECOND STASIMON OF THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

"The chorus pray that they may never be at cross purposes with Zeus, but live a life of innocent gladness. They contrast the sadness of Prometheus' present state with the joy of his bridal day."

Strophe.

Never may Zeus the Almighty
  Oppose his might to mine!
Nor may I cease to approach the gods
At my father's home by the sounding floods
  With the blood of slaughtered kine;
  Nor may I sin in words malign;
And ever be this my purpose staid,
And never may this from my memory fade.

Antistrophe.

Our life's unending years
  'Tis sweet, methinks, to beguile
With hopes that hearten and bright soul cheer;
But shudders my soul at beholding thee here,
  Wasting with woes all the while—
  Woes countless and woven with wile.
But in thy self-will, not trembling at Zeus,
Thou favorest mortals, Prometheus.

Strophe.

Behold how thankless thy bounty!
  Where, what thy defence dost thou deem?
What help from men in thy dire distress?
Did'st thou not see their strengthlessness,
  Like the weakness of one in a dream?
  So hapless do blind mortals seem.
For never shall mortal man's decree
Disrupt Jove's ordered harmony.

Antistrophe.

These things I learned when I saw,
Prometheus, thy direful fate.
Far other than this the happy strain
That cheered triumphant the wedding train,
Which joyed o'er thy nuptial state,
When thy soul with bliss was elate ;
When, winning with gifts our Hesione,
Thou leddest her off thy bride to be.

J. H. F.

FROM MY OPEN WINDOW.

My window looks down from a second story upon a busy street. Once during a stage of convalescence it opened up to me a new interest. It offered me glimpses of human life, numerous character studies, little outbreaks of excitement or occasional spaces of quiet, and thus turned away thought from self into a broader channel, where first I derived much amusement and gradually real interest and pleasure.

The scene that meets my eye is a lively one,—a busy part of a business street. Cars go clanging by with ceaseless din, the rumble of the south-bound trolley fading away only to give place to the ding-dong of one speeding north. Heavy drays, light delivery waggons, cushion-tired carriages, bicycles and trampling horses pass continually, while in and out dart the little children, careless of the oncoming car, apparently unconcerned in all the confusion. Surely, I think, there is a special Providence watching over these little ones, else many a frightful accident must result from their innocent temerity.

Across the road are the stores, ordinary buildings certainly, but each made interesting by the various little recollections which cluster about them. There is the candy store, its large glass pane smeared by the little fingers and noses flattened against its cold smooth surface. Then there is the German provision store with its neat array of cheeses, plump puddings and strings of brown sausages. In behind the counter I catch a glimpse of the stout, rosy proprietor, and occasionally a glimpse of his stout, rosy baby,

who is beginning to toddle and for whom the noisy street possesses great and novel attractions. The little flower store stands next, displaying in turn the Christmas greens, the pure lilies of Easter, the brilliant beauties of summer, or, as at present, large clusters of yellow chrysanthemums and purple asters.

Nor must the news stand be overlooked with its crowd of jolly boys swarming in and out, *Globes* and *Telegrams* under one arm, but the other left free for whatever prank those active brains may suggest. These boys keep the street lively ; nothing escapes their eyes. A little girl comes out of the candy shop and goes hopping up the street, grasping tightly—too tightly alas—a bulging paper bag. As she reaches the news stand, the bag bursts. And now, oh happy boys ; oh rueful little maid ! There is a scramble on one side, a sob on the other, and she passes on a sorrier girl.

I see many such scenes ; I see many such characters. I remember one old woman—such a careworn, tired little body—toiling slowly past with a heavy basket. Suddenly she stopped, her face brightened and a new light beamed in her eyes. It was summer, and she had paused before a gay purple petunia at the flower stand. How lovingly she fingered it, how she breathed in its fragrance. Perchance it carried her back to the hilly country, to a cottage with a garden, where petunias, just such purple ones as these, had bloomed. Perhaps, like Wordsworth's "Poor Susan," she goes back in memory to

> "A single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
> The one only dwelling on earth that she loves,"

and like her, too, has the happy illusion only for a moment. Like her

> "She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
> The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
> The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
> And the colors have all passed away from her eyes !"

Who knows ? I turned away and when I looked again she was gone.

Oh, I see many, many things from my window. But it darkens, already across the way "Mein Herr" approaches his window with a taper, and other lights are twinkling farther down, so I bid good-night to my street-friends, one and all.

L. S., '05.

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Editorial Notes.

The Faculty and students unite in sincere sympathy with Professor Cross in the bereavement he has suffered by the death of his father.

Chancellor Wallace has been granted a year's leave of absence, and has left to spend the winter in England and on the Continent, and to proceed in the spring to Egypt and Palestine. On the morning of his departure the Faculty and students gathered at chapel service to say farewell. The reading of the Scripture by Dr. TenBroeke and the singing of the hymn were more impressive than usual, and the prayer of Chancellor Wallace in behalf of his colleagues and the students touched everyone deeply. At the close of this service Dr. Welton arose and expressed in felicitous terms the feelings of the Faculty with respect to the Chancellor and his temporary absence from the University. Mr. J. N. McLean, '03, followed on behalf of the students, assuring Chancellor Wallace of the love of the undergraduates and of their gratitude for the sympathetic interest he had always shown in their personal welfare.

As an evidence of the feelings of both Faculty and students, he asked Chancellor Wallace to accept a handsome pair of binocular field glasses. These were handed to him by Miss L. J. Layng, '04. Chancellor Wallace made an exceedingly happy reply, one which humor and pathos combined to make strong in its appeal to the feelings of all present. In the evening the students marched to the Union Station to see the Chancellor off on the train for Boston, from which port he sailed on Wednesday, the 12th inst.

The Board of Governors were well advised when they offered Chancellor Wallace a year's leave of absence. We have had frequent occasion to recognize in these pages the arduous nature of Chancellor Wallace's labors in behalf of our college, and the large expenditure of vital energy necessary to achieve success. We are therefore only repeating our oft-expressed opinion when we say that Chancellor Wallace has well deserved the rest that the coming year will bring to him. We trust that he will come back to us renewed in body and spirit, and we can assure him that in his travels he may be certain of the prayers and affection of all his colleagues and students. During his absence various members of the Faculty will endeavor, to the best of their ability, to perform the duties that ordinarily were his. Though every member will feel an added responsibility, it is right to state that the bulk of the work will fall to the lot of Professors Farmer, McKay, Goodspeed, Welton, and Cross.

In his opening address at the Autumn Convocation, Chancellor Wallace noted the fact that graduates of McMaster were spread far and wide throughout the world, that they were exerting an influence not only in all parts of Canada but also in such remote lands as Burmah, India, the Philippines, South America, and Australia. Our representative in the great Commonwealth of Australia is Rev. A. N. Marshall, B.A., of the Class of '96. Mr. Marshall went to Australia in search of health, and found it so speedily that he was soon ready to accept the pastorate of the Baptist church at Armadale. As a graduate of McMaster and a former member of the Fyfe Missionary Society, he naturally took with him an enthusiasm for missions, an enthusiasm that has borne fruit in his work with the Armadale church, which is reported in the Handbook of the Baptist Union of Victoria for 1902 as making

a larger contribution to Home and Foreign missions than any other church in the Union. His faithful work and undoubted ability have been recognized in his election to the position of President of the Union for 1902. All connected with the University—professors, fellow-graduates and undergraduates—rejoice in his success, and hope that his labors may be greatly blessed.

The *Journal of Political Economy* for June contains an article on the "Canadian Budget System," by Mr. R. C. Matthews, a graduate of McMaster belonging to the Class of '01. The *Journal* is edited by the Faculty of Political Economy of the University of Chicago, and is perhaps the most important magazine in America devoted wholly to the discussion of economical questions. To obtain publication of an article in it is no small honor for a young graduate. After leaving McMaster a year ago, Mr. Matthews spent a year in post-graduate studies at Harvard, devoting himself more particularly to Economics and History. The present article is the outcome of work done in the *seminar* of Economics at that institution. In the twenty pages of the *Journal* at his disposal Mr. Matthews gives a complete and lucid outline of the method pursued in our Canadian budget system. He explains clearly how the Canadian budget is prepared, how the estimates are passed through the House of Commons, how the money voted by Parliament is paid out, and how an effective control is exerted by the auditor-general. The conclusion of the article is worth quoting:

"Thus in the preparation, execution, and control of the Canadian budget there is a complete effective system, a system which will stand comparison with that of any other country in the world. The control of the people over the country's financial legislation is satisfactory. The checks imposed are sufficient to prevent the enactment of money-bills by any man or any set of men short of a good working majority in the House of Commons. Perhaps in no other country, not even excepting England, do the details of estimates receive such close scrutiny. The audit is independent of any minister, of any department, or even of the whole cabinet. The Auditor-General maintains his position firmly, and to say that his audit is effective is but to describe the normal condition of affairs."

We who remain at the old college are glad to know that McMaster men hold their own at the great graduate schools, and that their worth is recognized by their professors in the various departments. We congratulate Mr. Matthews upon his successful work at Harvard and upon the excellent character of the article that he has written. We are particularly pleased to learn that he has entered mercantile life, and that he has accepted a responsible position in one of the leading banking firms of the city. He will, we are sure, reflect credit on his Alma Mater.

Book Reviews.

DONOVAN PASHA.*

The latest product of Sir Gilbert Parker's pen is "Donovan Pasha," a collection of short stories, which, to use the author's own words, is an *avant courier* of the novel of Egyptian life on which he has been working for some years. Sir Gilbert hopes, however, that the tales in the present volume may be welcomed for their own sake, a hope that has been justified by the cordial reception accorded them by both critics and public. There are three reasons to account for their popularity. First and foremost, they are interesting ; second, they reveal in Dicky Donovan a type of Englishman who is making it possible for England successfully to bear the white man's burden ; and third, they give us glimpses —superficial, it may be, yet glimpses—of Egypt, that land of mystery and paradox, of Oriental fanaticism with a thin veneer of European culture, of cholera and *backsheesh*, of moral *opera bouffe*. In a word, they do in a measure for Egypt what Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories have done for India, though they do not equal the latter's inimitable studies of Anglo-Indian life. We could give good reasons for the last statement, but have no space in which to do so.

There is no full-length portrait of Dicky Donovan, but from a hint here and a deed of daring there, we may get a clear impression of the remarkable little Englishman with an Irish name and a

*Donovan Pasha, and Some People of Egypt. By Gilbert Parker. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

little Irish blood, who, in his capacity as private secretary to the Khedive, and in virtue of his astuteness, incorruptibility and penetration into the subtleties of the Oriental mind, is the most influential man in Egypt. He appears in almost all the stories, and it is his nerve and cleverness in difficult situations that bring about the *denouements.* The various tales, though all interesting, are of unequal value. To our mind the best are, "The Desertion of Mohammed Selim," in which the writer touches the springs of pathos, and "A Treaty of Peace," in which Dicky Donovan is seen at his very keenest. We venture to criticise Sir Gilbert Parker for interlarding his stories with too many Egyptian terms. Local color is desirable, but not at the expense of the unity of impression that short stories must make if they are to be successful. M.

THE WESTMINSTER.

The Monthly takes pleasure in welcoming *The Westminster* into the field of monthly journalism. As a weekly *The Westminster* has been for some years a power for good in the land, and in its new capacity it will have a larger field and an increasing influence on Canadian life. There is an open door for just such a publication as it intends to be, a frankly Christian magazine for the home that takes cognizance of Christain activity in all denominations, and that deals with political, literary, and social life from a lofty, Christian point of view. Five numbers have appeared, and all have been full of excellent articles and photographs of men and places. An attractive feature is a series of illustrated interviews with men prominent in Church and State, such men, for example, as Sir Oliver Mowat and Principal Caven. There are also evening readings for each Sunday in the month, prepared by leading ministers in various denominations, and also notes descriptive of the work of the leading Christian bodies. A well-known professor of McMaster is said to be the writer of the Baptist notes. Stories, poetry, reviews of books, discussions of pressing problems in home and church life, comments on political events and tendencies, combine to render *The Westminster* a valuable addition to Canadian journalism. The Monthly cordially wishes it the success it richly deserves.

THE LITTLE GREEN GOD.*

This is a timely book. It is at once an exposition and a caricature of modern philosophical Hinduism, especially that form of it presented to American audiences by certain travelling Swamis, who, ever since the Parliament of Religions, have been preying upon the credulity and inanity of the modern society woman, anxious to find some substitute for the more stern and rigorous forms of the Christian religion. Indeed, the adoption of the mystical pantheistic cults of the East has of late become a fad if not the fashion among the so-called higher classes. It is one of the signs of the times. The style of the book is charming, the diction superb, the wit delicious, the argument most convincing. The authoress, herself an ex-missionary, deals with a subject of which she is easily the master, and has given us a little book which is at once informing, amusing and suggestive. She is already in the front rank of American authors. J. G. B.

THE MINISTRY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.†

Having read "The Making of the Sermon," students will welcome this later publication of Dr. Pattison. Owing to the way in which the book was made it is somewhat lacking in unity. Two years ago, at Regent's Park College, Dr. Pattison delivered the "Ridley Lectures," in which he treated mainly the relation of the minister to the young people of his congregation. When preparing these lectures for the press, to widen their scope, he added three lectures on the origin, progress and future of the modern Sunday school, and the resultant is a book within a book, with a title which is something of a misnomer. But in spite of this defect the book possesses real worth, and while it traverses comparatively well-known ground, it nevertheless is full of interest. The first lecture, on "The Bible and the Child," shows the importance which the Scriptures attach to the child, both in the Old and the

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*The Little Green God. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

†The Ministry of the Sunday School. By T. Harwood Pattison, D.D. American Baptist Publication Society. Price, $1.00 net.

New Testament. The next two lectures sketch the Sunday school in the eighteenth and in the nineteenth centuries. Lectures IV., V. and VI. deal with the minister's relation to the young people and to the Sunday school. No one can relieve parents of their obligations, but the minister must be the friend, instructor and organizer of the young people. In the Sunday school the minister must "advise and supervise." He is pastor of the school as of the church. Whether he be a regular teacher or not, the pastor must be in the school "an intellectual influence, a spiritual power." The three watchwords of the school should be, "Reformation, information, regeneration." The importance of religious decision must be emphasized, and the minister must lead in special efforts for the conversion of the scholars. The pastor must also be a unifying influence between the home and school, and the school and the church. The Sunday school of the twentieth century must respond to the new demands and avail itself of the progressive intelligence of the century. No one who is at all interested in the home or the school, be he parent, teacher or preacher, can read this book without receiving fresh impetus. W. H. C.

FLOWER LEGENDS.*

"Flower Legends," by Miss Alma Frances McCollum, is a worthy addition to the volume of Canadian verse. In the prefatory quatrain the key-note of the work is struck :

> Of classic lore some poets sing ;
> I—if I could—would rather write about
> Some simple, taking little thing
> Which, when you read, you feel like clipping out.

Miss McCollum's fancy is pleasing. We quote one legend as typical of its class :

PURPLE VIOLETS.

> Violets in purple mourning,
> Bloomed as flakes of driven snow,
> Calvary's rugged path adorning
> Ere the Saviour knew its woe.

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* Flower Legends and Other Poems. By Alma Frances McCollum. Toronto : Wm. Briggs.

When the Virgin Mother, holy,
  In her bitter anguish passed,
O'er the blossoms white and lowly
  Was her sacred shadow cast ;

And the agony of sorrow,
  Falling like a purple pall,—
Unforgotten with the morrow—
  Still doth linger over all.

Purple violets remind us,
  Ah, reproach us with His pain,
Lest the fleeting days should find us
  Crucifying Him again !

Many verses manifest the true religious instinct. We find the prayer of the soul longing for the guidance of God :

O, Father, loving, kind ! hold Thou my hand
  And guide my footsteps that I climb aright ;
  So, when the land revealed may meet my sight,
As I upon the distant summit stand,
  All may be fair, and beautiful, and still,
  And I may see Thee there beyond the hill.

Few words reveal a greater trust than these :

No fear have I of anything
  In earth or sky or sea ;
In life, in light, in death, in night,
  He will take care of me.

Pathos finds repeated expression, nor is the volume lacking in a certain quiet humor. Throughout appeal is made to the daily emotions of the individual, which is a true mark of excellence.

E. A. B.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. A. RAY, '03.

THE importance of track and field sports in the life of a university has been emphasized by the creation of a department of athletics in THE MONTHLY. This division of labor reduces the responsibilities of the editor of "Around the Hall" and the duties of the staff. With this condition of affairs we would not feel inclined to quarrel did it not deprive us of the services of a faithful and efficient reporter. However, we accept the inevitable, and wish Mr. McLay many hours of ease in the editorial chair.

THE matter of college colors is still an interesting topic of conversation among the students. A few of the faithful still cling to the parti-colored plaid, but the majority pursue the tenor of their way with undecked hat-band. This is not as it should be, for a generally adopted set of colors is an evidence of a healthy college spirit. Some years ago the Athletic Association adopted emerald green and black as playing colors. That this was a wise choice is evident from their steady increase in popular favor. The authorities of the University, always on the alert for the best things, adopted the black and green for the cover of the calendar of the present year. These facts should guide the students in their decision, and—let it be soon.

FRESHIE (before dinner)—Let's pass the time in merry jest. Sophomore (wisely)—Not so; let (di)gestion wait on appetite.

WHAT is now class-room 3 has long been the repositary of all graduating pictures. It is full to overflowing. The graduates of '02 must find some other resting place. We would suggest the hall in front of room 1 as suitable for the purpose.

AT a regular meeting of the Theological Society the following officers were elected:—Hon. Pres., Dr. Welton; Pres., E. A. Brownlee, B.A.; Vice.Pres., H. Procter, B.A.; Sec.-Treas., W. C. Riddiford; Advisers, T. E. Meldrum, B.A., A. W. Torrie, B.A.; Football Captain, A. W. Torrie, B.A.; Rugby Captain, A. E. Haydon, B.A.

THE Debating Society commenced its Saturday afternoon sessions on October 18th, when the subject, "*Resolved*, That the

partial examinations held in January are in the best interests of the student body," was discussed. The leaders were : Affirmative, R. E. Hartley, '05 ; negative, A. B. Farmer, '05. The first debate was marked by a tendency to too much personal reference, which was promptly scored by the critic, Dr. C. C. Lumley, '03. The judges, Messrs. Norman, Stokes and Bingham, decided in favor of the negative. . . . On Saturday, October 25th, the subject was, "*Resolved*, That a Government board of arbitration would be a satisfactory solution of the strike question." H. R. Nobles, '06, led the affirmative, and C. D. Jones, '06, the negative. The general tone of the meeting was better than the former, and the speeches were pronounced good by the Chancellor, who criticised the speakers personally in a kindly manner. The decision was given by the judges, Messrs. Clark, McDiarmid and Langdon, to the affirmative. . . . "*Resolved*, That the Athletic Association should drop Association and devote their entire energies to Rugby football," was the subject debated Nov. 1st. J. B. Pengelly led the affirmative and E. R. Gray the negative. H. Procter in his criticisms paid special attention to the style of the speakers. The judges, Messrs. Lailey, MacDonald and Hartley, gave the decision to the affirmative.

Dr. Horr, of Boston, editor of the *Watchman* and former classmate of Chancellor Wallace, visited the University in the latter part of October. At chapel his short address on "Impressions of McMaster and Ideals in Education" was encouraging and inspiring.

Rev. Mr. Reddick, of Rat Portage, recently paid a visit to the University, where his friends always welcome him heartily.

On October 30th Professor Cross was called away by the death of his father, who had suddenly passed away. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to him in his bereavement.

One of our ambitious theologians had a rather interesting experience recently. It was Saturday and his destination was a western preaching station, but he inadvertently boarded an eastbound train. As the train pulled out, being informed of his mistake, he grabbed the nearest satchel and hastily caught the proper express. Sunday morning, prior to service, wishing to review his discourse, he opened his satchel, and behold—"Cobwebbed claret, pictures of now-a-day actresses, and Havanas par excellence!" His surprise, however, was not greater than that of the man in the east who on opening "his" satchel found—a shaving outfit, a batch of old sermons, and a picture of one fair woman.

The Chancellor.—The chapel of McMaster, on the morning of Oct. 31st, was the scene of an interesting service, when the Chancellor was presented with a pair of binocular field glasses. The students and faculty of the University took the occasion of his early departure for Europe to express their appreciation of his services. The faculty were represented by Dr. Welton, who, in a brief address, pointed out that the Chancellor, after his incessant duties, had well earned rest and recreation. He spoke of his prospective tour through Britain, the continent, Egypt and the Holy Land, and hoped that the Chancellor would be careful not to let his foot slip in the Alps, nor to fall from the tower of Pisa, and that while looking into the crater of Vesuvius the latter might not be in an eruptive state. He then pronounced an appropriate benediction. Mr. J. N. McLean spoke of the students' appreciative attitude toward their Chancellor for his fatherly interest in their individual needs. He also spoke of the recent bereavement which had come to the Chancellor in the death of his wife, and assured him of the deep sympathy of the entire student body. On his expression of the good wishes of the students for a pleasant and profitable journey, there was handed to the Chancellor a very fine pair of binocular field glasses. In replying to these expressions of good will the Chancellor thanked the students for their very serviceable token of regard. It gave him great pleasure to be again assured of their love for him, and he felt certain that he need have no serious thought for the University during his absence. In the evening the students marched *en masse* to the Union Station to bid him adieu. There, with song and cheer, they wished him recreation and *bon voyage*.

Our Reading Room, equipped and run as it is at present, deserves the hearty co-operation of every student. We are sorry that a few should persist in breaking the rules by taking periodicals off file. This is the cause of much trouble to the R. R. Committee and disappointment to the general reader. The *S. S. Times* is still keeping up its old time habit of disappearing on Saturday and returning on Monday. Others who wish to study the lesson on Sunday morning must seek a copy elsewhere. We have long cherished the hope that the offender will soon see something in the paper that will convince him that the appropriation of Reading Room property is not only selfish, but also positively dishonest.

The attention of the class-room and the quiet of the study has lately been somewhat interrupted by the mournful cries of "Charcoal." The new hood and electric fan have done much to keep the fumes of chlorine and hydrogen sulphide from floating at random through the hall. We wonder if it would be possible to procure some such apparatus into which the freshmen in elocution

could deliver their monotonous syllables. It would not lessen their delight and would add much to the comfort of others.

THIS year marks an increase in the number of lectures given in the Hall, both in the regular routine of class work and in a more popular way. Noting this fact, the Theological Society have decided not to give a course of lectures as formerly. They will endeavor this winter to teach more by example than by precept.

STUDENT in First Year Biology—"Are these frog's quarters a recent arrival?" Professor—"Yes! new members of the freshman class."

THE Debating Society has now been holding its weekly sessions for over two years and the progress during that time has been very satisfactory. This state of affairs is most gratifying to those who have its interests at heart, and it is hoped that the students who do not regularly attend its meetings will speedily realize its importance in student life. Public speaking demands a place in a college man's education of to-day and there is no better place to learn and practise it than at the Saturday afternoon meetings of our society.

A MEETING of the Literary Society took place Nov. 7th, Mr. P. A. McDiarmid, the esteemed president, occupying the chair. Business routine being over, Mr. E. J. Farmer opened the programme with a piano solo. The musician performed his part well, but the piano proved a bit stubborn, especially in places. Then followed a concise and interesting outline of the Doukhobors, "The Spirit Restless," by Mr. O. Gray, '05, in which he tried to do justice to a much-despised people. Mr. Piercy's humorous reading, "How Bill Adams won the Battle of Waterloo," had evidently been heard before by some of the audience, but it seemed to be a case of "story old yet again new." Mr. Piercy responded to an encore with another reading, "How Reubenstein Played the Piano," which was also very much appreciated. The programme concluded with a very pretty flute solo, "Les Roman Sans Les Paroles," by Mr. E. G. Blackadar, '04, with piano accompaniment by Miss E. Fox.

SEVERAL plans have been proposed for the economic distribution north of Bloor street of campaign temperance literature. One bright mind conceived the idea of instituting paper chases northward to the Athletic Field.

PROFESSOR—"Outline the next miracle." Student (fumbling in his book for the answer)—"Ha-a-ahem." Professor—"Repeat

it from the tablets of thy memory, not from the tablets of the book." Student (bewildered)—"I can't find it in either."

Public Lecture.—On Friday evening, Oct. 24th, Mr. A. S. Vogt delivered a lecture on "Church Music. Its interpretation and repertoire," to an audience that filled Castle Memorial Hall. The Jarvis Street Baptist Choir, under Mr. Vogt's direction, very kindly and very efficiently sang a number of selections chosen to illustrate the lecture. From Anglican, German, American and Roman Catholic composers, the best music had been taken for modern church service. In the first school Woodward and Barnby excelled in anthem writing, though Sullivan had a greater mastery of vocal effects. England has always been foremost in encouraging sacred and choral music. To her we owe the oratorio and it was for English audiences that the Messiah and Elijah were written. Here the lecturer referred to the greatest musical composer England has yet produced—Edward Elgar. Though still a young man, his ability is fully recognized. Four of his numbers will be given in Massey Hall next February and we trust that the Mendelssohn Choir will sometime favor Toronto with a performance of The Dream of Gerontius. Due praise was given the works of Handel, Bach and Mendelssohn. Gounod, though a Catholic, had written some of his best anthems for Protestant service. The selections rendered by the choir, in which Miss Dora McMurtry and Mr. A. L. E. Davies took the soprano and bass solos, were: Woodward's "Te Deum" in E flat; Barnby's Christmas anthem, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel;" Sullivan's "Watchman What of the Night;" Gaul's "Behold I Create" and "Sanctus" from the Holy City; Mendelssohn's "Oh, for the Wings;" Gounod's "Come Unto Him," and Rhineberger's Evening Hymn.

Semi-annual examinations will hereafter be held in McMaster University. There was a considerable agitation for this measure last spring and again this fall. Doubtless the fact that several members of the faculty were in sympathy with the movement was an aid to the enthusiasts. The work of the year is by this divided and the subjects finished in the first term finally disposed of, thus making lighter the work in the spring. In addition to this it is to be hoped that we now see the end of *impromptu* "quizzes," which seem as unfair to the student as they are unsatisfactory to the Professor.

The Ladies' Literary League have reorganized their society with the following list of officers: President, Miss Wallace, '03; Vice-President, Miss Layng, '04; Secretary, Miss Senior, '05; Treasurer, Miss Phillips, '06; Pianist, Miss Stone, '06. During

the first few weeks of the new term, this society always feels keenly the loss of the last year's graduates, but this year we are g ad to have more than enough, nu nerically, to take the places of those who have left us. Under such an efficient executive, the society hopes to have meetings interesting and instructive, conducted with the decorum that is becoming to a literary society, and is looking forward to one of the most successful years of its existence.

Student ingenuity as displayed on bulletin board :

O LOOK AT THIS.

Limited number of American-Revised Bibles, long primer type.
Only one dollar, red edges, silk finish.
On Boswell's Johnson and Johnson and Goldsmith.
Kata Macaulay.

A copy of Virgil's Æneid, Books I.-VI.
Translation of same.

The Conciliation of American Colonies (Burke).
History of Rome by Myer—(new).
I would say farewell to Euclid I.-VI. at almost any price.
Sallust's Cataline.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—On Monday, Oct. 25th, the Fyfe Missionary Society met and organized for the coming year. The election of officers began the day's proceedings, the following gentlemen being elected :—President, Dr. J. H. Farmer ; Vice-President, C. J. Beck ; Recording Secretary, A. W. Torrie, B.A. ; Treasurer, Dr. W. R. Smith ; Corresponding Secretary, E. J. Bengough ; Executive, Dr. Goodspeed and Prof. Clark from the faculty, and P. E. Baker, B.A., D. McIntosh, H. McDiarmid, A. Stokes, D. J. Welch from the student body. Dr. Welton occupied the chair, and called upon Mr. Whiten to report his work at Taylor St. Mission, where he had labored during the summer months. Mr. Whiten reported advancement in every phase of the work, and urged for the co-operation of the students during the winter season. He was followed by Mr. Tomkinson, of the Weston Road Mission, who gave an interesting and encouraging report of the work being carried on there. The meeting was continued in the afternoon, when Mr. H. McDiarmid gave an account of his summer's work at the "Soo." After speaking of the rapid growth of the town, Mr. McDiarmid dealt with the difficulties preventing his work. He showed the great interest manifested by the people there, and was glad to report the organization of a church before

leaving the field. Mr. Jones then told of his experience in the town of Goderich. The work was a struggle to some extent, but the increasing audiences and the well-attended prayer-meetings were sufficient evidences of the progress in that town. Mr. Jones was followed by Mr. W. C. Riddiford, who gave an interesting and entertaining report of the work carried on in Manitoulin Island, with the encouraging tone of which the meeting was greatly pleased. Mr. Riddiford reported steady progress, several having professed faith in Christ, and urged the students to take a deep interest in this field. The last speaker was Mr. C. J. Beck, who, with Mr. R. A. F. McDonald, had spent the summer in evangelical work. Time did not permit Mr. Beck to give a detailed account, so he dealt with the work in a general way. The question, "Why are so few saved?" was dwelt upon at some length. Mr. Beck felt that the pastors should be true evangelists, and should feel daily and weekly that souls should be saved. About one hundred and fifty had confessed Christ through their united labor. The benediction, pronounced by Dr. Welton, brought to an end a meeting from which all had drawn real spiritual benefit.

The inevitable organ-grinder has commenced his year's work, and almost every day calls are made by one of these public benefactors. Recently one of the fraternity was found rooted to the neatly-kept lawn, regaling the students with music from the lungs of a wheezy concertina, with improvised interludes to pick up the collection. The entertainment was terminated by a voice from a neighboring window uttering the kindly admonition, "Sister, move on!"

Among the important (?) announcements made by the Chancellor after chapel service during the first days of the term, was one calling for a meeting of the Freshman Class for organization. Another, emanating from the same source and inquiring for the whereabouts of a lost mouth organ, was, however, rejected.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: D. C. Macintosh, '03.

At the Annual Dinner of the Harvard-Canadian Club, held May 24th, 1902, Mr. R. C. Matthews, '01, was elected president.

Mr. Elmore E. Wood, '00, is principal of the High School in Fort William.

Miss Minnie Eby, '97, M.A., '97, is at Bryn Mawr College, Penn., where she holds a scholarship in Chemistry.

Mr. H. B. Tapscott, '97, M.A. '01, after a successful post-graduate course at Harvard, has been appointed to a lectureship in French in Dartmouth College, N.H.

Mr. Geo. J. Menge, '96, Theol., 98, B.D., '99, is senior assistant master of King's Collegiate School, Windsor, N.S.

Five years ago Mr. P. C. MacLaurin left Vankleek Hill High School to become a member of class '01 at McMaster. He is now science master in the home school. The high school inspector, the members of the school board, and the pupils of the school unite in speaking in the highest terms of the work he is doing in that capacity.

Mr. A. C. Watson, '01, who is teaching classics in Brandon College, is proving worthy of the professors of McMaster, both in the quality and in the amount of the work he is doing. We understand that he devotes about thirty hours a week to teaching.

Mr. A. H. Fairchild, '01, who entered upon his work as principal of the model school, Vankleek Hill, in September, is proving himself a worthy successor to the exceptionally able teachers who have held that position during recent years.

Mr. T. J. Wright, who will be remembered by McMaster students of four years ago as a theological student, has accepted the call of the church in Clarenceville, Que.

Rev. G. W. Elliott, B.A., theol., '02, has accepted the call of the Brigden, Courtright and Moore Centre Churches, and has entered upon the work there. His address is Courtright, Ont.

Miss Lizzie MacLaurin, '01, after having added to her literary training a thorough commercial education, has been appointed to a position in the Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

Miss E. R. Whiteside, '98, is teaching English and moderns in the high school, Regina, N.W.T.

Miss Edith R. Delmage, '01, left her home in St. Mary's on the 30th of September, to take charge of a school about eighteen miles from Rosthern, Saskatchewan. Her sister, Miss Emelyn E. Delmage, '01, intends to prepare for the commercial specialist examination.

Mr. J. W. Hotson, '01, M.A., '02, is pursuing a post-graduate course in biology at the University of Chicago. He is the first student to have entered the department of botany in that university from under the tuition of a graduate of the same department. Mr. Hotson has been granted a scholarship during his first year at Chicago.

Mr. H. E. Jordan, '00, M.A., of Chicago University, spent Thanksgiving Day within our walls. He came home in September for a four months' vacation. A vacancy occurring in the mathematical department of the staff of Markham High School, he was selected to fill the position for the fall term. Mr. Jordan expects to resume work at Chicago after the New Year.

Mr. G. Herbert Clarke, '95, M.A., '96, who was during the past year assistant professor in the department of English language and literature in Mercer University, Macon, Ga., has been promoted to the full professorship. We congratulate Prof. Clarke upon his success, and his *alma mater* upon the credit his distinction reflects upon her.

Those of our graduates who are also graduates of Woodstock College will remember Edith Mary Schofield, who, before she became Mrs. Bert H. Wilson, was for several years a student at the College and latterly secretary to the Principal of the College. They will hear with exceeding regret of her death, which took place suddenly at Woodstock on August 12th, and will unite in sympathy with her husband, whom many of them will also remember as a member of the First Baptist Church, Woodstock, and faithful friend of the College and its students. Mrs. Wilson's winsome face, cheerful disposition, and genuine Christian character will long remain as a happy memory to those who were privileged to know her.

ATHLETICS.

Editor: S. M. McLay, '03.

The Annual Field Day held by the Athletic Association of this University took place on Thursday, October 23rd, on 'Varsity athletic field, and was a decided success. The weather was cool and windy, but this did not dampen the ardor and enthusiasm of the spectators. The students, both ladies and gentlemen, turned out in their respective years, decorated with their class emblems of streamers and flowers. The ladies of Moulton College attended in

a body, and took a great interest in the events. Quite a number of outsiders witnessed the games and appeared well pleased.

In comparison with last year, the day was equally as successful. Two records were broken and two new events were added to the list. The mile run was an open event and was won by 'Varsity, time 5 : 4 2-5, beating last year's record by 10 secs. Woodstock College was represented by Mr. A. C. Pattullo, winner of the senior championship of that institution. Mr. E. J. Farmer, '03, was the winner of the McNaught cup and the Chancellor's medal, having obtained 22 points, the largest number for any one student. Mr. H. H. Murray, '06, won the 1st Association medal with 17 points, and Mr. A. E. Haydon, B.A., of Theology, the 2nd Association medal with 15 points. Points obtained towards the Matthews Inter-year cup were : '03, 23 ; '04, 24 ; '05, 21 ; '06, 32 ; Theol., 15.

The list of events, with winners of first, second and third places, is as follows : Putting the 16 lb. shot, 32 ft. 5½in., A. E. Haydon, E. C. Jordon, G. E. Tomkinson ; 100 yards, 10 4-5 secs., H. H. Murray, J. B. McArthur ; pole vault, 9 ft., A. E. Haydon, W. V. Poapst, A. G. Vining ; half-mile run, 2.13 4-5, R. A. F. McDonald, E. J. Farmer, A. C. Pattullo ; throwing 16 lb. hammer, 73 ft. 11 in., E. C. Jordon, G. E. Tomkinson, E. Viens ; 220 yards run, 25 secs., H. H. Murray, E. J. Farmer, J. B. McArthur ; high jump, 4 ft. 11 in., E. J. Farmer, E. C. Fox, E. Viens ; 440 yards run, 57 4-5 secs., H. H. Murray, E. J. Farmer, R. A. F. McDonald ; throwing the discus, 76 ft., E. C. Jordon, G. E. Tomkinson, A. E. Haydon ; hurdle race, 120 yards, 19 4-5 secs.; E. J. Farmer, A. E. Haydon, H. H. Murray ; broad jump, 17 ft. 5 in., C. Gibson, E. J. Farmer, E. Viens ; mile run, first three McMaster men to finish, W. L. McKinnon, W. V. Poapst, H. W. Piercy ; team race, '04, '06, '03.

The field officers were : Starter, Dr. G. D. Porter ; field judges, Chancellor Wallace, Prof. A. C. McKay, Mr. Harry Ryrie and J. B. McArthur, K.C.; track judges, W. K. McNaught, Geo. B. Meadows, J. Firstbrook, C. T. Stark ; timekeepers, R. W. Smith, Ph.D., Prof. W. S. McLay, Dr. E. R. Hooper; clerk of course, W. W. Lailey, '04; announcer, P. E. Baker, B.A.; measurers, Rev. W. W. Weeks, Rev. Jesse Gibson, W. E. Robertson, Prof. W. P. Cohoe.

The Senior Intercollegiate Association Football series for this year was opened on the afternoon of Oct. 21st, McMaster and School of Practical Science being the participants. The showing of these teams indicates that the winner of the league will be as fast as any champion team in the last few years. Combination play is becoming more effective, and long kicking is seldom of an advantage for scoring. The contest between McMaster and S. P. S.

was a very closely contended match, although the score was 2 to 0 in favor of the science men. Owing to the interest shown in Rugby football this season, there has been a lack of enthusiasm in the Association game. In consequence the players did not practise diligently as they otherwise would have done. This was clearly manifested in the first half of the match. While our opponents were in good condition for this game, our men lacked the Association qualities. However, during the last half the wearers of green and black clearly demonstrated their old-time merits, and outclassed their opponents in many respects, although at times their shooting was inaccurate. They stormed the S. P. S. goal time and again, but were unable to score, and therefore lost the game. Our team was as follows: Goal, P. E. Baker; backs, McLaurin, Guyatt; half-backs, Lamont, J. B. McArthur, R. A. F. McDonald; forwards, McKinnon, McLay, Lailey, Bingham and Zavitz.

On October 29th, McMaster I. played a tie game with Toronto Medicals I., the score being one goal each. The game was keenly contested and evoked immense applause from the supporters of the two teams. Our boys played more brilliantly and effectively during the entire game, scoring in all three goals to their opponents' one; but two of ours were not allowed by the referee, he claiming one was offside and one had been over the touch line prior to being scored. However, the game showed distinctly that our boys had lost little, if any, of their former prowess on the football campus. The following team represented McMaster:—Goal, P. E. Baker; backs, Guyatt and R. D. McLaurin; half-backs, Weir, Torrie, R. A. F. McDonald; forwards, J. A. McDonald, McLay, Lailey, Bingham and Zavitz.

Still another defeat was administered to our boys in Association football, when our Intermediate team went down before that of the City Teachers in their first match in the Intermediate series of the Intercollegiate Association. The score was two to one. McMaster always seems to have the fates against her in the scoring line. Our team scored two goals, but the referee, on consulting the umpire, disallowed one on the ground of a foul play. Our team played an excellent game and were superior in many respects to the Teachers; the only thing that prevented them from scoring was inaccurate shooting at times and a too competent man between the flags of their opponents' goal. The players were:—Goal, Harkness; backs, Vail and Wright; halves, Weir, J. B. McArthur, Norman; forwards, McKinnon, Fraser, Benson, D. Campbell and Dixon.

Our boys have again demonstrated their supremacy over Victoria University. On Nov. 4th our second team defeated the Victoria seconds by a score of 3 goals to 0. A fourth goal was also scored but not allowed. The game was too one-sided, but at times the contest was very keen.

The Dentals defaulted to our senior Association team, thereby giving our team a victory. The first series is now finished. The School of Practical Science won the round, and will be required to play off with winner of the second series for the Senior Intercollegiate championship.

The Inter-year Association football matches have begun, and much interest is being taken in them. Inter-year games will also be played in Rugby. The winner of each of these championships will be entitled to ten points towards the Matthews Cup.

Since entering our Rugby team in the Intercollegiate Rugby Union this year, great interest has been aroused in the game. We have received a number of invitations to play outside teams, but we regret to say that all of them cannot be accepted, as our time is so much taken up with our Inter-year matches, both in Association and Rugby.

A practice Rugby match was played on Oct. 28th, on Rosedale grounds, between McMaster and St. Andrew's College, which resulted in a score of 1 to 1. Owing to six of our regular men not playing, we were considerably weakened, but, at that, had a greater part of the play in St. Andrew's territory. It is the intention of the regular team to arrange another match with them at some future date.

McMaster University students have good reason to feel proud of the showing made by their Rugby team in the match against 'Varsity's crack intermediate team, played on Saturday, Oct. 25th, on 'Varsity athletic field, to decide the intermediate championship of the Western district of the Intercollegiate Union. Although beaten by 15 points to 1, our team were by no means outclassed, and it was only the 'Varsity team's superior knowledge of the game that decided the day in their favor. This is McMaster's first year in Rugby, and the splendid showing made was a surprise to all outside of our University. The play was about evenly divided, but 'Varsity's longer training in the art of scoring and knowledge of the other fine points of the game stood them in good stead. McMaster's wings were strong and broke through repeatedly. With a little more speed in following up and a better

style of tackling, our wing line will be hard to beat in the intermediate series. All the wings played so well that it would be unfair to pick any out for special mention. The back division was somewhat weak, and through lack of experience a few errors were made which proved costly. The backs, however, showed that they had staying power and ability, and we are not afraid to predict that McMaster University will next year have as strong a defence division as there is in the league. A fairly large crowd witnessed the game, the majority of whom were McMaster students. Rugby football has evidently secured a strong hold upon our students, and had fortune favored us a goodly number of supporters would have gone to Kingston with the team. The score at half time was 6 to 0. The teams lined up as follows :—'Varsity II.—Back, Lang ; halves, Rathbun, McKay (capt.), Housser ; quarter, Hoar ; scrimmage, Lord, Robertson, Panton ; wings, Bonnell, Buck, Ross, Davidson, Gain, White, Reynolds. McMaster—Back, Baker ; halves, Zavitz, J. B. McArthur (capt.), Haydon ; quarter, J. A. McDonald ; scrimmage, Brownlee, Poapst, Vail ; wings, Stephens, Lailey, McLaurin, Smedley, Vining, Guyatt, Bingham.

If any justification were needed for the introduction of Rugby football into our curriculum of sports, it was found on the morning of Saturday, November 8th, when McMaster University easily defeated a strong team from the Royal Military College of Kingston by 16 to 5. The match took place on our own campus before a large crowd, who were enthusiastic in their appreciation of the good work done by our boys. There were a couple of changes in the line up from the team which played against 'Varsity II., and these greatly strengthened it. The military men started off with a rush, and in less than ten minutes they had the ball over the McMaster line for a try, and it seemed as though the green and black would probably come out second best. With the score against them McMaster played harder, and just before the whistle blew for half time Stephens secured a try on a long punt of McArthur's which had been fumbled, and Lailey converted, making the score 6-5 in our favor. The second half was all McMaster, and two more tries were added by Guyatt and McLay. Both were difficult kicks and were not converted. The whole team played well and was strong in every department. "Lizzie" Bingham played a magnificent game on the wing line, intercepting a number of passes and pulling the half-backs down for gains time after time. The wings were all very fast, breaking through easily and following up well. The back division showed great improvement, and it is safe to say that the score would have been different on October 25th had McMaster played as well as against R. M. C. For the visitors Constantine played a superb game, and the team as a

whole showed great cleverness in running and passing. The teams lined up as follows :—McMaster : Full back, McDonald ; halves, Haydon, J. B. McArthur (capt.), Zavitz ; quarter, McLay ; scrimmage, Jordan, Poapst, Brownlee ; wings, Lailey, Stephens, McLaurin, Vining, Torrie, Guyatt, Bingham. R. M. C. : Full back, Constantine ; halves, Lucas, Trimmer, Harrington ; quarter, E. W. Leonard ; scrimmage, Mathieson, E. J. Leonard, Bixel ; wings, Dunlop, Ross, Deroche, Goldie, Walkem, Porteous, Hoyles, McConkey, Peterson. Referee : Mr. Hoyles, of 'Varsity. Umpire : M. S. McArthur.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS: C. L. BROWN, B.A. W. RAITHBY.

THE boys have shown great interest in Rugby this fall. Although we have so far had only one game with an outside team, our players have practised until they are in very good condition. On November 1st we had a match with the London II. team. The day was all that could be desired, fair and with little wind. A considerable number of people gathered to witness the game. The whistle blew at 4.15 and the match was on. During the first half the College team succeeded in making two touch-downs, which were both converted, the first by Reid, the second by Moyle. At half-time the score stood 12-0 in our favor, but as our boys had had a little advantage in the field, it looked as if the second half would be a hard fight. So it proved to be. The College team received another touch-down, which was converted by McIntosh. Then the London team pushed the ball past the College line and secured a touch, which was converted by Sippi. The play was close, and each team made another touch which both failed to convert. So when the whistle blew for the completion of time the score stood 22-10 in favor of the College.

The game was evenly contested throughout. Gillies and Reid did good work for the College, McMahon and Sippi for the London team. The greater weight of our team gave them some advantage over their opponents. Mr. Frank Hobbs, of London, was a very satisfactory referee, while Mr. McCrimmon did his duty as umpire. The line-up of the College team was as follows :—Back, Wilson ; half-backs, Gillies, Reid, Raithby ; quarter, Williams ; scrimmage, Telford, McNeill, McIntosh : left wing, Menzies, Kennedy, Jeanneret ; right wing, Clarke, Cain, Lawson, and Moyle, captain.

INTER-YEAR Rugby has been the subject of conversation during the past week. Some still persist in speaking of it, but others

prefer to have the subject changed. The inter-year matches have just been completed. All of the Rugby material of the College has been called out, and we are beginning to think that we are in a position to meet all comers. The games have been very keenly contested and have been characterized by clean and good-natured playing. The scores are as follows :—Third Year vs. First Year, 38-0 ; Fourth Year vs. Second Year, 12-8 ; Third Year vs. Fourth Year, 4-0 ; First Year vs. Second Year, 10-4. Thus the Third Year are champions of the College.

The monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held on October 23rd. Principal McCrimmon read a letter from Missionary Laflamme, of India. It was one of special interest to us, being a direct communication from the mission field and also an appeal to us in our preparation to think of India's need. We hope that we shall, in the near future, again hear from some of our missionaries, and thus have our interest aroused by this direct contact with the work there. Rev. Mr. Mode then gave us an interesting address on Grande Ligne College. He had been present at the dedicatory services held there during convention week. Owing to his intimate knowledge of Woodstock College he was able by comparison to give us a very vivid description of it in its present enlarged and improved condition. He also spoke of the great influence it is exercising among our fellow-countrymen in Quebec.

On Tuesday, November 11th, Dr. Stewart, of Rochester, N.Y., delivered a lecture here. We are always pleased to hear him because he is a graduate of the college and because of the inspiration which his addresses give. In his address he endeavored to impress upon his audience the necessity of making the most out of life, and the need of being alive to our possibilities and to our opportunities. We need to know first of all of the universe in which we find ourselves. With the modern apparatus for viewing the heavens and the astronomical works which have been published, no one can be excused for ignorance of our neighbors, the planets or those suns which are beyond. Then, too, we should know something of the earth. Because of the facilities for travelling we can, with comparative ease, go to the uttermost parts of the earth. We should know something of all the nations, since all are of one blood. If we cannot travel, we can read literature which gives such information as is obtained from travel. Again, we should know history that from it we may see where others have failed, where nations have fallen because of corruption ; thus we shall be in a position to escape those practices which lead to misfortune. We should also know God and our relationship to

Him and above all to Jesus Christ, whom unbelievers and believers alike acknowledge as the perfect man.

It is interesting to notice the change which public opinion has undergone in regard to athletics during the past few years. The press has kept pace with this change by increasing the space in its columns which is given to reporting athletics events. College students have tried to follow the example set by public opinion by devoting more time and energy to what we believe to be very essential to college life. Each college benefits from this increased public interest in sports. Woodstock College is receiving her share of this benefit. In all branches of sport this has been a good season. In looking over the student body, an observer sees many black eyes, some walking with canes, others limping without canes, beside all the many bruises which cannot be seen. We do not believe that we have exceptionally rough players, but because of the keen contests, both in practice and in regular games, these results follow. Sometimes such marks are neither very acceptable nor very honorable. Knowing the circumstances, we can only say that they were received in supporting a worthy cause, namely, College Athletics.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor : Emma Fares.

The bazaar, which was announced to be held on the 28th November, has been postponed on account of the lecture, by Prof. Cohoe, in Castle Memorial Hall. It will be held a week later, on Saturday, the 6th December.

The annual sermon to the students was preached by Dr. Tracy, of Toronto University, in the College chapel, on Sunday morning, October 12th. Taking as his text the fourth verse of the eighth chapter of Philippians, Dr. Tracy preached a beautiful sermon and one which was very helpful.

Between three and four o'clock on Tuesday, the 28th October, the basket-ball teams of Moulton and Westbourne met on the Westbourne grounds. A very enthusiastic body of students and friends of both schools ranged themselves on each side of the field, and neither team lacked encouragement. Both teams played well, the playing being mostly in centre, and it was very uncertain which would win. At half-time the score was four to three in favor of Moulton. With renewed energy the players took their

places again, and the spectators, with difficulty suppressing their excitement, waited anxiously for the result. When time was called Moulton had the game by four points, the score being seven to three. With hearty cheers we gathered round our team and proudly escorted them from the field. In the evening an oyster supper was given in the dining-room in honor of the victory.

On Friday evening, the 7th inst., the students and friends of Moulton enjoyed one of Dr. Clark's delightful lectures. The subject was the "Passion Play," which the lecturer described in his characteristic and interesting style. Moulton has been privileged in having Dr. Clark lecture several times, yet no previous lecture of his has afforded greater pleasure or been more appreciated.

Hallowe'en, which arouses all spirits, did not fail to awaken those of the Moulton students, and on Friday evening the annual "Hallowe'en Tea" was held. Due preparation had been made, and the decorations were never prettier or the speeches brighter. At the faculty table were many of Moulton's friends ; Mrs. T. M. Harris, Chancellor Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, and Miss Wells. After the supper the president of the senior year presented an interesting toast list. After the King had been honored by all singing the National Anthem, toasts to "Hallowe'en," "The Maple Leaf," "The College Cat," "The Music Corridor," "Class Spirit," "The Ideal Moulton Girl," and "Moulton Images" were proposed, and responded to, by members of the different years. Miss Almon, on behalf of the faculty, responded to a toast to "The German Table." In proposing a toast to "The Principal" the president spoke of the high esteem in which Mrs. Wells is held by all the students. After speeches from Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Harris and Chancellor Wallace, all retired to the drawing-rooms, where they enjoyed an evening of merry games and fortune-telling.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Editor : E. S. Roy, B.A.

Feller Institute begins a new era in the history of its development this year. It has entered this in an interesting and encouraging manner. The scholars were prompt in coming at the opening of school and it was only a few days before the school was organized, the work of the year entered upon and all things moving in a smooth and promising manner.

Shortly after school opened a meeting of the Athletic Association was called and officers were elected to fill the different offices. There seems to be no small amount of enthusiasm this year in sports. Rugby is the game of the season. Up to the present time our boys have hardly been able to show what they can do on the field. The rainy season and other physical exercises have interfered with their plans at times.

Some change has been made in the teaching staff this year. Mr. Nicol has left us and is now studying law at the Laval University in Quebec city. While we miss Mr. Nicol from our number we wish him every success in his new profession and we welcome Mr. H. B. Parker, a former student of Grande Ligne and an undergraduate of McMaster University, as his successor.

On account of the increased amount of work because of the enlargement of the school it has been necessary to increase the number of our teachers. We heartily welcome Rev. L. A. Therrieu, of St. Pée, and his sister, Miss Florence Therrieu, of Montreal, in our midst and trust that their stay here may be both pleasant and profitable.

We are pleased to see the boys take a deeper interest in the "Reading Room" this year than usual. They have taken hold of the thing in a business-like way and are trying to make this room an attractive spot. Their efforts have not been in vain. They have succeeded in supplying the room with several of the best dailies and weeklies and a number of leading magazines. Already we are beginning to see that this literary atmosphere is exerting its influence. Some of the boys have joined together and are now publishing a new paper known as the *Critic*.

Rev. C. J. Cameron has paid us a flying visit. He gave us a lecture and we all looked at it and listened to it with interest. We trust that it may mean much for the deepening of the interest in Home Mission work among our young people.

Our Temperance Society held its first meeting of the year on the 14th November in the New Convocation Hall. This society has existed in our school since the year 1888, and its aim and object has been to deepen the interest among our young people in this great subject that is demanding so much thought and attention in our own country at this present time. In looking over the list of its members, I found the names of 505 persons who have joined for life. If these members are living up to the ideal of the society, and we trust they are, we have every reason to believe that they are exerting an influence for the great cause of temperance in our land to-day.

Here and There.

EDITOR: H. PROCTER, B.A.

EXCHANGES to hand this month are: "The Varsity," "The William Jewel Student," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "Hamilton Literary Magazine," "McGill Outlook," "The Sibyl," "The Ottawa Campus," "The University of New Brunswick Monthly," "University of Virginia Magazine," "The Monthly Maroon," "O.A.C. Review," "Vox Collegii," "Manitoba College Journal," "The Columbia Literary Monthly," "Bishop College Student," "The Kenyon Collegian."

A NEWCOMER among our exchanges is "*The Monthly Maroon*," of Chicago University. It has a very attractive cover from a clay model, simple yet striking. The literary make-up is as good as the mechanical. There are several short stories and poems in the number before us; some of the latter are translations. Here and there one finds a paragraph, an article by itself, which is a very clever pen sketch. *The Maroon* is full of excellent prose and poetry and we are glad to welcome it as an exchange.

BRET HARTE'S LAST POEM.

Written on the death of Queen Victoria.

When your men bowed heads together
With hushed lips,
And the globe swung out from gladness
To eclipse,

When your drums from the equator
To the pole
Carried round it an unending
Funeral roll,

When your capitals from Norway
To the Cape
Through the streets and from their houses
Trailed their crape,

Still the sun awoke to gladness
As of old,
And the stars their midnight beauty
Still unrolled,

For the glory born of Goodness
Never dies,
And its flag is not half-masted
In the skies.

A Few Oddities at Ridley College.—An Allman that is not a man at all. A Garrett on the lower flat. A Buckshot that is not lead. An Admiral that has never seen the ocean. A Ham that is not cured. Putty that does not know what "pain" is. A moon that shines by night and day. A Rabbit with small ears.—*Acta Ridleiana.*

The students of the University of California have smashed a railroad train, those of Harvard have held up surface transit for a period, and the sons of Yale have engaged the local police. Over the latter, it is said, they won a notable victory at the slight cost of three prisoners and trifling casualties. This certainly shows that high spirit is not on the decline at our historic universities.—*Ex.*

AN ESKIMELODRAMA; OR, THE ESKAPADE OF AN ESKAMAID.

'Mid Greenland's polar ice and snow,
Where watermelons seldom grow
(It's far too cold up there, you know),
There dwelt a bold young Eskimo.

Beneath the self-same iceberg's shade,
In fur of seal and bear arrayed
(Not over cleanly, I'm afraid),
There lived a charming Eskamaid.

Thro'out the six months' night they'd spoon
(Ah, ye of sage, think what a boon).
To stop at ten is much too soon
Beneath the silvery Eskimoon.
The hated rival now we see!
(You spy the coming tragedy,
But I can't help it; don't blame me.)
An Eskimucher vile was he,
He found the lovers there alone,
He killed them with his axe of bone
(You see how fierce the tale has grown)—
The fond pair died with an Eskimoan.

Two graves were dug, deep in the ice,
Were lined with furs, moth balls and spice;
The two were buried in a trice,
Quite safe from all the Eskimice.

Now Fido comes, alas too late!
(I hope it's not indelicate
These little incidents to state)—
The Eskimurderer he ate.

L'ENVOI.

Upon an Eskimo to sup
Was too much for an Eskipup—
He died. His Eskimemory
Is thus kept green in verse by me.

—*The Cornell Widow.*

Rev. Professor (in the refectory five minutes before nine, impatiently waiting for his breakfast). There goes the last chapel bell! I suppose I'll have to go to chapel without breakfast. (Five minutes later in chapel.) "I was glad when they said unto me, 'We will go into the house of the Lord.'"—*St. Stephen's College Messenger.*

"Willie," said Freddie, "what's that?" "Why," said Willie, "that's a donkey. Didn't you ever see a donkey?" "No," answers Freddy, sadly. "Well, I have," said the triumphant Willie, "lots of them! at the theological gardens."—*Ex.*

THE MODEST POET.

"Dear Jack," said Kate, with eyes of blue,
"To tell the truth, I cannot see
Why you don't make a verse or two
Which I can say is all for me."
"My love," said Jack, "that would I do
If I did not with fear foresee
That if I made a verse to you,
It might make you averse to me."

—*The Yale Record.*

THE WRECK OF HOPE.

Under the lazy summer sun
The wee waves lap and swing,
The languid winds o'er sands of gold
A song of heart-love sing.
With lifted head the maiden hears
And smiles across the foam;
Her glowing thoughts fly towards the day
When her fair ship comes home.

With bitter wail the cutting wind
Reels o'er the barren sand.
The brooding waves beat sullen—sad,
Upon the misty land.
The maiden lies and hides her face
On that hard, chilling shore,
The ship she sought through all the years
Is wrecked forevermore.

—*Clare Howard, in The Columbia Lit. Monthly.*

Items of Interest to College Men.—It is estimated that over $100,000,000 have recently been given to education. . . . The Yale *Daily News*, it is said, has a subscription list of 2,500. . . Harvard conferred its first degree of LL.D. upon George Washington. . . . A graduate school of law is an integral part of the University of Chicago and came into actual existence on the campus on the 1st of October, 1902. The new building cost

from $150,000 to $200,000. . . . The graduate and undergraduate students of Yale University have undertaken to support one of their number, Rev. J. L. Thurston, while engaged in mission work in North China. Harvard Y.M.C.A. is also interested in a similar missionary movement. . . . M. Michonis, a French millionaire, has bequeathed $120,000 as a fund to enable French students to study philosophy and religious science in German universities. . . Prior to 1776, there were but nine colleges in America.

BEFORE—"The Hallowe'en demonstration to be held this Friday at the Princess Theatre promises to be the most successful in the history of such college celebrations."—*The Varsity.*

AFTER—

HALLOWE'EN.

"And everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

The highwayman was singing at his task,
The happy porch-thief plied his merry trade;
But the copper on his beat
Shut his eyes with tact discreet,
As he waited for the Hallowe'en parade;
(Unsophisticated Freshies in the Hallowe'en parade).

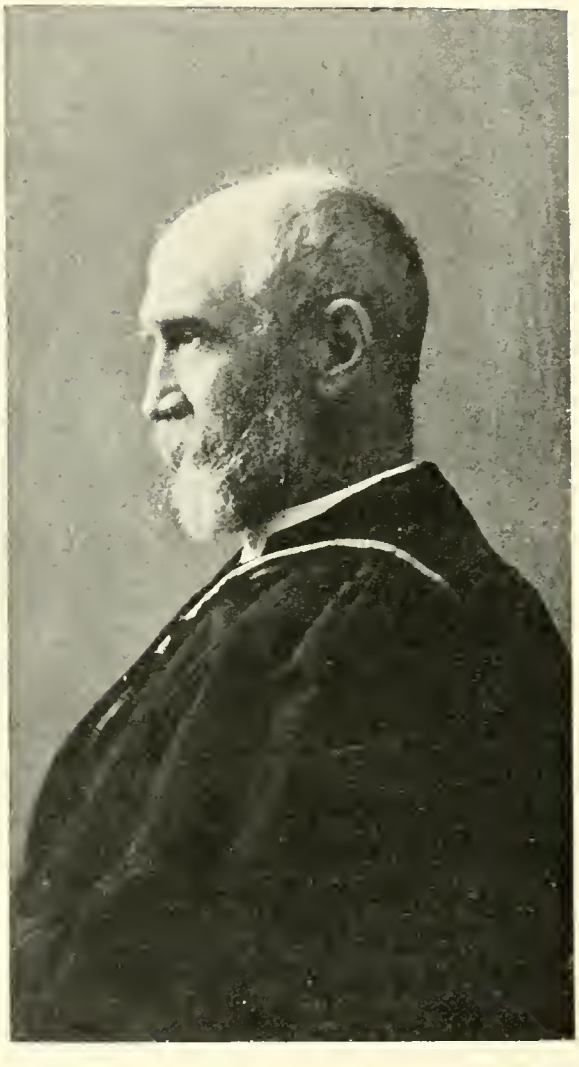
Six stalwart cops upon a corner stood,
While rank on rank the singing students passed,
Ah, they knew their duty well,
So they let the brawny yell,
And seized two timid striplings at the last;
(The stalwarts seized the striplings at the last).

The dinner-hour was over, and the Meds.
And Faculty pursued their homeward route,
When, from out the pitchy dark,
Spurred the Cossacks for a lark,
With whips and blows and language dissolute;
(A Billingsgatesque kind of a salute).

They ordered them to go along by blank!
And Justice, blind, accorded them great praise;
When a student, much abused,
The same expression used,
'Twas five and cost or choice of thirty days:
(The Force "found" him, so Sunny Jimmy says).

'Twas their delight to pick the weakling out,
To swoop on weary stragglers and assault
The innocent templar
Waiting for a car.
Can honest men such bravery exalt?
(The knowing ones require a pinch of salt).

—*Sardonius, in The Varsity.*



GEORGE MONRO GRANT

LATE PRINCIPAL QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1902.

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S LIFE AN INSPIRATION.

It is difficult, in the most adequate way, to estimate the worth of such a rich nature as Principal Grant's, he having but lately passed away from us. It takes time to appreciate such work and influence as his. Yet even to the eye his work shows itself as one of rare magnitude. He came to Kingston in 1877. Were one to rise from the grave in 1977 and behold what NOW strikes the eye he could well say, "What a century has wrought!"

There are many aspects in which our friend may be profitably contemplated. He was a many-sided man, faithful and influential in many directions. This means he was richly and complexly endowed. But other men have been so whose lives were comparative failures. Principal Grant was a man of constant and intense activity. He did what was laid to his hands to do with all his might. He never for a day ate the bread of idleness. He was a model and inspiration to his students and friends in this respect. His was the strenuous life.

Whilst he did his work with intensity he also incorporated into it carefully elaborated thought and counsel. He took no important step in life without mature consideration and careful consultation with capable and well-tried friends. He was a leader, not a despot. True, at times his strong nature showed itself in impulsive utterances, which no one confessed, when he was at his best, more readily than he.

He claimed for himself and encouraged in others independence of thought. He held that every man must be his own priest in intellectual as in spiritual interests. In fact, the WORLD to him

was a place for the making of men in an enduring and divine fashion.

This explains his wide and vital outlook upon human life in all its phases, whether found in Church or State. Nothing human was indifferent to him. The university was a man-making institution in his eyes, and that, too, in the highest and most inspiring degree. Pharisaism of every sort he eschewed, both intellectual as well as religious. He was jealous lest educational instrumentalities should be transformed into finalities and thus breed pedantry, another name for academic pharisaism.

He used to say, man is a born sluggard and idolator, and that to keep under these insidious foes requires constant vigilance. And is he not right? Are we not prone to externalize our intellectual and spiritual responsibility and live in formulas, and then thank God we are not as other men are?

To Principal Grant, a university as a place of mere academic enjoyment and privilege would have been a whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones.

He strove to make Queen's a place of life. He encouraged all her teachers, by precept and example, to be men of life and inspiration to their pupils, otherwise libraries could serve *as mere channels of information* better than they.

It was this conviction that led him to give ready aid to the organization of the Alumni Conference, a work which found its beginning at Queen's and has happily been taken up by other colleges, a work which aids greatly in keeping men's minds in fresh and constant relations to the great streams of intellectual movement, social, political and theological. He saw that professional life even was in danger of becoming conventional and slavish unless kept free by unbroken connection with its appropriate ideals, and that, too, for men old as well as young. With him the ideal was the practical, life a vocation and never a mere avocation. The end of life was best fulfilled by the highest intelligence, all other things being equal. Men, he thoroughly believed, loved God best with heart and soul the more they loved him with their minds. He believed reason was a divine gift, to find its highest use in religious thought and service. An unreasoning piety was to him often the inflection of an idle and superficial life. The sober, patient, vigilant and reverent exercise of reason he wel-

comed as the friend of religion. Agnosticism in every form was to him nothing but veiled superficiality and indifference. It is true it may speak sometimes with pious accent, but it was still Jacob with only the hands of Esau.

He had no fear about truth being able to take care of itself. What he dreaded was the perversion or suppression of truth. He was a man of splendid courage, and I believe its secret is to be found in his steadfast faith in the power of truth to vanquish error. One can never forget when Dr. Briggs of New York was in trouble and when all around in the States freedom of discussion regarding Biblical criticism was prevented by very practical persecution, Principal Grant was the outstanding figure in preventing bigotry and tyranny from doing its desolating work within our fair Dominion.

He regarded universities as the centres whence men should receive light in such purity and intensity as to equip them to be the leaders of their fellow-men. Rich gifts must be carefully trained to qualify their possessors for high and safe leadership of their fellow-men. The oil of rich endowments must be purged of all crude elements, else there are sure to be fatal explosions. Men must supply knowledge abundantly in their energy, else it may issue in personal and social shipwreck. In view of this principle he always dreaded anything like stampeding the Church or the State into any action that might end in worse ways than those whose prevention was sought by unwise measures. The passage of Holy Writ which Principal Grant's career constantly calls to mind is, "He that believeth will not make haste."

He had an intense sense of man's obligation to act as God's steward. The gifts given us are not our own. We must render an account to God for all our gifts and opportunities. Every man has a work to do for the enrichment of the world, and this work involves toil and sacrifice. Speaking to him on his bed of sickness during his last visit to Toronto, I expressed deep regret at his illness. He replied that the work to be done at Queen's when he came to it meant the sacrifice of a life, that that work with its cross was given him to do, and that, so far from regretting what it demanded, he would do it again. Such was his estimate of the importance of Queen's to the country.

I have spoken of Principal Grant mainly in those aspects of

his character which I regard as specially calculated to benefit young men who are seeking by a university course to prepare themselves for their life-work. I refrain in this connection from writing regarding him as a citizen, a patriot and a churchman. Let it suffice to say that his catholic and penetrating personality yielded abundant and rich fruit for the benefit of both Church and State.

It has been said that the history of the world is at bottom the history of its great men. The reason of this is that these men represent in fulness what is dimly seeking expression in the mass of men and lead out into successful assertion in men what otherwise might have passed fruitlessly through life. In this sense it may be said that during his principalship Dr. Grant's history was largely that of Queen's.

New men will take the helm of the University at Kingston, and men diverse in temperament and gifts from those of Principal Grant are perhaps needed to do other work than has been done, but never can the men of Queen's forget a career of plodding devotion and brilliant achievement and a great life sacrificed in the interests of their Alma Mater.

G. M. Milligan.

Toronto.

MY MAGNET.

Wide-eyed I faced the crisis of my life,
Weak, shuddering, shrinking from the strife,
Men said—"A tower of strength, a prince of might."
They saw the rustling robes of stainless white,
Nor knew that fiendish fingers clutched the hem.

I saw Christ's cross-crowned pathway up the height
Strewn deep with sorrows, shadows black as night;
Above swung low the weight of this world's woe.
His voice rang clear—"Thy *via crucis!* Go!"
I had no strength to climb.

And then there came a sorrowing child of His,
Whose sweet, sad, smiling lips and deep eyes bathed in tears,
Rebuked my faltering heart, my foolish fears,
And drew me to my duty and my God. A. E. H.

THE PASSING OF "BIG GEORGE."

Big George was dead ;—drowned. He had long been a familiar figure in the streets of our western city. Strong and heavy-set like all his kinsmen, he was yet tall, standing over six feet. His costume and bearing even added to his stature. Dressed in the charitable cast-offs of his white neighbors, he always reminded one of the growing boy whose arms and legs refuse to be kept within boundaries. Upright of bearing and fearless of face, carelessly sauntering down street he loomed up like a giant—a veritable chief among men. Not that he moved amidst the polite society of this cosmopolitan centre, or that he held an enviable place amongst the legislators of the land ; his uncouth garments and rude ways knew no passport into such circles of the elite. But this man of the mountain and the flood, a simple child of nature, innocent of the quibbles of culture and the shams of civilization, in his rugged honesty, in his unswerving loyalty, and in his progressive leadership of his people, deserves as worthy a space in the chronicles of the nation as many a man on whom volumes will be written and over whom magnificent monuments will be erected.

Drowned? Yes, and nobleman though he was, white man's fire-water had done it. The rude red man is but a child in morals. In the chase and on the war path, through long experience he has gained endurance. He can scale the sheer face of the cliff after the mountain goat. A strong swimmer, he is fearless of the current and the torrent. Tramping on short rations, he can withstand the pangs of hunger. He but tightens his belt and grimly marches on amid the drenching autumn rains. Lacerated by bear or cougar, he stoically conquers even the pains of death. He can laugh at the chillest blast that ever blew, for the elements have always been his companions. In short, he is a fine animal, supreme as such.

But he has scarcely yet learned the first lesson in moral self-control. The leaping of the blood in his pulses, the wild delirium in his brain, the glorious visions of lordship which are induced by liquor appeal to him more strongly than consequences. He scarcely appreciates the personal injury. His conscience is not

yet awake. Drink he loves and drink he will have. The law refuses it to him, it is true, but the red man's thirst for whiskey and the white man's lust for gold conspire to trample on law and justice, and if permitted will wipe out completely the Indian race.

Big George had found a paltry-souled white man who had been bribed to procure the desired bottle. With boisterous hilarity the Indian and his *clutchman* had pushed off from the landing in the canoe which so often had carried them across the waves.

Ominous clouds hung over the mountains. The murmuring wind was heard in the distance. Not for that did they care. The storm was their delight. Were not the winds but the voices of the spirits? Spirits of those whom the Indians love! Their forefathers mayhap were there. Had not George often heard, borne as from afar, the dying shriek of his father, just the same as on that tragic night when he was the victim of the assassin's knife? And were not the Gods there too? The great Gods who had cleft the mountains with streams, and peopled the waters with fish!

Let the storm rage; what cares this man of the forest? Through long generations all its plaintive and prophetic notes have been familiar to him. Its woof has been woven into the fibre of his nature. As an infant it has calmed him. Its rugged embrace has been to him the rude mother who has nourished him to manhood. The movement of the billowy sea is his own. There never was a day when he was not familiar with its storms. It holds the music of his life. Its hissing, seething surge, with sullen sob, drifts upon his ear as an inarticulate voice pouring out its message of worldly woe and future triumph.

The storm comes hustling down; sheets of rain and spasms of wind. Nought fear they. The shallow skiff rises to meet each crested wave, which in angry masquerade dances to meet them. With sinewy arm Big George drives the little birch bark through the sheeted foam. Careless of the wild spray, his spouse sits in the bow. The bottle half empty is by her side. The chief's face is to the storm, his shaggy hair tossed from his forehead. They are but a mile from shore. Cold and chill the storm beats upon the craft. One more draught will steel the arm of the brave for the final struggle. The Indian reaches for the bottle. A swirling

squall ——, a breaking swell ——, an unsteady stroke ——, and Big George, the hereditary Chief of the Squamish Indians, with his spouse is whelmed in a watery grave.

In the early morning his son, gazing anxiously for the father's return, found the broken canoe. The Indian settlement thus alarmed immediately make search. Before noon the body of the chief, bruised and bloated, a crescent of black glass deeply bedded in his right hand, was found. Two days' eager search failed to find his partner in the hardships and revels of life, and companion in his untimely death. Nor have the floods of many springs brought her back to the old familiar shores. With many of her kindred she sleeps in the deep of the sea, and who shall prove it is not her wailing scream, which at the dead of night and in the howling storm, wanderers upon the lonely shore oft report they hear?

The body found, now are the days of mourning. All the Indians for miles around gather—not to keep wake, nor to sympathize, but rather to eat and drink, to carouse and *potlatch.* Before he is buried all his accounts must be settled. In this there is no difficulty, though he kept no books. All the Indians of the band are as of one family. Each knows all the business of all the others. In the Seymour Creek band of the Squamishes, of which George was chief, there are but seven families. They constituted themselves his trustees. Every Indian who owed George anything brought it and paid it. Every one to whom the dead man owed anything relinquished his claim because the dead man was not present to make a personal payment. Out of the fund thus raised all the chief's debts to the white man were paid and whatever was over was left for the *potlatch.*

So long as provisions hold out they keep the body and all wait round. For six days thus they were fed at the chief's house. Of recent years the old system of professional mourning—similar to Oriental customs—has been abandoned, but occasionally the loud lament of an old croon reminded the mourners of the days that are fast vanishing. On the sixth day, led by the priest, they took up the body and proceeded to the cemetery. The grave had been dug by the eight nearest relatives of the deceased. Like their white brethren, they are officious in their respect for the dead. The grave is deep. It is by the side of his father's, but that is shallow. The top of the box was just level with the ground

for convenience. The old custom, which is dying hard, was to change the blanket every three years. They replaced it with great ceremony with a new one, so that the dead might sleep easy. But the Queen's law is inexorable. It refused to permit the time-honored custom and has sent some of the trespassers to jail. Thus finding it hard to violate the white mother's laws, they make the graves deep and let the bones and blanket crumble together.

After the brief committal service, all the more religious because in an unknown tongue, all assist in filling in the grave. Then the two-gallon jar of whiskey is produced. The eight relatives each drink off a glass, and glass and jar are left at the head of the grave for Big George when he gets dry. Needless to say the whiskey disappears from the jar.

The last rites performed, all retire to the house, and now for the *potlatch.* As Big George is dead he has no need of any goods. There is amongst the Indians no law of primogeniture. The tribe are the inheritors. Every one takes what he can lay his hands on until nothing is left. Despoiled of everything, cattle, horses, implements and household furniture, the children are left destitute, with nought but the shelter of bare walls. Even the chieftainship has passed. The son, though a noble youth, cannot hold it, because of the Queen's law. There must follow an election for a chief for the term of three years. The Canadian Government, though loyally supporting monarchy in the mother country, is at home, both in relation to herself and her wards, thoroughly democratic.

Big George is gone. Nothing of him remains. The grave, which holds all save the spirit, has in the form of a rough slab his only monument. Thus passes the Indian as an individual, and slowly great nations are going down to the grave, carrying with them many significant and religious customs and leaving scarcely a vestige of their life or thought on the page of history.

I. G. Matthews, '97.

New Westminster, B.C.

OPENING OF NEW WING AT FELLER INSTITUTE.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; make known his deeds among the people."—*Ps. cv., 1.*

We certainly have occasion to sing God's praises, for His works have been wonderful. When, some sixty years ago, a beautiful and educated and young Swiss widow left her friends, her country, and her home of refinement, to come as a missionary to this country, and when, some months later, in a very lonely and barren country road in the Province of Quebec, she started a very small school in the garret of a low and small log hut, who dreamed that we would see such a day as was Oct. 21, 1902, the opening of the new wing at Feller Institute? Certainly not the inhabitants of the log hut nor their neighbors.

That Madame Feller would be filled with joy and thankfulness to her God if she could see the school she founded as it stands to-day, goes without saying, but she would scarcely be surprised, because her faith was strong enough to ask God for all the success that has attended the work of Grande Ligne Mission, and she would only see in the present Feller Institute another reason for trusting Him who is faithful. Her prayers were the foundation upon which others have built. The log-house school lasted only a few years, for in 1840 a two-and-a-half story stone building was erected. God knows what faith, what tireless energy and what work those walls represented. Here, for twenty-eight years, the young widow toiled, taught, prayed and won for Christ young boys who have always called her blessed.

In 1880 a right wing was added to this building, to be occupied by young girls. In 1890 the main building was burned down, but was soon replaced by one more commodious. Hardly was this up when the "new wing" was spoken of, and before many years very much needed. There was to be a man who, at a certain moment, would say the word or do the deed that would start the practical part of the work, which has resulted in the erection of the fine new wing in question. That man was the late Dr. E. W. Dadson, and the moment at which he pronounced the word was when, as president of Grande Ligne Mission, he made the opening address at the annual meeting, October, 1899. He

pleaded for the immediate enlargement of the Institute as no one had pleaded before. You who knew that strong and sympathetic man can understand how the conviction that something must be done was carried away in every heart and mind.

The feeling broke out again the next February at the annual meeting of the Students' Society of Feller Institute. Then and there means were taken to start a canvass of all ex-students for subscriptions. The success which attended this canvass had its influence upon the directors and friends of Grande Ligne, who then came, with hearts full of love and hands full of gold, to fill the coffers of our treasurer. So that to-day, less than three years after the initial step was taken, the "wing" stands complete, a model of taste and good workmanship. The present intention is to tell of the exercises held at the opening of this new structure.

October 21st, 1902, was the Grande Ligne and final day of the Convention which had been held in Montreal; bright and frosty it was, ideal and long to be remembered by both the visitors and the visited. Some five hundred came, representatives from all over the world of friends who had contributed to the enlargement which was on that day dedicated to the service of God. Anticipation, surprise, rejoicing, strengthened faith, love, prayer, thankfulness and sympathy were written on the faces of the throng that came up from the special train and gathered on the campus of the school. Here they were welcomed by two galleries of boys and girls who, with waving flags in hand, sang :

"Venez, Chrétiens et contemplons la gloire
Du Roi des rois, du Monarque des cieux,
Qui va jouir des fruits de sa victoire,
Que son triomphe est grand et glorieux!"

Then the throng invaded the buildings, glad to see with their own eyes the school they had heard so much about and for which they had worked, prayed and given. "It is so much better than we expected," many said, and we know that many prayers went up to God, asking Him to bless the school as never before. From bed-rooms, dining-room and kitchen, to the class-rooms and chapel they went—gymnasiums and laundry not forgotten. Various points of interest were also visited, such as the little cemetery where rest the founders and pioneers of the Grande Ligne work,

the Roussy Memorial church, and the log hut in the garret of which Madame Feller founded her school.

The time for this passed all too quickly, but at three o'clock as many as could find seats were summoned to the chapel, where the dedicatory services took place. Counting the pupils and friends, 700 were in the building at that time—a contrast to the coming of the lonely widow 66 years before, whose faith and works had made this day possible.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, president-elect of the Grande Ligne Mission, was in the chair. The doxology was first sung in English, then in French. Appropriate scripture was then read by Rev. E. Bosworth, who has been tireless in toiling for this enterprise of which we were celebrating the successful culmination.

The first speaker was Mr. A. A. Ayer, for many years president of the Mission. He gave an interesting account of the work done during his presidency and of the things possible in the future. The prayer of dedication, asking God to use these walls to His eternal glory, was offered by the Rev. Dr. Lafleur.

Mr. J. W. Tester, chairman of the building committee, then presented his statement, which was most gratifying. It is only right to say that with Principal G. N. Massé and Assistant-Principal A. E. Massé as his executive, Mr. Tester's supervision of the work was done with rare intelligence and unflagging interest. Mr. Joseph Richards, our much-esteemed treasurer, spoke with eloquence born of deep love for his work concerning the manner in which God had prompted his people to give for the realization of this great and good project.

Addresses followed by our beloved dean, Dr. Lafleur, whose very presence is full of inspiration to us and whose words are always uplifting, and by the Rev. J. N. Williams, of Providence, R.I., who also, when a boy, was a favorite protegé of Madame Feller, and who, like Dr. Lafleur, has spent his life for French evangelization, and has been for many years superintendent of the work in New England.

The next speaker was Dr. A. G. Upham, whose presence was essential to the joy which the celebration of such a gladsome event should inspire. He for years was president of our Mission, and by his words and works always proved himself to be one of the

best friends Grande Ligne can hope to have. His words on this occasion did not belie his interest in French Canadians.

Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University, was greeted by "Thy praises, McMaster," sung by the many students and alumni of the University that were present. He spoke with much appreciation of the work done by Feller Institute, gracefully closing his remarks by joining hands with Principal Massé while expressing best wishes for the future. The time left was short for the representatives of our chief denominational interests to speak, but each one did so in a most kindly way. They were: Dr. Black, of Nova Scotia; Rev. J. G. Brown, Rev. W. T. Stackhouse and Rev. W. E. Norton. With these the services for the day closed.

Before going back to their train all the Convention folks partook of a lunch prepared for them in the Institute. Then, as the night closed in, they found their way to the station, and soon the lighted cars could be seen from the school, creeping across the fields and away toward the metropolis, bearing their load of souls, each one richer in faith that God still has power to do His work for all peoples, even for French Canadians.

The day following was "French day," a fit sequel to the previous one. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Lafleur, Rev. A. L. Therrien, Rev. M. B. Parent, Rev. T. Brouillet, Rev. A. J. Lebeau, Rev. L. A. Therrien, Rev. L. Dionne; and Revs. Jones and Davies, of Ontario; the chief interest centering around the presence and words of the Rev. J. N. Williams, of New England.

And now the renewed Feller Institute is left by its givers for the use of the young people who are here at present and who shall come in the future. Let but the spirit of Madame Feller, or better still, of Christ, continue to underlie and inspire the work done at Feller Institute, and nothing is more certain than that its gracious history has just begun.

T.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A WASTE-BASKET.

A waste-basket may seem a queer place for the birth of thoughts, though a good place, doubtless, to bury thoughts—other people's, not our own, of course. Yet a little reflection may disclose that even the common waste-basket is one of the important institutions of civilization, and, among the said institutions, not the least suggestive of quite profound considerations. The poet tells us there are sermons in stones. Why not sermons in waste-baskets? "Yes, indeed, why not," echoes many a long-suffering congregation. But that latter is "another story."

Everybody knows how amazingly rubbish will accumulate; hence this importance of the waste-basket. For instance, imagine an editor without one! Why, poor fellow, in a few days he would have to be dug out with a shovel! That humble waste-basket, most modest and retiring of all furniture, our ready servant, offering to us the service of an ever-open heart and never asking money, nor even a grateful word, in return, should be treated, not with kicks and disrespect, but with courtesy, and even, on occasion, crowned with the visible tokens of honor as a veritable guardian and preserver of human life.

Did it ever occur to anyone to ask who invented the waste-basket? Perhaps some ancient Egyptian, or some swarthy son of old Babylon, for surely such a simple and useful article must have had a very early origin. Here is a field of research for the archæologist. The Higher Critics might try their hand at it after they have finished off the Bible. Was the waste-basket the product of the brain of one man? or of several? Did the same person who invented the sides, invent the bottom? Such are some of the more interesting and momentous questions that would arise, besides numerous others of less importance, in connection with their investigations. Should some archæological rummager, disturbing the darkness and silence of dead centuries in some old-world sarcophagus, stumble upon a tablet, or a papyrus, giving us the desired information, honors certainly await him.

It is fashionable just now (it makes no difference how little one knows about science) to speak of "the law of natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest." What underlies these

learned terms which now have come to fill the mouths even of numskulls? Simply the principle of our waste-basket. Dame Nature keeps a waste-basket—one of gigantic proportions and fearful and wonderful digestion. She has her regular sweeping days, when she uses this basket with terrible impartiality. If you are no good, in you go! It matters not to her who you are, or what you are—fish, fowl, plant, or animal—if you are no good, in you go! We make mistakes through lack of knowledge, and lack of penetration; she, never. We stay our hand through silly sentimentality, or harden our heart through prejudice; she, never. Her verdict is perfect, and carried out to its last jot and tittle. Her keen eye selects, her deft fingers sort out the materials; the good is kept, the rubbish goes into the basket. So she clears the course of her wondrous progress up through the ages, gradually—very slowly it seems to us—bringing out the perfect pattern of her perfected work.

But to come back and down again to our small selves. What a severe schoolmaster, what an inquisitor, is our basket! How searching and baffling the problems it sets us! What is rubbish? and what is not? Ah! there is a question to turn our Solomons into simpletons. Our giants in wisdom often shrink into the pitiable proportions of pygmies before that question. The little wicker cage, or its metaphorical equivalent, is too much for us. We keep failing to put things in that we should, and we keep putting things in that we should not. Often blindly and in perfect good faith, indeed; yet sometimes wilfully, knowing we do wrong. Sometimes—yes, if we must tell the truth, many times. For good things, that is, morally good things, are inconvenient to most folks. Leaning lazily back in our chairs, how airily we settle the most tremendous questions by simply tossing them into the waste-basket. With what consummate ease (perhaps an ease which comes of long practice!) does the waste-basket swallow the troublesome appeals which good people and our own consciences *will* make. We look down. There is the wide, inviting mouth of that basket. We let our imps persuade us—and it is done! How ready men are to believe imps rather than angels!

Our baskets declare us. Tell what is in them—good things and bad things—and you tell what is in us—in us, as regards both discernment and character. It might prove interesting some day to see our waste-basket in the guise of a mirror and peep in.

We began by talking about the possibility of being buried alive under accumulations of rubbish. "*Killed by rubbish.*" What an epitaph that would be for *man!*—that dignified biped who struts about conscious of his intellectual and moral superiority over the rest of creation. Only a little lower than the angels—but killed by rubbish. What an incongruity—an absurdity—a profanity! Yet, just such an epitaph would frequently be found if epitaphs were always candid. But they are not; and perhaps, on the whole, it is better so. Choked, physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, nationally, by rubbish! These are all possible, in fact have occurred over and over again, and are taking place now, and will take place to the end of the chapter. O for a waste-basket—a big one—and sense to use it!

"Just an illustration in closing," as the preacher says on Sunday. Why did England lose America? Because neither statesman nor king had sufficient gumption to throw their stupid acts and decrees into the waste-basket. The consequence was the mother country's authority over the new colonies suffered an ignominious collapse, and

> "All the king's horses and all the king's men
> Couldn't set Humpty Dumpty up again."

So we perceive the origin of a nation of eighty millions of people—the most wonderful people ever seen, they themselves admit—is intimately connected with a waste-basket.

F. S. Beddow, '06.

MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA.

Dear Fellow-Students,—It has long been in my heart to write a joint letter that might be of interest to those of you who are studying in our institutions of learning, and thus to renew the intimate acquaintance which I have had with the venerable Judson Missionary Society, of Woodstock College, and the more recent and honorably named Fyfe, of McMaster, and to come into sympathetic contact with the other missionary organizations in the colleges.

We are now feeling very keenly the lack of men for our

Indian work, and are feeling a deep sense of pain at the backwardness of the young men in the colleges regarding this work. In searching about for the reason, one comes to me in the thought that, in part, our lack of interest in you may account in a measure for your lack of interest in this work. Chancellor Wallace, in a recent letter, hints at this as a probable cause. I have had it in mind to remedy this as far as in me lies, but the tremendous pressure of other work has crowded me out of all reason, and no leisure for any but the most pressing calls has come till this hill furlough of three months, in which I am enabled to pull in the slack and get all correspondence tightened up.

We are so far removed from you and, with all our rapid communication, so difficult to get at, that we seem like an aside in the busy and pressing life of the eager West. On my recent furlough, some six years ago, one of my old classmates in the University of Toronto, then the editor of one of the Montreal daily papers, in conversation, referred to my life out here in India as a buried one, and did not see how I could endure it. Many eager souls amongst you, who feel a capacity for great service and who are longing for the utmost stretch for all their powers in the service of life, may be laboring under a similar delusion, and thus be kept back from devoting those powers to India as a field too poor to call out the best that is in a man, and therefore to be left to an inferior lot, whose main duty is on a par with infant class work in a home Sunday school. In fact it was put that way to me by one of our McMaster chancellors when I was under appointment for this field. I do not wish to discount the work of an infant class teacher, for that can take the best that is in the best, and, still unsatisfied, call for more. But this work has elements in it that call for more than even an infant class teacher can supply, and if a man has not that large capacity which the late Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, of Roberts College, Constantinople, termed "faculty," he will be more or less of a minus quantity under many of the demands of this wide and many-sided work.

No other field so well illustrates the varied features of the missionary life as this one of Cocanada, at least in our own mission. There is the first and most important office of the *missionary*, who as such has charge of a field of 180,000 souls teeming, in an area of 296 square miles, with towns, villages,

and hamlets, of about 106 in number. That is rather a large infant class. The problem of reaching that vast number with the forces at his disposal lies on the soul like a mighty incubus day and night with relentless pressure. With the three evangelists and one ordained pastor, who acts as evangelist too, this great question calls for constant and closest attention. We pray and study, plan and preach, travel and tramp, talk and toil over this gigantic undertaking till, weary and utterly overcome with the hopelessness of the task, we fall down before God and pour out our souls to Him. We rise, as those always do from that blest presence, refreshed and empowered, and attack the problem again as if it were a new one and the end in sight. Faith makes an optimist of the man who gives himself to a great work for God, or this foreign mission enterprise would have been abandoned long ago.

A man possessing gifts of eloquence can hold an audience of from three hundred to a thousand in any village at an opportune time in almost any season of the year. With the aid of a magic lantern we have kept one thousand village folk far into the small hours of the morning listening to the Gospel message. But the most effective work, and one for which any may be well adapted, is that of dealing with inquirers, who come in such numbers that, if there is the time, tent, boat or bungalow may be thronged from morning till night with them. I have from four to five hundred personal talks with inquirers each year. Men who have not the gift of public utterance can find a wide and useful field for their energy in this one department of the work. Give me a man who can sit down on the edge of a cot in the little village and unfold, with patience and love, the Gospel story to a handful of hearers in a conversational way, and with such convincing power as to open their souls to its wondrous light and comfort, and he is good enough for India or China or any of these heathen lands. The man who does this tour-evangelistic work must be strong of body and indomitable in his soul. It is the grandest part of our work. There is none so fruitful, and none so difficult, though it looks so easy. While engaged in it I have at one time been surrounded by eager hundreds listening in deep silence to the Word of God, and at other times by as many thousands with clubs uplifted and angry

cries, ready to fall on me and rid their land of this disturber of their religious peace.

A strong auxiliary of the missionary and his chiefest care is the native church. I have one of about two hundred members. Some of our men have ten, with an aggregate of two thousand members. No church in the home land calls for the ability successfully to pilot it as do these native assemblies, for there are not the distracting and mutually hostile elements to any church difference there that exist in the caste distinctions that are bred into the very bone and marrow of the people's life in this land. A people sensitive and stolid, ambitious and indifferent, proud and shameless by turns, their mercurial disposition calls for all the finest tact, the utmost patience, the fullest judgment, the greatest love that any man is capable of. The last is the supreme need after all, and a man with a large measure of that may lack in the other qualities and yet be a success in this branch of the work. The care of all the churches is a bishop's calling, and each missionary in charge of a number of churches is a bishop.

The direction of the preachers is one of the great calls on a man's time and strength. I have only four such, but some men have one hundred and twenty. But the smaller number are sometimes easier to manage than the larger. My men meet with me once a month and we take up the reports of their work for the month, the study of some question that faces them in their preaching, such as pantheism, transmigration, caste, idolatry, and work out the arguments for and against and the best way of meeting them. We take up the study of how to preach to the heathen, how to deal with lost souls and point them to Christ, or any relevant question. To get these men for the work, to keep them at it when secured, and to instruct them properly in these great truths, are tasks that will call out the best that is in any man.

Thus you see evangelistic, pastoral, expository, and other very human and Christian qualifications are abundantly called for in this one branch of the work. Blessed is the man who can take up that one work and say, "This one thing I do," and devote himself to it with all his power and energy.

But the ordinary missionary has more than that. He must be an educationist of no mean attainments. I have in my charge five schools, with an attendance of from ten to thirty at each, and

seven teachers to care for. The arrangement of the curricula, the time table of Bible studies, the inspection, the supervision of the teachers, the annual prize-giving, the repair of the school-houses and the erection of new ones, all these require such a combination of qualities as are found in a board of trustees, a school inspector and all the parents of a community in Canada, for the desire for education is so feeble on the part of the parents that the missionary is often required to act as parent and keep the lads at school. It was my painful duty to take two lads, on different occasions, into the privacy of my room and thrash them severely for running away from school, and to promise them more if they repeated the offence, because the parents were not themselves capable of inspiring them with the fear that keeps a truant down to his books.

The above are but two or three of the multifarious calls of the missionary life as illustrated on this one field. I shall, in subsequent letters, give you some account of the five other definite departments of our work on this field, and a glimpse into the sundry other demands made upon one's time and strength as neighbor and citizen.

Just now these fields are in urgent need of, at the very least, four men, to fill present and prospective vacancies, and as many more to fill up the unoccupied territory of this great section of heathen and idolatrous unbelief. Mr. Walker has been ordered to Switzerland by the doctors to rid himself of a fever that saturates his every organ and is threatening his life. Mr. Priest goes with him, as he is too weak to travel alone. One field is already vacant; with his field vacant, that means two. Though Mr. Priest may come back soon, he will have to go in March of next year with the Chutes, thus leaving two more fields vacant. If no one comes to do this work in their stead, it means that some of us, now already overburdened, will have to assume those fields, and that means probable disaster. We do not shrink from that, but we would prefer to be spared the suffering if men can be found to come out.

Yours very truly in the Lord,

H. F. Laflamme.

Cocanada, India,
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Editorial Notes.

A MERRY Christmas and a Happy New Year to all readers of THE MONTHLY.

WE are under obligation to Rev. Dr. Milligan for his kindness in writing the article on the late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, which appears in another portion of THE MONTHLY. As the title of the article indicates, Dr. Milligan has not written a full biographical sketch of the great Canadian whose loss we all deplore, but has selected such details from his strenuous and useful life and such phases of his character as might serve as an inspiration to college men. We trust that every student will read what Dr. Milligan has written. We are glad to be able to give a photo-engraving of the late Principal, for which we are gratefully indebted to our excellent college contemporary, the Queen's University *Journal.*

The able and versatile editor of the *British Weekly* has stated somewhere that he reads every biography that comes under his notice, and that he seldom or never fails to derive some real benefit from even the least interesting. We venture to assert that the recent memoir of the late Dr. Dadson would well repay him for any time he might spend in its perusal. At all events, it may be cordially commended to Ontario Baptists in general, and to graduates of McMaster University and Woodstock College in particular. To the latter it should have a direct personal appeal. It is the life-story of a man who for many years was in close and affectionate relationship with not merely the faculties of these institutions, but with a large number of the young men who have been students thereat. It is edited by Professor Farmer, and is published under the auspices of the Alumni Association of McMaster University. Furthermore, the proceeds from the sale of it are to be devoted to the establishment of a scholarship in McMaster University. For these reasons the volume ought to be certain of a cordial welcome at the hands of our graduates and friends. In addition to these considerations, cogent as they may be, there is another, namely, the intrinsic merit of the book. In a later issue we expect to review the volume at becoming length, and therefore rest content with saying that in appearance and contents it is well worthy of a place on the library table of any Canadian Baptist. It gives a clear-cut picture of Dr. Dadson's strong personality, and a revelation of the sources of his power as a man, as a writer, and as a preacher. We strongly recommend our readers to subscribe for a copy (price, $1.25), and to do so immediately.

Book Reviews.

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURIES.*

In presenting, in readable style, a cursory account of the Christian Centuries, Rev. Edward G. Selden, D.D., of the Madison Ave. Reformed Church, Albany, N.Y., has rendered a real service. His work is not a church history, but a presentation of

*The Story of the Christian Centuries. By Edward Griffin Selden, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. 319 pp., $1.00.

the influence of developing Christianity upon life. It simply presumes to link together the great movements of the Christian ages for the benefits of the many people, who, having some knowledge of conspicuous names and isolated events, have yet only a vague notion of the course of things. Knowing this we find the work most satisfactory. It is as easy to read as a popular novel. The style is attractive, the story is thrilling and the author's point of view is generally accurate. No new light is thrown on the pages of history, nor is anything added to the sum of the world's knowledge, and this is not intended, but the author has keen insight and accurate knowledge and has succeeded, within incredibly narrow limits, in presenting a sufficiently comprehensive view of the great religious movements of the centuries, their origin and progress and their mutual relations.

The era is divided into eight sections: The Apostolic, A.D. 30-100; Centuries of Persecution, A.D. 100-323; Fall of the Roman Empire, A.D. 323-800; The Middle Ages, A.D. 800-1294; Looking Toward Reformation, A.D. 1294-1517; The Lutheran Reformation, A.D. 1517-1648; The English Reformation, A.D. 1509-1688; The Modern Era, A.D. 1648-1900. The story is full, but not crowded. Few men have the ability to present a clear account of things in so few words. We could wish that more names of men were mentioned in connection with the movements with which they were active. The omission of such names as Peter Waldo, for instance, detracts from the value of the book. On the other hand, the arrangement of the material is orderly and the information about the leading movements sufficiently comprehensive. There are just enough dates to preserve the focus of the story. The author has avoided discussing controverted questions. While giving usually an account of great controversies and clearly describing the points in dispute he has not presumed to pronounce upon them. Where questions are very obscure or unimportant he seldom even mentions them, but has rendered a real service in pointing out the evident sincerity and good intention of many men who have been misled by their false view of things. The conclusion of this interesting and admirable sketch is that :—

Christianity has established itself. It is the ultimate religion and to the end will furnish the loftiest ideals for the individual and for society. Fulfilling its heaven-appointed mission, it is ever

adapting itself to the circumstances of men under changing social conditions. At every stage of advancement, from the lowest to the highest, it will be found true of it, as Goethe, in one of his conversations with Eckermann, said: "Let mental culture continually increase, let the natural sciences grow, broadening and deepening in their progress, let the human mind expand as it will —beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity, as it gleams and shines forth in the Gospels, men will never advance."

A student, about to enter on a course of church history, will find the reading of this book valuable as a preliminary. Thereby he will have presented, in an interesting way, a bird's-eye view of the whole field he is about to pass over. The intelligent man who has not a clear idea of the historical course of Christianity will find his lack supplied delightfully in Dr. Selden's book.

L. S. H.

PREACHING IN THE NEW AGE.*

This book consists of six lectures, delivered in the Hartford Theological Seminary, upon the "Carew" Foundation, in the spring of 1900. The author finds the distinctive notes of a "New Age" in the spirit of scientific investigation and criticism, the spirit of social combination, the spirit of economic enterprise, and the new spirit of philanthropy which seeks to deal intelligently with the causes of human misery. The preaching that shall meet the needs of such an age must become an art and an incarnation. It must be practised as an art that it may charm, as an incarnation that it may quicken and vitalize the age. The preacher must view himself as Christ's organ of spiritual expression, and so train himself to lead men from truth, through beauty, to joy and joyful action. By placing preaching in these large categories, the lecturer is able to answer many anxious questions of the seminary student concerning the genius of his calling, and to give much valuable advice upon the preparation and delivery of sermons. The thought throughout is fresh and stimulating, the style graceful and dignified. It is a book calculated to retouch the fading ideals of the working pastor, and to tone up in the candidate for the ministry the sense of spiritual chivalry. J. D. F.

*Preaching in the New Age. By A. J. Lyman, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, 75 cents.

THE SAILING OF THE LONG-SHIPS.*

Mr. Henry Newbolt is the editor of *The Monthly Review* (published in Canada by George N. Morang & Co.), but is best known to fame by his manly and patriotic sea and war songs, of which "Admirals All" and "Vitai Lampada" (reprinted, by the way, in the "Here and There" department of THE MONTHLY some time ago) are probably the finest. Of these the latter has received a notable tribute in a letter in the *Spectator* from a chaplain in the British army, who tells how in South Africa he used to recite the verses of that poem to the soldiers, and how they never failed to nerve and cheer the men to "play the game" against all odds. Mr. Newbolt may well be proud of such a fact. He fully deserves the praise, for he is a master of the martial strain, and knows how to stir one's blood as with a trumpet. His latest volume, "The Sailing of the Long-Ships," is largely, though not altogether, composed of songs in honor of men unknown to fame and yet men whose deeds in South Africa were worthy of the best traditions of English courage. It is a slender volume, and may be read through in an hour, but it contains poems that will appeal to many a man otherwise indifferent to poetry. Who could fail to respond to the pathos of the following lines :—

THE ONLY SON.

O bitter wind toward the sunset blowing,
What of the dales to-night?
In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing,
What ring of festal light?

"*In the great window as the day was dwindling,*
I saw an old man stand;
His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,
But the list shook in his hand.

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
No sound of joy or wail?
"'*A great fight and a good death,*' *he muttered,*
'*Trust him, he would not fail.*'"

What of the dark where she was lying
For whom all life is done?
"*Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying,*
'*My son, my little son.*'"

*The Sailing of the Long-Ships and Other Poems. By Henry Newbolt. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., 1902.

BARBARA LADD.*

The heroine of Mr. Roberts' new story is introduced to us running away from her Puritan aunt, Mistress Mehitable Ladd, one midsummer morning, in the year 1769. We are interested at once, for Barbara is such a determined and capable little girl, fond of flowers and animals, of which fact we are constantly reminded in the story for Barbara is a girl exceedingly fond of the out-of-doors. Much space is given to a description of the heroine's childlife in the little Connecticut village of Second Westings. We become acquainted with many interesting characters before we are plunged into the throes of the American Revolution, in which Barbara's lover, Robert Gault, an uncompromising Tory, serves as an officer of the King. Barbara is a Whig, a wilful little "rebel" in fact, and herein is the cause of much of the interest of the concluding portion of the story. One reads the book with great interest and pleasure. The mechanical get-up is good ; the binding and four illustrations in color make the book very attractive. It would make an excellent gift at this season of the year.

H. P.

LIGHT FOR DAILY LIVING.†

Much that will be helpful in the building up of character will be found in this little book. The author's ideal of a life is no mean one. It is that of a strenuous life of service for God and humanity wherever one's lot is cast and with whatever endowments one has. And this life is to be based upon, in fact, is to be the expression of, a strong, robust faith in the Unseen and in the verities of the Christian religion. With this ideal in mind the author, in a pleasing, epigrammatic style, treats of certain traits of a strong, noble character, how to acquire, develop and use them. Some old topics are here, but are treated with a freshness that strengthens their message. It is a book well worth reading and studying.

W. C. P.

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*Barbara Ladd. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Light for Daily Living. Studies in Character Building. By Rev. John Maclean, Ph.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. A. RAY, '03.

THE MONTHLY congratulates itself on a new exhibit which has been placed in one of the showcases of the Provincial Museum at the Normal School. The exhibit consists of four pieces, showing our MONTHLY cover in the making. The stages shown are as follows: (1) The original design, in ink; (2) the clay model, made from the design, but on a larger scale; (3) photograph from the model; (4) a copy of our magazine, the cover of which is a photo-engraving from this photograph. The clay model is about 12 × 16 inches in size and two inches thick in the thickest parts. Over the whole exhibit is a card bearing the legend, "Drawn, designed and modelled by E. J. Bengough, Toronto," who is, of course, no other than the well-known member of the Senior class.

WE are pleased to welcome to our Halls the shades of '02. Their graduating picture, after spending some days amidst the fumes of the inferno, where it is said about one-third of its members seemed to be much at home, has at last found a resting-place in the hallway leading from the old building into the new chapel. The light is fair, and the picture in its dark antique frame will long remain a thing of beauty and we trust a source of constant inspiration to all who gaze upon its kindly faces.

THE new covers provided by the Reading-room Committee for its magazines are a decided improvement. They have that sterling quality of durability, and, in addition, are easy to manipulate and neat in appearance.

THE second of the series of inter-year debates was held in Castle Memorial Hall, on Friday evening, December 5th, between Theology and '03. The debaters who carried Theology's colors to victory were H. L. Kempton, B.A., and C. R. Jones, while E. J. Farmer and E. J. Bengough spoke for the Seniors. The question discussed was: "*Resolved*, That a further development of the military spirit in Canada would be detrimental," the affirmative being upheld by Theology. The winners succeeded in establishing the point that a further development of the military spirit would tend towards the undesirable militarism of Europe, and this won the

debate for them. The negative endeavored to show that the best way to avoid war was to be prepared for it. Prof. W. Dale, M.A., acted as judge, and gave a very interesting talk on the point at issue. During the evening Miss Lillie M. Senior, '05, sang very prettily, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," and as an encore, "Twickenham Ferry."

Public Meeting.—The announcement of the autumn public meeting of the Literary Society drew a large audience to Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, November 21. The programme was a choice one, and did credit to our Literary Society. The students in the gallery had the audience in the best of humor before the programme began. The musical part of the programme included the names of Miss Delta Harris and Miss Emma Fares, of Moulton College, both of whom had to respond to hearty and well deserved encores. Miss Harris' number was Bartlett's "A Dream," and Miss Fares sang "A May Morning," by Benza. A piano solo by Miss Olive Harton, '06, was much appreciated, as were also the vocal solos of Mr. H. H. Bingham, '04, "His Majesty the King," and Mr. E. A. Brownlee, B.A., "A Little Boy in Blue," both of whom were in excellent voice. One of the features of the evening was the paper on Canadian Poetry, read by Miss A. M. McNeill, '03. The paper showed breadth and sympathy of treatment to a marked degree. Mr. T. McC. Dadson, '06, read a very interesting and instructive paper on "The Seamy Side of London," drawn from personal observation. The reciters of the evening were, Mr. E. St. James, '06, and Mr. H. W. Piercy, Theol. The former gave a selection from "The Habitant," Dr. Drummond's famous volume of French-Canadian dialect poems, with the true accent of "le garçon Canadien." Mr. Piercy is always good, and he sustained his reputation when he gave "That Dreadful Boy," and had to respond to two enthusiastic encores. He refused the demands for "Bill Adams" and "Rubenstein." The singing of "God Save the King" brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

Inter-year Debate.—Freshmen seem to lead charmed lives in inter-year debates. The class of '02 set a dangerous precedent in their Freshman year by winning the College championship, and last year's class followed their example. History seems to be again repeating itself, for on the evening of Friday, November 14, the Juniors fell victims to the prowess of the all-conquering Freshmen in the first debate of the series. The speakers for '06 were, W. A. Cameron and H. R. Nobles, and for '04, E. H. Mihell and W. C. Pearce. The subject was: "*Resolved*, That the governmental ownership of railways and mines would be better than the present system," the affirmative being taken by the Freshmen.

The leader of the affirmative, Mr. Cameron, advocated governmental control of railways, showing that such control had been successful in other countries. There would be a general parliamentary revision of maximum rates, and no unjust discrimination between localities. The present system was killing the canals, and one great danger that menaced us was that foreigners could gain control of our roads. Mr. Mihell followed for '04, and after refuting some of the arguments of the affirmative, went on to point out that internal competition would be destroyed, that the state would be dependent on the fluctuations of the stock market, that an enormous public debt would have to be assumed in purchasing railroads, and that there would necessarily be greater political corruption.

Mr. Mihell was followed by Mr. Nobles, who argued that the governmental control of mines would mean a uniform price for coal, a saving to the country of royalties and dead rents, the abolition of monopolies and monopolists, and the ending of strikes. Mr. Pearce concluded the case for the negative, emphasizing the leading points made by his colleague and bringing forth a number of instances where governmental ownership had not proved successful. The debate was a very interesting and spirited one throughout. The judge, Dr. Cross, in giving his decision, said that on points the two sides were evenly matched, but that the Freshmen had excelled in style and delivery. The Freshmen, of course, gave vent to their feelings of delight with that wonderful and awe-inspiring combination of discords beginning, "Boom-a-lack-a!" etc. During the evening, Miss E. Cutts, '06, gave a well-rendered piano solo.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The Fyfe Missionary Society met on November 18th, Dr. Farmer presiding. A stirring address was given by Rev. J. G. Brown on the subject, "Why so few volunteer for our work in India." India required young and trained men. On account of the climate it was not safe for a man to go after he had reached the age of thirty. McMaster was the source of supply. India wanted men who were able to train others, men who could inspire others and multiply themselves in them. The missionary should be known by the churches at home in order to receive the proper support in prayers and sympathy. In conclusion the speaker argued that the necessary qualifications and a deep realization of the need, constituted a call, and urged upon the students to give the question serious consideration. A discussion, in which many took part, followed this address.

Miss Katie S. McLaurin, a returned missionary, then addressed the meeting. She told of the pleasure derived from her experience

in mission work, spoke of the strong spirituality required for such work and said she did not see how any consecrated young man could stay away from such an interesting field. Mr. R. Smith read an encouraging letter from Mr. Laflamme, and the session closed with a few remarks from Dr. Farmer.

The afternoon meeting was one of special interest. The subject for discussion was, "The spiritual discipline of the commonplace," led by Dr. Cross, who was assisted by other speakers. "The effect of continual study upon the spiritual life" was the subject assigned to Mr. J. A. McDonald. He thought the life of every true man was a strenuous one. Close hard labor takes the life out of every man. No one should be so attached to his books as to neglect his spiritual life. The effect of "Business and social relations of life on spirituality" was discussed by Professor McKay. He defined the term "business" as that which brought men into contact with men. Many men occupying the humbler positions in life are spiritual men, but not tempted to the extent others are. The outer effect of business life was not uplifting, but the inner effect was to build up the spiritual nature of the business man. The temptations added strength and called out the exercise of his faith. The effect of the social was to call out the spiritual faculty. Mr. F. J. Scott dealt with "The measure of spiritual life attainable by the average man." The average man could obtain as high a plane as any other. True religion was "Obedience." The average man often failed because he believed religion was prayer nd the study of the Word. A man to grow must have an increasing vision of spiritual things which came only through obeying the Master. After some discussion the day's proceedings were brought to a close.

Murder or Suicide?—Professor in Chemistry class: "Potassium Cyanide is one of the strongest and most violent poisons known. There is enough in one of these bottles before me to kill everybody in North Toronto." Anxious student, "Which bottle, sir?"

The annual celebration of Founder's Day will take place on Tuesday, Dec. 23rd. The Faculty, assisted by the student body, will entertain the guests of the University on that occasion. Hitherto the Literary Society has been associated with the Faculty in this function, but this year the "Lit." decided to hand over the honor to the more representative student body. The proceedings will also be somewhat modified this year. The customary address will be omitted and the evening reserved for a reception, promenade and refreshments. The invitation list will be reduced in an effort to avoid the overcrowding of former years. These changes

in the character and conduct of this function will doubtless tend to increase its popularity among the students and also among the friends of the University. The fate of the Christmas dinner is still hanging in the balance. The Literary Society may take it over, but as it does not partake of the nature of the function the members of the society have hitherto desired, it is possible that this Christmas feast will go the way of its twin-brother—the dinner to the freshmen.

Recently, rumors that forebode future disaster have troubled the minds of some who have at heart the welfare of the students. It is openly remarked that certain of our fraternity—of tender years and guileless mien—have been lured from the well-marked paths of conduct by an appetizing compound known as angel cake, to do obeisance at a shrine not set forth in the calendar of the university as a suitable object for student devotion. The temple, it is said, is eastward and the image is mo(u)lten.

The popular lecturer in ancient history has, like Cincinatus, forsaken the peaceful pursuit of an agricultural life to save from oblivion those whose minds are bent upon a mastery of the facts and figures of history. We welcome Mr. Dale's return to our midst.

First student in 4th year astronomy (gazing out of the window): "What a fine night to study the stars!" Second student: "Can you see the nodes of the moon?" First student: "No! it is too early in the evening, they are not up yet."

Castle Memorial Hall seated a large and appreciative audience on the evening of Friday, Nov. 28th, when Professor Cohoe gave an interesting and instructive lecture on "Western Mountains, Their Wealth and Wonders." The lecture was illustrated by a large number of beautiful views, many of which had been taken by the professor himself on a recent visit to the Canadian and American Rockies. In opening, Professor Cohoe said that with the possible exception of the ocean, no earth form appealed to the imagination to such an extent as did the mountains. Consequently in the literature of all nations was to be found a wealth of reference to the glories and grandeur of mountain scenery. The original idea as to the causes leading to the formation of mountain ranges was that the mountains were the oldest part of a continent. The geologist had with his little hammer exploded this idea. Instead we now know that a mountain system consists of a series of folds in the earth's crust, and is therefore the youngest part of the earth. The causes of these

upheavals were best explained in the nebular hypothesis. Mountain ranges, as a general rule, bordered the oceans, and the greatest ranges occurred near the greatest oceans. Theories as to the cause of this were explained in an interesting way, and then views were shown, which illustrated the professor's remarks on the influence of wind and rain, mountain torrents, glaciers, on the shaping of the rocks. Turning to the wealth of the mountains, pictures were shown of many famous gold and silver mines, which have made enormous fortunes for their owners, and an explanation given of how veins of precious ore were formed. The mountains were also valuable for their great rainfall, and in the west they were now catching and preserving in reservoirs the water which fell on the mountains and letting it out gradually to irrigate the plains. The next of the series of lectures, which are in aid of the library fund, will be given on January 23rd, by D. E. Thomson, K.C., on "The Ethics of Law."

In the early part of the term it was decided that the entrance of the Ladies' Literary League into the proposed Inter-College Debating Union should be both interesting and beneficial to all concerned. Accordingly representatives from the various colleges —Varsity, St. Hilda's, Victoria and McMaster—met at Victoria where it was agreed the first debate should be between Varsity and McMaster, the subject being, "Resolved, that man is a creature of environment rather than of heredity." On the appointed evening each of the colleges was in good force at Varsity. After Miss Brown, the president, had made a few remarks suitable to the occasion the programme began with a piano solo. The debate was then proceeded with. Miss Ardley, '03, and Miss Munro, '03, from McMaster, had the affirmative, while Miss Pringle, '03, and Miss Johnson, '03, from Varsity, had the negative. Miss Ardley was first to speak and logically and clearly dealt with the subject as regards physical and intellectual effects, while Miss Munro made decisive points as to the moral and religious effects of environment upon man. Both the members of the opposing party made strong speeches, so that the issue was rather doubtful. The judges, Miss Dryden, Miss Patterson and Miss Dingwall, were out for some time before a decision was reached; but when they reappeared Miss Dingwall announced that McMaster had gained the victory. The winners of the debate were showered with congratulations; the McMaster song was sung and a hurrah for Varsity given. The meeting then adjourned.

Professor (calling roll)—"Mr. A." Mr. A.—"Present." Professor—"Mr. B." Mr. B. ("he must have been a-dreamin' ")—"Come."

First Freshman—Going to the bazaar? Second Freshman—Well, what's the cost? First Freshman—Ten cents to get in and $1.50 to get out. Second Freshman—Oh, I don't care whether I come out.

On the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 15th, the Debating Society was convened to discuss the question whether "the importation of foreigners, unacquainted with free institutions, for the settlement of the North-west, is in the best interests of Canada." J. B. McLaurin, '05, led the affirmative, and the opposition was led by D. Buchanan, '06. The orderly and closely contested debate was marked by the fact that each speaker spoke the full three minutes, clear evidence of the great interest taken. P. E. Baker, B.A., criticised personally the various speakers, after which the judges, Messrs. Langdon, Buchanan and A. H. Baker, gave the decision in favor of the affirmative. . . . . "Resolved —That a University education unfits a man for business," was the subject for debate, Nov. 22. The affirmative was led by W. L. McKinnon, '06, and the negative by E. G. Blackadar, '04. After the speakers had aired their views, the able philosopher of the fourth year, Mr. John McLaughlin, criticised, referring especially to debating rules and the most successful methods. The judges, Messrs. Norman, Baker and McLaurin, decided in favor of the affirmative. . . . . On Nov. 29th, the subject "Resolved —That the prohibition of the liquor traffic, wherever public opinion will sanction such a law, is preferable to any system of license." A. Stokes led the affirmative, and W. C. Riddiford the negative. When the various speakers had spoken, Mr. A. E. Haydon, B.A., criticised them and also remarked on the general good matter and style of the debaters. The judges, Messrs. McLaurin, Fraser and McDermid, decided in favor of the affirmative. . . . "Resolved —That the purely protective tariff should be withdrawn on goods the manufacture of which has been established in Canada." The affirmative was led by F. C. Mabee, '04, and the negative by J. H. Cranston, '05. Considerable preparation had been made by the various speakers and consequently the debate was lively and interesting. L. C. Fraser, '03, as critic, briefly referred to the various speakers and made suitable suggestions. The judges, Messrs. Lumley, Riddiford and Vining, gave the decision in favor of the negative.

Two of our ruddy-complexioned students who offered themselves as scrutineers at a booth on Referendum polling day were suspected as Antis, rejected, and forced to find employment elsewhere.

Mr. J. G. Whiten, '04, who had his leg broken some weeks ago, is progressing nicely at the General Hospital. The young men and maidens have not forgotten him with their books, fruit and flowers, and report that he expects to return to us soon.

The Glee Club has again reorganized with more promising prospects than last year. E. A. Brownlee, B.A., takes the President's chair, and W. Lailey and D. Buchanan assist him as managing committee. The Glee Club has secured the services of W. J. McNally, of the Conservatory of Music, and under his able direction will be assured of success. Hitherto the Club has been composed of male voices, but this year the ladies are assisting, and we think the members might still add to their pleasure and profit by opening the membership to Moulton. Mixed Glee Clubs in college life are not common, and if these two could offer voices, a particularly good selection might be made.

The members of the French table in the "L" of the dining room have chirped and warbled for over a fortnight now. At times they emit smooth, rhythmical murmurs, only interrupted by "Voulez-vous me passer de—," and lately by "Mon Dieu."

For several years the Board of Publication of the Monthly have felt the need of suitable headquarters and at last they have them. The room vacated by the Registrar has been placed at their disposal and is now being fitted out with the necessary desks, tables, files for exchanges, etc. This sanctum is expected to give to the members of the staff an "esprit de corps" hitherto unknown.

We have welcomed and appreciate the many improvements that have been made in the class rooms. Still there is opportunity for progress. No. 11 is much in need of desks. Here a real live professor dictates notes with the speed of a race horse. Having given up in despair yourself, it is amusing to watch the rest of the class, as a few with pads on the radiator, some with pads on shaky desks made by piling one chair on another, and many with pads on their knees, make frantic efforts to jot down each historical fact. We trust that some kindly spirit will soon come to our aid with something more substantial than the oft-repeated admonition to "abbreviate."

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: S. M. McLAY, '03.

FOR the past ten years it has been a pleasure for the students of this University and of Woodstock College to see chronicled in our MONTHLY the result of the annual association football game between McMaster and the college. This year we regret very much not being able to record the playing of the game. For some years, in fact it was mentioned in the College news of 1895, the students have found that the playing of this annual game entailed a great deal of expense, and this year thought it wise to discontinue it, at least for the present. This step was not taken without due consideration on the part of McMaster men. It has been discussed in our athletic circles and student bodies for some years. There is no doubt that the game was beneficial to both institutions, and brought the students of Woodstock more into touch with the life of this University, and it was for these reasons that we regretted to cancel the game this year. However, it was deemed advisable to stop when each team had had an equal number of home games.

Probably it would be interesting to our readers to know the record of these matches. In the fall of 1889, before McMaster had an arts course, a number of former College students, living in Toronto, organized a team and arranged a match with the College. This match was played on the latter's grounds, but, as there is no record available, it is not known which team won, but Prof. McLay, who was instrumental in arranging the game, thinks the Old Boys won. Among the Old Boys were: D. H. McLean, of Ottawa, the late Rev. J. A. Keay, Dr. E. R. Hooper, the late John Lockhart and Dr. A. F. Edwards, now of Dawson City. In the fall of 1891 the College students arranged what may be said to have been the first annual game with McMaster. It was played in this city and resulted in a win for the visitors by 2 goals to 1. With the exception of the year 1894 a game has been played every Thanksgiving Day up to last year. In the 1891 game the teams were: McMaster—McNeil, Schutt, Daniel, Hunter, Foster, Kennedy, McDonald, White, Matthews, Doolittle and McMaster; College—Patterson, McIntosh, Hoyt, Collins, White, Pratt, Brown, Robertson, Goble, Frost and Principal Huston. In 1892 the game was a tie—2 to 2—in Woodstock. In 1893 at McMaster the College lost by a score of 5 goals to 2. Among the College players were Therrien, Huggart, Finkle, Pengelly, Torrie and Thomas. For some reason the game was dropped in 1894, but thanks largely to Prof. McLay

and Principal McCrimmon, was resumed in 1895. This resulted in favor of McMaster by 2 goals to 1. Since then the match has always been played. In 1896 at McMaster the score was 2 to 2; 1897, at Woodstock, 1 to 1; 1898, against McMaster II., 2 to 0 in favor of Woodstock; 1899, at Woodstock, 3 to 2 in favor of the University; 1900, at McMaster, 2 to 1, a win for McMaster; 1901, at Woodstock, 5 to 0 in favor of McMaster. Altogether McMaster has won five games to two for the College. There were three tie games. McMaster scored in all 23 goals to 15 for the College, which shows on the whole very even contests.

It is to be hoped, however, that in the near future this annual game will be resumed, if not in association football, then in Rugby or hockey.

Woodstock College is to be congratulated on the excellent showing it has made in Rugby this year. For the past two or three years a little Rugby has been played at the Old School, but not until this year was so much interest in the game manifested. A new spirit of enthusiasm has been aroused, and there is no reason to doubt that in a year or two a formidable team will do honor to the College. A number of games had been arranged, viz.: With St. Andrew's, Bishop Ridley and the London Juniors. But, owing to the lateness of the arrangements, the London game was the only one played. The College was victorious by a good margin.

On Saturday, Nov. 22nd, McMaster Rugby team went to Woodstock, having received an invitation from the College. A large crowd witnessed the game on the College campus, and were well pleased by the showing of both teams. The grass was wet and there was a very strong wind blowing throughout the game. These obstacles prevented both teams from showing up in their usual style. Their play was not so open as it otherwise would have been. The ball was seldom punted when the holder of it was kicking against the wind. Both wing lines held their opponents in good style, and there was little breaking through. The defence divisions worked well together, kicking accurately and running and passing well. McMaster boys were at a disadvantage, owing to four of the regular team being unable to go, two of whom were players in the scrimmage. Their places were filled by good men, but they lacked the necessary qualities for this special position. The first half was in Woodstock's favor as far as scoring was concerned, but the main part of the half was played in College territory. McMaster held the ball against the wind and repeatedly bucked the lines for gains. In the second half, with the wind in our favor, the opposite occurred. College bucked and our halfbacks kicked. College scored their one and only point during the

first half by a long kick by Ried into touch in goal. J. B. McArthur kicked a goal for McMaster at the beginning of the second half. This ended the scoring, although at many times both teams were at the point of scoring when the ball was placed out of danger. T. Gibson, of Ingersoll, refereed, but did not give entire satisfaction to either side. Although quite impartial, he was too lenient, and should have penalized more. Mr. Russell, of the College Faculty, umpired. Our boys speak very highly of their treatment at the hands of the College boys, and next year intend to invite them here for a game. McMaster was represented by :— Back, Peine ; half-backs, J. A. McDonald, J. B. McArthur, Zavitz; quarter, S. M. McLay ; forwards, Bingham, Lailey, R. D. McLaurin, Stephens, Vining, Weir, Guyatt, Brownlee, Haydon and Riddiford. M. S. McArthur accompanied the team as spare man and " medical assistant."

On Nov. 12th the wearers of the green and black showed their ability to play Association football, when they defeated the strong Pharmacy team in the intermediate series. The game was keenly contested, and conspicuous for accurateness of shooting and passing. The field was not in the best of condition, but despite this fact the match was one of the best played this season in either intermediate series. Our boys put up a remarkably strong game. The forwards worked well together, and at many times their play was brilliant. The defence proved almost invincible to all attacks, and the goal-keeper made a number of phenomenal stops. The scoring was all done during the first half, which resulted in two goals for McMaster. Soon after the ball was in play our forwards made a beautiful rush up the field, and from an accurate pass the ball was cleverly shot between the posts. McMaster continued the good work, and after a few minutes of fast playing scored their second and final goal. Pharmacy put up a splendid game, their forwards being well assisted by their defence. However, our boys played a superior game in many respects and thus came out victors.

The Intercollegiate Senior and Intermediate Association football series are finished. It is to be regretted that we cannot mention McMaster as winner of either of the championships, but it may be said that we put up a hard fight. It was very difficult to choose the winners. All the teams which entered were of good calibre and were very keen for the fray. Throughout the entire season the greatest of interest prevailed amongst all the universities. In comparison with other years this was a most successful one. The competition was closer and the games in general were of a better quality. In former years the excitement reached such a high pitch

that the spectators became uncontrollable, and this often resulted in a "hustle." This year the students of all the universities conducted themselves in very sportsmanlike manner on the side lines, and much of the success of the games is due to this fact. Last year Varsity Arts were champions of the senior series. This season they played two final games with the School of Practical Science, the latter winning by 2 goals to 0, and thus gaining the coveted honors. The intermediate series was much above the standard of former years. S. P. S. won section A, and the City Teachers section B. The final game was won by the former by a score of 3 to 0. McMaster wishes to extend her congratulations to the winners of both championships.

S. P. S., winners of the Senior Intercollegiate Association Football League, played for the championship of Ontario against Galt, on Varsity campus, on Saturday, Dec. 6th. The game was exceedingly fast, and at first appeared to be in favor of the School, but the Galt men finally settled down and won by a score of three goals to two.

The Dentals and S. P. S. juniors competed for the Mulock Cup Championship, and after a stubbornly contested game in the snow the latter team won by a score of 8 points to 7.

The Rough Riders of Ottawa defeated Ottawa College for the senior Rugby championship of Canada by a score of 5 to 0.

Varsity seniors defeated the Argonauts in two games for the city championship. The matches were played under the new Burnside rules, and were very successful, both from the standpoint of the players and of the spectators.

For a few years McMaster has inclined to branch out into larger spheres of athletics, and this year the issue has finally come. This is especially so in hockey. The wearers of the green and black have always been competent stick handlers and skaters, and have been recognized by the other Universities of the city to be very strong and fast. Two winters ago we entered the Jennings' Cup series and won the championship. This year an inter-collegiate hockey league has been formed, and we have entered a team in the intermediate series. The senior series will be composed of Varsity, Queen's and McGill, and the intermediate of Varsity, McMaster, Osgoode Hall, Trinity Arts, Royal Military College, Queen's, McGill and Bishop's College. This will form an exceptionally strong league, and will produce the finest article of hockey. The teams will be fast, and the competition will probably be of the

gilt-edged variety. McMaster will be without the services of their last year's star cover point, but there are a number of capable men contesting for that position. Except for this vacancy last year's team is intact. It is likely that the Toronto District will be played off by home and home games with each team. This will put the winners in excellent shape for the semi-final and final games, which will likely be played at Kingston.

GREAT interest has been manifested in the inter-year matches this year, both in Rugby and Association. All the contests were royally battled and the results very close. Owing to the season being pretty well advanced, the weather was not very conducive to brilliant playing, and in a great measure hampered it. Many of the games were not finished until darkness had settled down upon the players. Some games were played in the rain, and one should have been played in the snow. However, despite the inclemency of the weather, each year fought vigorously until the last moment of play. The result of the Association matches was as follows:

Nov. 10th . . . . . Theology vs. '04—1 to 0.
Nov. 11th . . . . . '03 vs. '06—2 to 1.
Nov. 18th . . . . . '05 vs. '03—2 to 0.

The final game was played on Nov. 20th by '05 and '04. After a hard and exciting game the former won by a score of 3 to 1. The result of the Rugby games was:

Nov. 13th . . . . . '05 vs. '06—16 to 0.
Nov. 17th . . . . . '04 vs. '03—12 to 1.
Nov. 19th . . . . . '05 vs. Theol.—24 to 0.

It is to be regretted that the final game of this series was not played. Owing to the game with Woodstock College the date for this game had to be changed. The executive committee of the Athletic Society ordered it to be played on or before Dec. 9th. The sophomores finally won the game by the default of the juniors and therefore are champions.

AT a meeting of the Athletic Association a new rule was added to the constitution, whereby the Society adopted as its emblem the McMaster seal in black with a green "M" inside. Only those who have been chosen to represent the University on track teams or in two or more championship matches on first Association, Rugby and Hockey teams, will have the honor of wearing this emblem. This is the plan adopted by nearly all the American Universities and by some institutions of learning in Canada. It has been found to be in the best interests of athletics, as it tends to encourage the students to more diligent training, so as to be able to wear the insignia of honor for prowess on the campus.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: D. C. MACINTOSH, '03.

REV. C. H. SCHUTT, '95, M.A., '98, Theol., '98, recently completed the first year of his pastorate of the Century Baptist Church of this city. During the year more than sixty new members were added to the roll, and the work of the church is flourishing in every department.

REV. SAMUEL EVERTON, B.A., who was a theological student at McMaster two years ago, and who is pastor-elect of the church in Medicine Hat, Assa., was married on the 12th of November to Miss Bertha E. Scott, of Winnipeg. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John McNeill, '96, of Winnipeg.

REV. G. L. SPRAGUE, '00, who has been pastor of the churches in Aurora and King, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church in Lowell, Mich.

MR. J. J. NICOLE, '00, who was for two years on the teaching staff of Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, is now studying law at Laval University, Quebec. Mr. Nicole is one of the first of our graduates to devote himself to the legal profession. We wish him the highest success and expect him to reflect honor upon his Alma Mater.

REV. C. E. PINEO, who was a member of the theological classes in McMaster two years ago, has resigned the charge of the churches in Sidney and Stirling to become the pastor of the churches in Bentinck and Glenelg. He entered upon his new work on Nov. 1st.

REV. A. B. COHOE, '98, Theol., '01, of Grimsby, was a recent visitor at the Hall, and conducted the chapel service.

MISS KATIE S. MCLAURIN, missionary to the Telugus, who is now at home on furlough, was present at the November meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society. She was listened to with interest as she spoke of the missionary's life. Miss McLaurin was a student at McMaster before her departure for the foreign field.

MANY will remember Miss Alice May Nesbit, of Springford, who took lectures in the University a few years ago. They will

be interested to learn of her recent marriage to Mr. George F. Mahon, a rising young barrister of Woodstock.

Rev. G. F. Hurlburt has accepted the pastorate of the church in Flesherton.

Rev. George H. Brock, Theol., '90, who has been at home during the past year, after several years of service on the Telugu mission field, was present and spoke at the December meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor: Emma Fares.

The Bazaar.—During the past winter and autumn, the students have been working industriously with their needles preparing pretty things for our bazaar. So well did they succeed that when the day for the bazaar arrived, the different booths were filled with the dainty handiwork of the students. On Saturday morning, December 6th, confusion reigned in the usually orderly rooms, where a number of energetic young ladies were busily employed, but at three o'clock in the afternoon one was agreeably surprised to behold the same rooms presenting a most pleasing sight, with the various booths artistically and daintily arranged. In the front reception room was the booth of the graduates of '02, the fancy article and the gentlemen's booth. The articles for the '02 booth were all made by the graduates of last year, three of whom had charge of the table, which was very tastefully decorated in pink and white, the class colors. With the art table, on which was displayed the work of our Art students, and the dolls, and white goods, the back reception room made a very inviting scene.

"Sweets to the sweet," in large letters over the office door attracted attention to the candy room, without which no bazaar is ever complete. And although the ice cream parlor, with its patriotic draperies, was at the end of the hall, it still had its allurements. Another very attractive feature of the bazaar was the tea-room. Young ladies dressed as Japanese girls made charming waitresses, and the room with its dim light and Japanese furnishings gave one a soothing sense of peace and pleasure.

Visitors began to arrive about three o'clock and in a short time the rooms were filled. At six o'clock the booths began to

wear a bare and dismantled aspect, and at half-past eight very few things remained unsold. A programme consisting of music and advertisement tableaux was given in the Chapel, after which an auction sale of the things still to be sold was held. When we learned that the receipts of the evening were nearly two hundred and fifty dollars we felt amply repaid for the labor it had cost.

The granting of the Senior privileges has ever been the occasion of much rejoicing among the students. This year, however, brought added delight with privileges when the already happy seniors were entertained by Mrs. Wells and Miss Thrall, in honor of the new dignity with which they had been entrusted. A most enjoyable evening was spent, and as we bade our hostesses good-night we felt that it was indeed pleasant to be Seniors and to have privileges.

On the 5th of December the Heliconian Society held its third meeting. The programme consisted of a number of papers reviewing the life and writings of Ernest Thompson Seton, several musical selections, and the reading of the paper. Our paper is deserving of some notice at this time. Ever since the organization of our society a paper has been prepared for and read at each meeting. This year, however, the society has undertaken to edit a printed paper quarterly, and the first edition of the "Heliconian" will appear in a few days.

It was our privilege to have Professor McLay lecture to us on Friday evening, December 12th. His subject, "The Early English Drama," was of special interest to the English students and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Professor McLay not only afforded us much pleasure, but also made his lecture a source of education. We appreciate, and are grateful for Professor McLay's generosity in lecturing to us.

The end of the year brings with it a short respite from books and the class-room, and is therefore hailed with delight, at least by Moulton students. On the 20th of December we leave for our Christmas vacation, which we hope may be merry and happy, so that we may all return with light hearts and sturdy determination to do our best work in 1903.

Here and There.

EDITOR : H. PROCTER, B.A.

THE following exchanges were received this month :—"Presbyterian College Journal," "The Monthly Maroon," "Queen's University Journal," "Columbia Literary Monthly," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "King's College Record," "The Philomathean Monthly," "Vox Collegii," "Ontario College Monthly," "Montreal Diocesan Theological College Magazine," "The Varsity," "The Ottawa Campus," "Acadia Athenæum," "Hamilton Literary Magazine," "The University of New Brunswick Monthly," "O. A. C. Review," "University of Ottawa Review," "The Harvard Monthly," "The Mitre," "McGill Outlook," "The Mercerian," "Acta Victoriana."

A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS.—(With abstruse apologies to Mr. Aristophanes, Esq.)—Strepsiadès—O Pais, Pais. Pais—Qu'-est-ce que tu dis, là. Str.—Ouvrez la porte. Socrates—(Heard within) Avez vous une clef? Str.—Je n'ai pas un clef. Soc.—UN clef, l'habitant! c'est feminin. UNE clef. Str.—Pas du tout. Dans cet instant, c'est masculin. Soc.—Pourquoi dans cet instant? Str.—Parceque, mon cher Docteur, c'est la clef du male bag.—*G. S., in The Mitre.*

The Mercerian for November contains the following excellent sonnet by George Herbert Clarke, a graduate of McMaster, and a professor at Mercer University. It was written in Muskoka :—

A SETTLER'S GRAVE, LAKE OF BAYS.

Far on the outflung headland thou dost lie,
  Silent and lone, the lonelier for thy kin ;
  Here they have railed thy rotting tombstone in,
And here a thousand times they pass thee by.
Theirs the unwistful, unillumined eye,
  To whom the earth is earth, who never win
  A whispered word from Heaven when suns begin,
But toil and sleep—these live, and thou dost die.

  Or is it death to leave the ways of men
And lie upon the headland, with no sound
  Save for the brooding love that covers glen
And lake and forest in its vast profound,
  While the gulls shrill their secrets to thy breast,
And in the boughs above the redbirds nest?

The November issue of the *Queen's University Journal* is a memorial number for the late Principal Grant. Dr. Grant is portrayed as teacher, speaker, friend, administrator, and patriot, and worthy tributes are paid to his memory by members of the faculty of Queen's and by distinguished men, such as Premier Ross. Many excellent photographs add great value to the number. As one reads the *Journal* one's appreciation of the life and work of the late great Principal is deepened. His work was not of a temporary nature, and Queen's and Canada must long continue to feel the influence of his crowded life. The following, from the editorial columns, will give the students' estimate of their Principal :— "From a students' standpoint, though we felt his strength and ability as a leader, debater and teacher, it was probably above all his power of influencing and inspiring men that was most strongly brought home to us. His power of kindling in his students something of the fire in his own nature has been one of the most potent factors in moulding the lives of Queen's men. No student ever met him personally, or even saw him and heard him speak, without realizing that his spirit was contagious."

THE PSALM OF THE PROFESSORS.

Let us, then, be up and doing
Things unorthodox each day—
Ripping gospels up and strewing
Old beliefs along the way.

Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
That would be a foolish crime—
Flout the holy bible, that'll
Make you famous every time.

—*Chicago Record Herald.*

College boys are incorrigible practical jokers. A story comes to us from Scotland of an examiner at Edinburgh University who had made himself obnoxious by warning the students against putting their hats on his desk. The University in the Scottish capital is remarkable for a scarcity of cloak rooms, and in the excitement of examinations hats are, or used to be, flung down anywhere. The examiner announced one day that if he found another hat on his desk he would rip it up. The next day no hats were laid there when the students assembled. Presently, however, the examiner was called out of the room. Then some wicked undergraduate slipped from his seat, got the examiner's own hat and placed it on his desk. When the examiner re-entered the hall every eye was fixed on him. He observed the hat and a gleam of triumph shot across his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if this occurred again." Then he took his penknife from

his pocket, opened it, and blandly cut the hat in pieces, amidst prolonged applause. What he said when he discovered that it was his own hat is not tellable even in Gaelic.—*Daily Paper.*

Not so very long ago, when the King was Prince of Wales and he was better able than nowadays to gratify his tastes for the methods of "the good Haroun-al-Raschid," he was taking a walk alone in St. James' Park before breakfast. He found himself followed by a well-dressed but crazy-looking old woman. He had seen and suffered from her before, so he ignored her sedulously and severely, and continued his stroll until he was obliged to turn homeward, then the woman stood right before him and curtsied. The Prince raised his hat and tried to pass on. But in vain.

"I have a grievance, your Royal Highness," began the stranger, drawing from her handbag a big, closely-written parchment roll.

"Ach, madam, thees is not ze first time I have been taken for ze Pr-rrince of Wales," was the reply in a gruff voice and with a fine natural German accent.

The old lady flashed a look of deepest scorn upon the Teutonic "double" of the King that was to be. Then she put away her precious documents and said loftily, with the rather pitiful vanity of her class—the Miss Flites of real life: "I have the honor to know personally all the members of the royal family, and if my eyesight were not becoming so bad nowadays I would never have made such an astonishing error as to have taken you for the Prince of Wales!"—*London M. A. P.*

AT CHARTRES.

The solemn silences return,
The bells have ceased their call to prayer,
Across the incense-heavy air
The great rose windows flame and burn.

Before the darkened reredos
The altar tapers dimly soar—
The kneeling people see once more
Visions of Christ upon the cross.

Vain aspiration, broken peace!
Deep in my heart there comes a cry
Of primal, old-world sympathy
For human, unremembered Greece.

And while the anthem struggles free,
I dream of no ecstatic saint,
But old Minnermus, and the faint
Far blue of the Ægean Sea.

—*Lauriston Ward, in The Harvard Monthly.*

NEARLY 2500 students assisted in a single year, is the record of Andrew Carnegie's noble gift to the Scotch universities, as given in the first annual report of the trustees of the fund.

A PROFESSOR at Cornell University was walking over the campus, deeply absorbed in a pamphlet on mathematics. He bumped into something, and, without looking up, raised his hat and said: "I humbly beg your pardon," lifting his eyes in time to see only a cow. The next day, absorbed in the same subject, he collided again. "Get out of the way, you old cow!" he exclaimed. "Sir!" said a shocked soprano voice, and the professor gazed into the angry eyes of the wife of a colleague.—*Ex.*

THE SNOW FLURRY.

Dazzle of airy nothings
Drifting in wind-blown showers,
Pendulous fine prefigure
Dance of the unborn flowers,
Flying, frolicking, falling,
Whirling afar and near,
Tossed on the pane and melting
Into a broken tear.
The sombre fir-tree wreathing,
Gone in a hurrying breath,
Kissing the lip and swiftly
Passing to vaporous death;
Only a dazzle of nothings
Lost in ethereal play—
But crystalline, radiant, stellar—
The worlds are made that way.

—*From The Great Procession, by Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

THE information an editor is supposed to possess on all sorts of subjects, the attacks he is liable to receive from both contributors and subscribers, the constant care he must exercise lest he offend one or another, is very nerve-racking, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that even an editor may sometimes make a mistake. A certain editor was asked by two subscribers, respectively: 1. Which was the best way to get a couple of twins safely through the trouble of teething? And 2. How to protect an orchard from a plague of grasshoppers? The editor answered the questions all right, but mixed the letters, with disastrous results. Imagine the horror of the happy father of the twins when he saw that the editor told him to "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests, after jumping about in the flames for a few minutes, will speedily be settled." This was the tragic part of the mistake. The comedy came in when the man plagued with grasshoppers found himself gravely directed to "Give a little castor oil

and rub their gums with bonestrings." That paper has now two subscribers less than it had.

It is very amusing to play jokes on others, but sometimes we do not appreciate a joke quite so much when it is turned on ourselves. The *Standard* relates the following :—In college there is a constant combat of wits between the tutor and his pupils. The students who attended the lectures on biology planned a little joke on their professor. They removed a stuffed baboon from the natural history museum, dressed it up in a student's gown, and set it in the professor's chair. When he entered the room they greeted his evident surprise with a suppressed giggle of merriment. "Well, gentlemen," said the professor blandly, "I'm glad to see that you have found at last a professor who is suited to your capacities."

THE UNIVERSITY.

The skies are dark, the clouds are gray,
The summer days are over,
The winds blow chill from where they will,
All nature's face is sober.
The sere leaves rustle to the ground,
Our hearts are filled with yearning,
But ever is the freshie green,
Within the halls of learning.

—*Ex.*

"HARVARD IS NO PLACE FOR IDLERS."

Life is real and life is earnest,
And we all have stunts to do;
Even if they are not pleasant,
We have got to see them through.

Knowing this, the little bumble
Bee will hustle like a chump
Just to furnish an example
That will make a sluggard hump.

And the robin clears the garden
Of the surplus bugs and worms,
While the little fresh mosquito
Peddles round the fever germs.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Edison, the great inventor, was recently asked, "Is the end of electrical invention nearly reached?" He answered, "There is no end to anything. Man is so finite that it is impossible for him to learn one-millionth part of what is to be known. Only the ignorant can say we are near the limit of invention."

Origin of the Christmas Tree.—Perhaps the oldest sacred idea in existence is of a world tree, a tree of life, whose roots reached into immortality. In the far North the ash tree was typical; in Germany and central Europe the pine was held sacred. Their branches played a prominent part in the rejoicings attendant on the holy season, which was known as Yule, Gule, Iul, and a number of similar names. These people brought the Yule tree into their Christianity, the missionaries little protesting, as a rule. In England the skin-clad Anglo-Saxons were made to hew their Yule trees to pieces, as idolatrous symbols, and every good Catholic was bidden to burn the logs in token that the Holy Child had destroyed heathenism.

The converts asked nothing better. At that time of year a yule log was twice as comfortable as a yule branch, and much more conducive to good cheer. It has blazed on the Christmas hearth for more than a thousand yuletides since, and went out only when the hearth itself gave way to less poetic but more effective methods of heating. Many of the superstitions and traditions of the pagan yule tree were continued as long as the Christmas log was alight. In some parts of England the log was represented by a bundle of ash fagots bound together. In all cases a brand was kept every year to light the next year's log with. The careful preservation of the brand was a certain preventive of the destruction of the house by fire.

The most beautiful tradition attached to the burning of the yule log was that old wrongs and heartburnings perished therein, and as long as the flame was bright on the walls enemies were at peace with one another. This truce was not always rigidly kept, it is true. There have been dark and cruel yuletides in the history of our race. But in the main the true spirit of Christmas was kept.

There were several reasons for the sanctity which attached to the mistletoe of the Druids. They did not regard all mistletoe with reverence, or at least they did not gather it in their ceremonies from any tree except the oak, which was their sacred tree. Now the mistletoe almost never grows on oak trees. Some years ago a careful canvass was made of the mistletoe oaks of England. Only fourteen were reported in all the island. One ancient giant in Herefordshire had fifteen of its branches adorned with the mystic shrub.

The Druids, in common with almost all primitive men, had a deep reverence for the idea of the trinity—the number three. The white berries of the mistletoe are often found in groups of three, and this circumstance, as well as the fact that the berries ripen at the sacred season, although they flower with apple blossoms and wild roses, must have impressed them. At all events the white boughs were gathered near the end of the year, and played an important part in the ceremonies of December.

Father Prout has given a vivid picture of the gathering of the mistletoe in his familiar ballad :

"The Druid stood in the dark oak wood
Of a distant northern land,
And he seemed to hold a sickle of gold
In the grasp of his withered hand ;
And he moved him slowly round the girth
Of an aged oak, to see
If an orphan plant of wondrous birth
Had clung to the old oak tree.
And anon he knelt, and from his belt
Unloosened his golden blade,
Then rose and culled the mistletoe
Under the woodland shade."

—*New York Evening Post.*

"MOTHER objected to my playing on the teams at the college," remarked the fair college girl ; "but I won her over this afternoon to my way of thinking." "How did you do it ?" asked her chum. "At that bargain sale of handkerchiefs. If I hadn't bucked the centre of the line and won a yard or two, we wouldn't have gotten a single one."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.*

BELATED ANSWERS.

She said, "The play seemed tiresome,"
And paused for a reply.
I said, "No time hangs heavy
If you are only by."
That is, I said it later,
I couldn't think of it then ;
I was ready for her another time,
But she never said it again.

"The good, the true, the beautiful,"
She said, "I dearly prize."
"And they are always with you,"
I said with beaming eyes.
That is, I should have said it
If I hadn't been too slow.
As it was, I only thought it out
An hour or two ago.

"May I sit by you," asked Phyllis.
Quoth I, "The pleasure's mine ;"
I said it after she got out
Two stations down the line.
Send me, benignant heaven,
Some speed of wit, I pray,
That I may think of fit replies
Upon the selfsame day !

—*Portland Oregonian.*

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1903.

SAVOY, THE NEW AND THE OLD.

Spring is the season for hoping and deep breathing ; autumn, for walking and seeing. In autumn one walks because he cannot help it, for there is a spirit of curiosity in the air which rouses the whole being to an active search into the why and the where and the how of things. This spirit lurks in the morning mists which provokingly and mysteriously drape the mountains and valleys rising in majestic terraces to the south of us. As our eyes linger inquisitively on the bewitching view, the spirit suddenly abandons its airy form and becomes, as it were, an embodied beckoning in the shape of fantastically picturesque little hamlets clinging to steep hill-sides, and of battlemented turrets perched on the summits of lofty cliffs. What is that land yonder? Are those real hamlets? real castles? We cannot say for sure ; but the spirit is beckoning, and we cannot help but go and see.

In Switzerland the charms of the autumn road are many. Around, there are straight-rowed vineyards with their dark foliage ; tantalizingly incomplete glimpses of winding rivers bordered with their deep-green elms and their now yellow-leaved planes ; neatly-trimmed hedges over which nod timidly the last roses of the year ; a little vale with its chalet and herd of heavy Swiss cattle, watched by a boyish *berger ;* and a church-crowned hill. Above, the sky is half covered with a cloudy curtain which enhances rather than conceals the blue we know to be over it. Beyond, far beyond, between the rivers and the sky, rises the long, snowy chain of Mount Blanc, dim, impressive, and silent as eternity. And last of all, beneath the traveller there is the sharp, stimulating ring of

footsteps on a solid rock-bed highway. Oh, the charms of the road are so many that we are out of Switzerland before we know it, and are already in the land we saw from afar—the land of the Savoyard.

But can this be Savoy? We meet no more dirt, no more offensive odors, no more tumble-down houses than in the last Swiss village through which we passed. There is, as yet, no poisonous exhalation from the soil, no especial ugliness of landscape. Can this really be Savoy?

Yes, we are in Savoy and have been for the last half-hour. That little house we passed some time ago was the first French customs. Did you not see the *drapeau tricolor* gaily floating over its humble doorway? It is a fact that Savoy is a much-maligned country. Everywhere the word passes as a synonym of unparalleled ignorance, filth, and ugliness both of nature and of human habitation. It is another fact, however, that it is a worse ignorance not to know that Savoy—ugly, dirty, despised Savoy—contains more natural beauty, more real picturesqueness of human handiwork, and more history and landmarks to the square kilometre than almost any other country on earth. Of course, one will find in Savoy localities where dirt and ignorance reign, but in no greater degree than in the slums of our "highly-civilized" modern cities, a stone's throw away from the institutions which profess to disseminate enlightenment.

But we must judge for ourselves and with our own eyes. Let us go to yonder village under the shadow of the mountain.

A winding, narrow street, sloping down on each side to shallow gutters; half-timbered stone walls; overhanging, gloomy eaves, held up by beams scored with the tally-marks of the years; low, sombre doorways, of various sizes and shapes; roofs sparsely covered with tiles, once red, but now browned with age and sun—this is one's first impression of a Savoy village. There is no flagstone pavement leading to the front door of the mansions, no carefully tended garden or lawn, no imposing flight of stairs. The cobble-stones curbing the gutter are at once front walk, door-sills, lawn and stairs. Perhaps an unhealthy grapevine may clamber feebly up, or a Virginia creeper—*la vigne du Canada*—or a colony of nasturtiums may try to eke out a living and appear contented there; but apart from these the household portal has no decoration

whatever. It is clean, comparatively speaking, and quaint, but lacks that warm invitiveness which we generally associate with the entrance to a home. If we enter, it is not that we expect to meet comfort and cheer, but merely to see something new, to satisfy our pushing feeling of curiosity.

Luxury is a thing foreign to the Savoyard's vocabulary. Simplicity and content are rather long words for him, but they come the nearest to what he would say could he find terms to express his manner of life for the present and his hopes for the future. His thoughts are on the one word "enough," and his dreams are illuminations of the same. With him it is only enough clothing to hide utter nakedness, enough wine to drink, enough to eat for himself, his family, his cow, his goat and his ass; enough for to-day, enough for to-morrow. With the Savoyard, in the words of the Arab proverb with respect to human life in general, "the past is a dream, the future a wish."

Beneath the floor of the room we enter from the street is a hole, damp, earthy and gloomy, where the Savoyard stores his "enough to eat." On the rough, plastered wall hangs insecurely the cupboard containing the dishes on which he partakes of that "enough." Just below stands, totteringly, on three worm-eaten legs, rarely on four, the table around which his family has gathered for ages past. Judging from the color of its wood, one would say that it was made from planks sawn out of the trunk of his family tree during the Hundred Years' War. Around it sleep the ancient chairs, weary and worn from being sat upon by too many generations. In the darkest corner one imagines he sees the outlines of a stove. High up on the wall opposite the cupboard benignly rests the sole ornament of the room, a simple little Calvary, carved in ancient black walnut.

But where does he sleep? Look outside through that murky little pane and you will see a heavy flight of stone stairs laboriously climbing to a dark region above. What are the furnishings? A bed, a mattress on the bare floor, and a hermetically sealed hole in the wall called a window; these are all. But how can he stow away nine people in this place? Your only answer is a shrug of the shoulders which tells you it is enough that they are stowed away, but as to the how of it, that is none of your business. No stranger has ever got any nearer to the solution of this problem.

Now, it seems, we have seen all there is to see. Let us pass out by the door of entry and get once more under way on the road. But we have mistaken the door and have landed in a dim region of mingled odors very highly suggestive of a roofed-in barnyard. This is the animals' apartment. The little ass is sleepily and patiently munching, in economic helpings, his limited repast in the well-chewed manger in front of him, and is drolly wagging his ears as if he wished to say he knew very well it was a niggardly meal he was getting, but that it was better to spin it out as far as it would go, that being the custom in well-regulated Savoy families. A couple of hens have perched on his back, but he does not mind that for they will do him a good turn in pecking the troublesome flies. Several lean, hungry-looking hogs grunt voraciously in a boarded-in stall close by. Probably they would lose their appetite all of a sudden if they knew the lot that awaited them in the adjoining apartment. The cow's stall is empty, its occupant most likely being out on the roadside or in the pasture, ringing her bell and followed by a guardian horde of Savoy youngsters. But to-night she will come home to chew the cud in the same place her ancestors in direct line chewed the cud two hundred years ago.

The house, the family, the stable, the animals, these are not all. There remains the garden—a long, narrow stretch of vines toiling up the mountain side and garnished with rows of thrifty cabbages (the genuine Savoys), and of sickly potato plants. Near the house stand several tall rose-bushes, bowing and nodding under a weight of pink blooms which waft a fragrance all around. Close to the door, casting a luxurious shade, there is a strange tree, clothed in a mantle of odd dark green leaves, and loaded with a pear-shaped purple-green fruit—a fig tree of the south. Over it and around the door climbs a tangled grapevine, heavy with ripening clusters. Beneath is a rude bench backed up against the tree-trunk. On this, during the long summer evenings after the day's work with the spade and the mattock was done, the "pater-familias" sat him down beneath his own vine and fig-tree to smoke his pipe and chew the sweet cud of pure and unadulterated contentedness.

If there is one house, one household, one little demesne like this in the whole of Savoy, there are thousands. They nestle in the valleys of the lower Alps, in Haute Savoie ; look modestly

down from the green terraces of Mount Voirons over the blue Lac Léman, or gaze fixedly at the dazzling peaks of the great Dents du Midi. They are perched high up on the foot-hills of the Graian Alps, or hidden cosily deep down in the cavernous defiles beside the icy streams that rush towards the sea from the glaciers of Mount Blanc. They are everywhere the same. We know they are dirty; we did not say beforehand that they were perfectly clean, but yet we have to admit that even dirt may be picturesquely disposed, and is not essentially and absolutely repulsive. We feel no desire whatever to inhabit permanently any one of them, but still yield unconsciously to an undeniable charm they have for the eye. In them we have the most perfect picture of content ever drawn. The world preaches ambition, but laughs secretly at the ambitious, and however just or unjust it may be, admires with a frank smile and nod of approval those who are content, thoroughly content, with their lot. Can it be that Alexander Pope wrote his famous lines on "Solitude" during a sojourn in Savoy?

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

"Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

. . . . . .

"Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus, unlamented, let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie."

For the history of the Savoy of to-day, the new Savoy, we have to go just outside its borders to the old Savoy. There, at the head of Lac Léman, in Swiss territory, stands a building whose walls, towers, courtyards, dungeons, apartments, whose very age and look, are an open scroll in which we read the chronicles, not only of Savoy, but of the whole of Europe. It is the castle of Chillon. The Mecca of the *litterateur*, the historian, and the "personally conducted" tourist, it sees them all go their way in

thoughtful silence or senseless chatter, with the same sublime indifference as when, in its primitive state, it served as a tower of defence to the Allobroges of ancient Gallia, or when, under the Cæsars, its solid walls overawed the enemies of the Empire, till, in the lapse of centuries, the barbarians of the north seized the rocky crag and made it a stronghold of the Kingdom of Burgundy. Unlike the old clock on the stairs, which stood unchanged "through all the strange vicissitudes of changing time," the fortress has, through the long course of ages, changed both form and masters, for it was successively a fortress of Charles the Great, who destroyed the primitive defences and built a gloomy tower in which Count Wala, a relative of the Great Emperor, languished in chains ; a fief of Italy ; and, in the thirteenth century, a residence of Pierre, *Comte de Savoie.* The latter increased its fortifications and left it as we see it to-day in all its gloomy majesty.

The castle of Chillon stands on a rocky promontory, projecting as a sort of buttress to the mountain, which rises steeply from the blue waters of Lac Léman, its rocky slopes, now clad in all their autumn finery, so beautiful that, as we hurry along the highway to the castle gate, we are irresistibly compelled to turn our eyes from the picturesque mass of tower, wall and gallery mirrored in the clear water beneath. Once before the building we see its true proportions, which till now appeared dwarfed. In front of us yawns a black tunnel-like gate, with portcullis raised and drawbridge down. No man-at-arms looks down from the two huge round towers which serve as barbican; and looking to the extreme right and left one sees only the grey mass of the walls and the outline of machiolated towers which mark the angles of the fortress. We still feel only half reassured, and it is only when the garrison approaches to collect the customary tribute that we realize that there is nothing to be feared from robber-baron or mail-clad *landsknecht,* but that we are expected to enter and see the hold of the counts of old Savoy under the safe conduct of the fair *chatelaine.* She, be it known, seems to be a walking compendium of French and Swiss history and a professor of the *beaux arts* in one.

The barbican once passed, we emerge in the outer courtyard of the castle, and, *presto,* find ourselves in another world—the world of Ivanhoe, the Crusades, and chivalry ; for Chillon is no heap of mouldering, crumbling stone, but stands to-day, as in the time of

Bonivard, a genuine example of the feudal fortress, manor and prison. On all sides the grey walls rise to a height of fifty feet. The space between the inner and the outer walls being part of the castle proper, the outer wall rises some ten feet higher, and is pierced with *meurtrieres* for cross-bow and sling. Here and there perilous wooden galleries of antique oak connect isolated towers with the walls and turrets, so that the whole forms one continuous system of defences completely separated from the main portion of the fortress, of which we catch a glimpse through a portal large enough to admit the passage of a troop of horse. Now, as we cross the great stone threshold, a flock of beautiful white pigeons —the emblem of peace—mount with whirr of wing to the topmost towers. Round about us is the irrregular mass of buildings of every age and epoch ; turrets, and pinnacles, circular and square, frowning grimly down and staring sternly, with black gaping loop-holes in the thickness of walls which have defied the arms of man and the march of ages. Above them all are the mighty buttressed walls of the square tower or keep, which in every feudal castle was the last place of refuge in time of siege and storm. Its foundation stones were laid by Charlemagne. A milestone of the centuries, it has watched the passing show of kings and empires, crusades and pilgrimages, till there is something almost as eternal about the grim old tower as the mass of purple Alps beyond.

Most of our party have by this time descended into the dungeons, so we reluctantly leave the inner court to plunge into the cold damp of the torture chambers and prisons, rendered forever immortal by the name of Bonivard, the prisoner of Chillon. One enters the dungeons by a well-worn stone stairway, and is surprised to find himself in a large hall supported by groined arches and columns carved in the solid rock. This is the hall of the guards, which is directly in front of the condemned cell, reached by a narrow tunnel also cut out of the living rock. Nothing more intensely horrible than this gruesome prison could be conceived. This, a gloomy chamber almost as black as night, whose stone ceiling is invisible in the obscurity, contains two rude beds of jagged rock, where scores of poor wretches lay and dreamed of the lingering death and the tortures of the morrow. Perhaps, as the long and fearsome hours passed, grisly phantoms and visions of their battered corpses flitted before their staring eyes which

peopled the silent darkness of the cell and made a hell of their last moments.

Just beyond, the death chamber! Between two huge pointed arches is a large beam, mouldering and time-worn, but eloquent of human sin and suffering—the famous gibbet of Chillon. It was as much a part of the castle's furnishings as the great spit of the kitchen, and one could even imagine the cruel dukes of Savoy doing without the latter for the sake of having an absolute necessity in the former. A few convulsive struggles, an agony of some minutes, and a sullen splash below—such was the latter end of many a poor wretch whose body had been cast through the yawning hole in front of the gibbet.

We have at length reached the prison proper, the holy of holies of Swiss patriotism, celebrated in song and story and rendered immortal by Byron, whose name, see, is scratched on yonder column; and as we stand in this rock-hewn dungeon, with its two little windows showing meagre patches of God's blue sky, with its great Gothic arches and ponderous pillars, we, too, feel the pathos of the sufferings of that heroic soul, who, for the cause of liberty, chained to a column for six long, cruel years, braved the wrath of the despot of Savoy. One of our number pulls out a well-thumbed volume, and reads, though with difficulty in the semi-darkness :—

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
> And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
> Until his very steps have left a trace,
> Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonivard! May none those marks efface!
> For they appeal from tyranny to God."

A brief silence, a sigh, and a hearty amen in four languages, and we hurry away from those gloomy shades, up, up, into the pure fresh air and all the glory of an autumn day. Once past the castle gate we plunge from the silence of the dark ages into all the bustle of modern life in the gayest of Swiss cities, and we feel strangely ill at ease after our afternoon in that enchanted castle of long ago, which in itself is more than a fortress—it is an epoch, an epitome of the history of Switzerland and Savoy.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00
and Glenn H. Campbell, '00.

Geneva, Switzerland.

UNIVERSITY STUDIES.

What is the true end of university education? Is it liberal culture or technical training? Should the course be general or special? Whether should the literary or the scientific predominate? To what extent ought options to be allowed? These are questions of vital interest to all connected with university life, whether as teachers or as students.

It is pretty generally conceded that university education should be liberal rather than technical. This view is emphasized by President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, from whose recent inaugural address we shall quote largely in this article. He says:

"There are two ways of preparing a young man for his life work. One is to give him the skill and special knowledge which shall make a good tool, an excellent bread-winning tool, of him; and for thousands of young men that way must be followed. It is a good way. It is honorable, it is indispensable. But it is not for the college, and it never can be. The college should seek to make the men whom it receives something more than excellent servants of a trade or skilled practitioners of a profession. It should give them elasticity of faculty and breadth of vision, so that they shall have a surplus of mind to expend, not upon their profession only, for its liberalization and enlargement, but also upon the broader interests which lie about them, in the spheres in which they are to be, not bread-winners merely, but citizens as well, and in their own hearts, where they are to grow to the stature of real nobility. . . . We ought distinctly to set forth in our philosophy of this matter the difference between a man's preparation for the specific and definite tasks he is to perform in the world and that general enlargement of spirit and release of powers which he shall need if his task is not to crush and belittle him. When we insist that a certain general education shall precede all special training which is not merely mechanic in its scope and purpose, we mean simply that every mind needs for its highest serviceability a certain preliminary orientation that it may get its bearings and release its perceptions for a wide and catholic view. . . . The managing minds of the world, even the efficient working

minds of the world, must be equipped for a mastery whose chief characteristic is adaptability, an initiative which transcends the bounds of mere technical training. Every considerable undertaking has come to be based on knowledge, on thoughtfulness, on the masterful handling of men and facts. . . . Though the university may dispense with professional schools, professional schools may not dispense with the university. Professional schools have nowhere their right atmosphere and association except where they are parts of a university and share its spirit and method."

So then, in his higher education, man must not be regarded as a mere instrument for the acquirement of wealth, but as an end in himself, for whom the life is vastly more important than the living. Education is an art, and, if defined broadly enough, it may perhaps be called the finest of the fine arts. As an art, it must have an ideal which it seeks, by the most rational methods and the most earnest effort, to realize. That ideal is the perfect man. Any lower ideal is too low. Intelligence, character, efficiency, all as highly developed as may be—these are the ends of education.

In this connection we may quote President Wilson again. He says :

" We are not put into this world to sit still and know ; we are put into it to act. It is true that in order to learn, men must for a little while withdraw from action, must seek some quiet place where their thoughts may run clear and tranquil, but that cloistered refuge is no place to dream in. It is a place for a thoughtful poring upon the map of life ; and the boundaries which should emerge to the mind's eye are not more the intellectual than the moral boundaries of thought and action. I do not see how any university can afford such an outlook if its teachings be not informed with the spirit of religion, and that the religion of Christ, and with the energy of a positive faith. The argument for efficiency in education can have no permanent validity if the efficiency sought be not moral as well as intellectual. The ages of strong and definite moral impulse have been the ages of achievement ; and the moral impulses which have lifted highest have come from Christian peoples, the moving history of our own nation were proof enough of that. Moral efficiency is, in the last analysis, the fundamental argument for liberal culture."

It being granted, then, that character and efficiency are, equally with intelligence, the objects to be kept in view in education, the question arises as to how the educative process may best subserve these ends. In character should be included, besides morality in its narrower sense, the æsthetic, and, as President Wilson points out, the religious. Now true nobility of character is the inevitable result of learning the truth as fully, and living the truth as faithfully, as may be. Efficiency, also, can come only as the result of continued activity, directed always by true principles. Thus we see that a liberal education should be such as will lead the student to learn and love and live the truth.

If this is to be accomplished, it is evident that more than scientific research and abstract thought is necessary. The truth must be presented very largely in the concrete, that it may appeal to the imagination, stir the emotions, and move the will to worthy action.

To this end history and literature are helpful. In history we see ideas embodied in actual life, and their practical influence for good and evil, so that by their fruits we come to know them and to guide our lives accordingly. Concerning the influence of literature, President Wilson has this to say :

"A merely literary education, got out of books and old literature, is a poor thing enough if the teacher stick at grammatical and syntactical drill ; but if it be indeed an introduction into the thoughtful labors of men of all generations, it may be made the prologue to the mind's emancipation from narrowness—from narrowness of sympathy, of perception, of motive, of purpose and of hope. And the deep fountains of Christian teaching are its most refreshing springs."

This last sentence is suggestive. If, as Professor Ladd says, the university should seek not only the mental but moral culture of the student, and if it is true that the strongest and surest impulse toward worthy action comes from the Christ of history and from the lives of those who have imbibed his principles and spirit, is it too much to say that the whole life of a university ought to be Christocentric, and that its instructors should be, as a prime qualification, men who are thoroughly Christian?

The personal influence of the professors in a university is incalculable. It may be questioned whether the personal element

is not being thrown too much into the background in many modern institutions of higher education. President Jordan, of Leland Stanford Junior University, says :

"The American college, as it existed thirty years ago and more, and as it still exists in some quarters, is distinctly a school for personal culture. Its strongest agency has been the personal influence of devoted men. It has made no effort to give professional training. It has made no pretence of leading in scientific research. A log with Mark Hopkins at one end of it and himself at the other was Garfield's conception of such a college. Even the log is not essential. The earnest teacher is all in all."

Yet President Harper, of the University of Chicago, glories in the fact that the library and the laboratory occupy the places of honor in the modern university. But if we may be allowed rudely to parody the well-known lines of Goldsmith, we would say,

> Ill fares the university, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where libraries and laboratories accumulate and *men* decay.

Still, after all this has been said, it remains true that all education is by means of ideas. The emotions are stirred and the will is moved, no less than the intellect is instructed by ideas. The mind, like the body, needs food and exercise. Ideas are food to the mind, and by analyzing and reconstructing the ideas presented to it, the mind gets its normal exercise and is thus fitted to deal in the future with such ideas as may be presented to it.

As President Wilson points out, "the old discipline of Greek, Latin, mathematics and English" made provision for both these needs of the mind. Literature served for food ; mathematics, for exercise. We shall quote Dr. Wilson's words of appreciation: "The *classical* literatures give us, in tones and with an authentic accent we can nowhere else hear, the thoughts of an age we cannot visit. We shall not anywhere else get a substitute for it. The modern mind has been built upon that culture, and there is no authentic equivalent. . . . Drill in the *mathematics* stands in the same category with familiar knowledge of the thought and speech of classical antiquity, because in them also we get the life-long accepted discipline of the race, the processes of pure reasoning which lie at once at the basis of science and at the basis of philosophy, grounded upon observation and physical fact and yet

abstract, and of the very stuff of the essential processes of the mind, a bridge between reason and nature. . . . I shall attempt no proof that *English* also is of the fundamental group of studies. You will not require me to argue that no man has been made free of the world of thought who does not know the literature, the idiomatic flavor, and the masterful use of his own tongue."

The modern languages are characterized as "the tools of scholarship."

D. C. Macintosh, '03.

(To be Continued.)

MID-YEAR EXAMS.

A cosy, dimly-lighted nook,
A flickering fireplace and a book.
Deep in an easy-chair he dreams
Of old-time Christmas faces, then
He smiles and sighs and dreams again.

This was the student's teacher
As laughter rippled through the home
At Christmas time.

A dreary, dimly-lighted den,
A stack of books, a desk, a pen.
He "plugged" and stormed and "plugged" again,
He crammed and sighed o'er ancient lore,
Slammed shut the book and stamped and—more.

This was the student preacher,
Mocked by the laughter in the home
At Christmas time.

A. E. H.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF LONDON.

The show places of London are so attractive and so inexhaustive that few of us who visit them have much time to devote to the real city itself, the places where the masses of the people live. These places are seldom well known even to Londoners themselves, and so it might not be uninteresting for me to tell you a little about what I have called the seamy side of London; not that part which is soft with the nap of wealth and culture, but where the other side is seen, where poverty is king and vice and crime are rampant.

The slums of East London are chiefly in three parishes, Bethnal Green, Whitechapel, and Limehouse. Of the three, Limehouse is, perhaps, the most typical, and we shall confine ourselves to it more particularly. No doubt the first thing that strikes a visitor to a district such as this is the cheerless monotony of the buildings and streets ; no matter which way one may turn, the same view confronts him. All the streets look the same ; one is in a maze when he cannot get away from the same scene. All the houses are built alike, they butt right on to the streets, with their front doors opening on the sidewalks ; they are closely joined, and usually have a few feet of ground at the back. They are two-storied affairs, and from the outside have the appearance of containing from four to six rooms.

Limehouse church and churchyard make a little break in this wilderness of brick and mortar, but the brown and sickly-looking trees and smoked grass plots but faintly suggest a world of nature and of flowers. Through the side streets one can go for a mile or more and see no green thing. On my first visit I felt that I was the only green thing in existence. One cannot fail to notice that the place is overcrowded. The great, pitiful wail that goes up from the London slums to-day is, give us more room, and until this cry is satisfactorily answered, it is almost useless to attempt educational or moral reform. In the three parishes I have named there is a population of about two million people crowded into a space not more than two miles square. There is not a building site that has not been taken up. The land is so built upon that pure air seldom finds its way into some of the alleyways and side-streets.

To look at one of those tenement houses you and I would think it painfully small for a family of two even, but it is quite common to see three or four women sitting gossiping and quarreling upon one doorstep. I could not understand it at first, I thought them having a neighborly time together, but when every doorstep in the street was filled the same way, it dawned upon me that one of these small places, this one front door, was the sacred portal of home to the families of them all. Think of four families in a house of as many rooms. What can the reformer hope to accomplish in a place like that? This is the general thing and not the exceptional. I knew one man who was above the average, he was sober and earned steady pay of about $6.00 weekly. I asked him how he lived. He said that he had a family of ten children; he lived in two rooms and kept two boarders.

As a result of the overcrowding in tenement houses it is inevitable that the children should all be in the streets. Unless they are packed away for the night, and I cannot conceive how it is done in some families, there is absolutely no room for them indoors, and so the gutters are swarming with children of all ages, from infants who can scarcely crawl. With faces grimy, hair matted and with clothes tattered and filthy, they are a picture fit to make a mother weep. It is serious indeed to think that so great a percentage of the future men and women of England are growing up under conditions such as these.

Then, too, there are thousands of men in East London who are absolutely homeless. Whether they get a night's rest depends upon the day's earnings; if they have been fortunate enough to save 4d. or 6d. they are able to rent a bed—not a room, but just a bed. These beds have been described to me by those who know, but I shall not harrow up your feelings with a description here, suffice it to say that they are let night and day in periods of eight hours each, so very often when one man gets up another weary wanderer is ready to lay himself down and slumber peacefully till awakened and told that his time is up and he must make way for the next.

And, of course, East London is the realm of Poverty—grinding, hopeless, despairing poverty—poverty with no attempt at appearances or deception. It stares at one from the pinched face of many a child, from ill-clad bodies, and from shop windows and

street barrows displaying articles of food and clothing. Very few of the poorest ever get meat at all. A pathetic picture was given not long ago in one of the London comic papers ; it represented a rich little girl from the West End saying to the poor little girl from the East End, "I had a big new doll and a new doll's house and carriage and dresses for my Christmas presents ;" to which the poor little girl replied, "That ain't nothin', we had meat for dinner." If any of us are feeling out of sorts with the world and discontented that we have not more of its goods, I venture to say that a visit to Limehouse Causeway or Limehouse Hole would be a powerful sermon on contentment.

I have dealt thus far with the general aspects of the place, those things which are evident to the visitor on the surface of things. Let me now speak of the people themselves, of the different classes of society to be found there. From our altitude in the social scale we are apt to look down upon these people and consider them, as a mass, the submerged tenth. We gaze at them as we would at ants, and take no thought of the differences between them ; but as the scientist looks at the ants through the microscope and finds various kinds differing widely, so let us look for a while at these people.

The largest class is that of the native East Londoner, those who were born there, whose parents were born there, and who, for generations, have grown up in that environment. They are, as a rule, a stupid lot, unambitious, without ideas, without the rudiments of education, and with no aim in life but to eat and drink and sleep. They are the great body of unskilled labor. The men, when they work, do stevedore work on the docks or load vans and pile goods. They do the digging and rough manual labor which requires no application of mind. Many of the young men go to sea and learn a few things, and very often make first-class sailors and men-of-war's men. The women of this class do little regular work so far as I know. I have seen them on their doorsteps or gossiping in the churchyard at all hours of the day.

The young unmarried girls work in jam factories and confectionery works. They are a distinct feature of East London society. "'Arriet" is the accepted name for this young lady, and a truly picturesque figure she makes with her black coat and skirt and her hat trimmed with huge black feathers. Her work is hard,

but there is plenty of female companionship, and she is at the age of unresponsible fun, where she cannot take a serious view of life. One must clear the track when a bevy of these young ladies has possession of the roadway. Down the street they come, four abreast, laughing and shouting at the passers-by and at one another. They stop where a hurdy-gurdy begins to play and waltz up and down the pavement, their heels and feathers flying in tune to the music.

The courtship of these coy young maidens is none the less interesting because it is open. You, young swain, who are backward and shy, go to Limehouse and learn your lesson. Who is not familiar with the pictures of 'Arry and 'Arriet as they go arm in arm up the street? They make no secret of their joy; probably 'Arry has 'Arriet's 'at on, and she his. Up and down they parade, calling to similar couples and kicking up a good time generally. Well, let them have their fun now, for the time will soon come when youth and joy pass by and they take their places with the old women of the court, quarreling and drinking, and passing through life with but few interests beyond these.

Besides this class, there are people who are not contented in East London, who seem foreign to the place, who do not join in the amusements, quarrels and gossiping of their neighbors, but hold themselves aloof; those who have come down to this life from better things through crime or misfortune. There is a woman, leading her child by the hand; her form is wrapped in a shawl, and under her arm is a parcel she is carrying citywards. She gains her scant livelihood by doing tailor work for the large houses in the city. Her husband is good for nothing and a reprobate, too lazy to turn his hand to anything, discouraged and weak-spirited. His poor wife will die soon and he will be left "without any visible means of support." Those in the deepest, most wretched poverty are not the people who were born and bred there, but those who have been forced down by their own folly or cruel fate. After they have tried and struggled and failed, they drift there to end their days in oblivion.

As one studies the faces of those to be met in the streets, he sees a class of people whose crime has brought them here. Here is a place where they can hide, where, amid these obscure streets and houses, and amid this mass of people, they can pass their days

unobserved by the world outside. Those, sons of good families very often, who cannot go back to the life they have left. Political exiles from continental cities are to be seen here, men who, like ex-Major Esterhazy, come to end their days in poverty and shame where the eyes of the world cannot seek them out.

I cannot speak of East London without giving the drink traffic a place. We see about us everywhere wretchedness and poverty, vice and crime, and surely if a cause be found for it all we have no language strong enough with which to denounce it. From what I have been able to judge, it seems to me that the public houses are responsible for the greater part of the poverty, crime and immorality to be found there. Situated at almost every corner is one of these places. Home is only a place to sleep and eat in, and the rest of the time, noon hours and evenings, is spent here. Men, women and children alike come in at the family bar and drink their beer. The very currency is nicknamed according to its beer-purchasing capacity. I once saw a man drop a penny, and he called to his mate to "pick up that half-pint for him."

The public house is the place for family quarrels and neighborly spats, where words end in blows and are followed very often by a police court scene on the following morning. It is amusing to see how a woman will denounce her good husband, who has struck her, in terms too hot to repeat, and then get up in the police court next morning and stand by him to uphold and justify all that he has said and done.

All the money that is not spent on food and an occasional article of clothing is spent over the bar at the public house. The money that should and could save the family from the poorhouse later on, that would gain medical aid for mother or child when disease has brought them to death's door; the money that would save their dead from the disgrace of a pauper's burial, that money which would come in so handy to tide the family over a pinch—all goes to swell the coffers of rich men, great men, who are respectable and good and wise, who sit in England's councils and legislative bodies, and talk glibly about reforming the lower classes. It would surprise one to know the number of government men, peers and even churchmen whose fortune has been made in the breweries and distilleries which are ruining these people.

Near Limehouse are situated the East and West India Docks.

London has ceased to be the greatest port in the world, she cannot accommodate the vast amount of tonnage that is handled at Liverpool or New York, and yet to me London docks are the most interesting. Ocean greyhounds, the Atlantic liners of modern type, do not come to London, but here may be seen the older boats, the veterans of ocean traffic. Time-worn, slow old freighters come here and discharge their cargoes. Freight boats from all over the world, from Canada and America, Australia and South Africa, from Europe and the Mediterranean ports, are to be seen lying side by side, their sailors lounging and smoking together. Then, too, the old sailing ships come up to London ; Liverpool has scarcely room for such as these, her space is all taken up with larger craft, but along the piers in these docks are to be seen the relics of a past age of shipping, the types of which we have so often read, which figure in pirate stories and tales of the merchant marine. How interesting they are with their white scrubbed decks and their heavy spars and tackling ; what tales they could tell of strange climes, of mutinies and of wrecks !

At these docks there is what I would call an asylum for worn-out vessels. Old ships of all kinds that have weathered the gales and billows of ocean for many years are here, in one great basin, given their final anchorage, and only await the auctioneer's hammer ere they are taken apart. Old packets upon which our forefathers made many a successful journey to Calais or Ostend, old hulls that have been dismantled, their hatches boarded up and their funnels capped over, rest at their final berth in peace, their work well done, their day finished and their haven reached.

The river itself, at Limehouse, has much of interest to the visitor. Through a narrow, winding street, called Three Colt St., we come to Thames Alley, and through it are led to Limehouse Pier. Speaking of Three Colt St. reminds me that I once saw a butcher there beating a sickly-looking, sad-eyed dog out of his shop with the broad-side of his carving knife, and then go on cutting steaks as if nothing had happened.

But, returning to Limehouse Pier, the place has some redeeming features. Here one looks out upon old Father Thames as he has been for many generations. Up-stream, above the Tower, and down at Greenwich, the onward march of progress has done much to alter the shore line and obliterate the old landmarks,

but just here the place has been left alone. The old houses, dry-docks, wharves and piers are about the same to-day as when Dickens peopled them with his characters and immortalized its scenes in his pages. Out before us we see the dark flowing water upon which craft of all kinds is plying to and fro. What a picture it makes out there in the foggy, mysterious river! There is the outline of a boat from Norway bringing ice to cool the parched London tongues. She will anchor pretty soon, and transfer her cargo to barges which are waiting for her. That black steamer, with the black and red funnel, is from the Rhine. She will unload her cargo of wines and things "made in Germany" at the foot of London Bridge. Yonder is a Dutchman laden with cheese. Here comes down the stream a great pleasure-boat; she is bound for Ostend, and her decks are black with passengers.

Here, also, is a scene which I have witnessed more than once. That dark-flagged launch out there is of the river police force; it is making its way to some object it has discovered on the surface of the water, or left by the tide upon the muddy strand. See, it has secured the object and is towing it to where we sit on Limehouse Pier. We watch, and are horror-stricken to see a human body tethered to the tow-line. We see the policeman land and go up the street, and presently the black van and box come down, and soon all that is left of some poor fellow is dumped in and driven off. Short is the coroner's verdict, "Found drowned," and if not claimed, a hole is dug in the potters' field into which he is thrown, sometimes with five or six others, covered up, and forgotten. Somebody's son, somebody's husband or father, given a place with the paupers, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Limehouse Pier is a great place for the boys; here the little ragamuffins of the slums congregate in large numbers and go swimming. This is prohibited by law, and they often have a close run for it, clothes in hand, to escape the punitive palm of the policeman, who usually makes a red mark on the boy he catches. It is truly ridiculous to see these dirty little gaffers diving into that water. I am told that Harriet Beecher Stowe, while standing on the landing stage at Liverpool and looking down at the none too clean water below, was heard to utter, as she held her nose, the well-known Shakespearian line, "The quality of Mersey is not strained." I am afraid that the quality of the Thames is even less

strained. It is about the thickness of pea-soup, and the boys who go in generally come out the dirtier for their bath. Here is the recruiting ground for the navy of the Empire and for merchant vessels all over the world. These boys by thousands learn to swim, and are familiar with ships and sailors almost as soon as they have learned to walk.

To the left of the pier is an old-fashioned dry-dock which works with the tide. At high tide the dock is full and the gates are opened for the ship to go in. When the tide goes down the water runs out, the gates are closed, and the vessel is high and dry. Many an old ship comes here to have the barnacles scraped from her and to be caulked up for another term at sea.

But while we have been waiting, the ferry boat, which runs every half hour, has come in, and we must get aboard if we wish to go citywards. We leave Limehouse and begin our journey up stream. Soon in the foggy distance we see the great Tower Bridge, and soon we are passing under the old Tower itself. In the gloom of evening the great dome of St. Paul's seems to gather up the city as a hen gathers her brood under wings. We pass on, and as the lights of London begin to flicker here and there, we see the great dial of the Westminster clock light up and hear the boom of Big Ben telling us that the day is done. So we land at Westminster Bridge, where we are on familiar ground, and may well be left to take care of ourselves.

T. McC. Dadson, '06.

QUATRAIN.

O tell me, Soul sublime,
  Whence to this life and whither?
O'er world on world I climb
  To God who sent me hither.

Eustace.

A MORNING WITH DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN IN UNION CHAPEL.

I had not been in Manchester very long when I began to feel a strong desire to hear its poet-preacher. Many strangers from over the sea, I am informed, flock to Union Chapel for a morning service, and on a beautiful autumn morning quite recently I found myself one of them.

It might be said of this now famous chapel that it is beautiful for situation (if there be such a thing as beauty in Manchester). It is situated in a rather superior residential neighborhood, on one of the best known streets, opposite a fine public park. On arriving at my destination I was ushered into a pew about half-way down the aisle, by a typically polite and genteel-looking young Englishman. He courteously opened the pew door, and as I worked myself round it I could not help but fancy how I would have enjoyed warming my hands at a bonfire made of about 500 of these awkward and unnecessary relics of bygone days. However, my seat was an excellent one. The interior of the church, in size, style, and the position of the choir and pulpit, would remind a Torontonian of the Metropolitan Methodist Church.

The pews were rapidly being filled up, and I was interested in some members of the choir anxiously arranging their books, hats and hair, when I noticed a small, frail hand grasp the rail, and a flaxen-grey head upon a somewhat bent frame slowly rise up the pulpit steps. It was the venerable "Doctor." When he lifted his head from a few moments of silent prayer, his face came full into view, and I saw it at once picturesque and impressive. A fine forehead, well-defined nose and prominent chin, set off on what appeared to be a very suitable background of long, glossy-white hair, is the picture in my mind's eye at this moment, and around which I centre the earnest words which fell from his lips on that, to me, auspicious occasion.

Softly, yet audibly, he announced a hymn, and the service was begun. A reading from the 107th Psalm followed. After the singing and chanting, in which the congregation seemed to join heartily, another reading, and an earnest, simple-worded prayer, the text was announced, Rev. 22, 3-4 : "His servants shall serve

Him : and they shall see His face : and His name shall be in their foreheads." Dr. Maclaren's voice at once betrayed his Scotch rearing, yet it was surprisingly mellow and soft. The rolling of the letter "r" and the characteristic harshness of his native dialect have no doubt been tempered by his long association with Lancashire folk. His subject, "Service, Sight, and Likeness," gives at once a general idea of his treatment of the text.

After a lucid expository introduction, he went on to deal with the conception that the life beyond is one of active occupation and continual ministration. Quoting the text, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God," he exclaimed, with fervent yet simple eloquence, "Rest. Ah yes. From toil—yes. From trouble—yes. From unwelcome effort—yes. From weary dragging at the chain and walking in the mill-horse round—yes. From activity"—and then, thrusting out his soft, frail hands, his whole body trembling with earnestness, he cried, "Never ! The rest of God is intensest action."

It was a very solemn and impressive climax, and seemed to reach the hearts of all present. It reminded me of the lines in Matthew Arnold's "Rugby Chapel" :—

> O strong soul, by what shore
> Tarriest thou now ? For that force,
> Surely, has not been left vain !
> Somewhere, surely, afar
> In the sounding labor-house vast
> Of being, is practised that strength,
> Zealous, beneficent, firm !
> Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
> Conscious or not of the past,
> Still thou performest the word
> Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,
> Prompt, unwearied, as here !

I even fancied I saw a resemblance in the graceful diction of the preacher to that of the poet's as I followed his golden-coined phrases.

Taking up the second division, "His servants shall see Him," he quoted several apparently contradictory texts on this point, and thought they might be explained by saying that, whilst some deny the possibility of sensuous vision or of adequate comprehension, others affirm the possibility of an apprehension of God so close, so

real, so valid, and bringing such certainty of conviction, that it may fairly be paralleled with sight ; and "that is so," he continued, "even here on earth, to the pure heart, which is the eye of the spirit in regard of all that is divine. People say, 'Seeing is believing ;' the New Testament paradox is that 'believing is seeing,' and that the vision of faith is in some senses more blessed and in no sense less certain than is the vision of the eye. 'Blessed are they that have not seen, yet have believed.'"

His conclusion affirmed that the old conflict between a life of activity and a life of contemplation is solved and harmonized ; Mary and Martha are linked together. Perpetual service is blended wth perpetual gazing upon God. And then, with an earnest and beseeching final appeal that all might know of the Master's service in this world, the sermon was completed. I felt I had not listened in vain.

As the organ pealed forth its parting offertory and the congregation began to disperse, and as this venerable and frail old servant of God slowly and feebly descended the little pulpit steps and on out of sight, one felt with awful force the sad and thrilling thought that we would soon again be forced to see the going out of yet another of those glowing lamps—the last of an old school of preachers we have loved long since and lost awhile, a school of which, even yet, this poor dark world is in so much need.

Henry Bury, '02.

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Editorial Notes.

BOTH Faculty and students learned with regret that our much loved senior professor, Dr. Welton, had been ordered to Clifton Springs to obtain the recuperation necessary for carrying on his work. They were highly delighted to welcome him back on Wednesday, the 21st inst., and to observe his cheerful spirit and renewed strength.

MID-YEAR examinations are a new experience for the professors and students of McMaster, as may be gathered from the amusing verses printed in another part of THE MONTHLY. Hitherto, annual examinations in the latter part of April have been the rule; but henceforth semi-annual tests will be given at mid-year on certain subjects of the general course. In the special courses, on the contrary, only annual examinations will be held, as in the past. Though the old system was not without distinct advantages, it

was, on the whole, not altogether satisfactory. For some years various members of the Senate and Faculty have felt that better results might be obtained by making some modifications in the system, but no definite step was taken until last October, when the present plan was adopted by the Senate and put into immediate operation. For the benefit of those of our graduates and friends who are interested in education and in such changes as take place in the University, we shall endeavor briefly to explain what the new system is.

At the outset it may be well to say that the aim of the Senate is not to emphasize the examinations, or to increase their number, but rather from them to obtain for the students the fullest service they are capable of rendering in the process of education. No one, not even the undergraduates, knows better than the professors that examinations are not an end ; that they are merely a means to an end, and that therefore modifications of them should look towards making them a more efficient factor in education. This has been the guiding principle of the authorities in the change from the old to the new system. It may be said, furthermore, that the new plan is by no means untried. We are not familiar with mid-year examinations in Ontario, but educationists in the maritime provinces and in the great American universities, such as Harvard and Chicago, have tested them for many years with apparently satisfactory results. There are, therefore, grounds for hoping that with us the experiment may prove successful.

Practically, the change is not as great as it may seem. It consists mainly in the division of the examinations into two parts. Heretofore, these two parts have come in consecutive weeks in April; hereafter, the first part will be at mid-year, and the second in April. In the large majority of subjects the number of papers will be the same as in the past, though in a few instances there will be an additional paper. In the case of half-year subjects, that is, subjects on which lectures end at Christmas (for example, Ethics of the Fourth Year), the students will be examined when they are familiar with the work instead of three months later. The gain therefrom is obvious. Not only will the somewhat artificial and laborious review in the spring be unnecessary, but also more liberty will be obtained for better work on the subjects of the second half-year. Moreover, should a fourth year student fail at

mid-year on one of these half-year subjects, he will be permitted to write on a supplemental in April, and if successful will be able to take his degree with his fellow-graduates in May. In the case of subjects running throughout the full year, the first examination will be on the work completed at Christmas. Better work will be done in the autumn term in preparation for this examination, and the annual spring grind on the earlier work will be largely lessened. Success at mid-year will stimulate earnest students, and comparative failure will spur the lagging ones. The results of the mid-year and spring examinations will be combined in the same way as the marks obtained heretofore on the two papers in April have been added together. Altogether, then, it is hoped that under the new system better results will be obtained with less mental and physical strain on the students. It is to be remembered, also, that in several subjects of the general course no change has been made, (for the simple reason that the character of the subject does not permit of an examination after only three months' lectures), and that the new system does not apply to special subjects at all. Every effort has been made to obviate too extensive or too sudden a break with the past. The experience of this year goes to show, nevertheless, that when their novelty has disappeared the mid-year examinations will commend themselves to all concerned. It is to be regretted, of course, that the examinations have to be held immediately after the Christmas vacation, for undoubtedly the prospect of them interferes with the full enjoyment of the holiday season. It may be that time will disclose a plan whereby this objection may be removed. Under present conditions, however, no other time is suitable.

We are glad to welcome the *Moulton Heliconian*, a quarterly paper published by the students of Moulton College. It is a visible evidence of the literary ability of the young ladies of Moulton, and of the increasing importance and success of the college. The editorial staff may well be congratulated on the excellent quality of the contents of the first number. Essay, story, poem, editorial and art comment, and chronicle of college life, all combine to make an attractive number. If the young ladies in charge are able to produce an equally interesting amount of reading-matter in

succeeding issues, they may be assured of success. The outward appearance of the paper and its mechanical make-up are worthy of the school it represents. We may be permitted especially to compliment the editors on the artistic design that decorates the cover. This, on a background of a rich shade of dark green, has a very pleasing effect, and will satisfy the most fastidious taste. We congratulate Mrs. Wells and the young ladies of Moulton on their possession of a college journal, and trust that the *Heliconian* may be entering on a long and successful career of usefulness in connection with Moulton College.

One of the interesting features of the Founder's Day "At Home" was the unveiling of a portrait of the late Daniel Arthur McGregor, who was Principal of Toronto Baptist College in 1889. This was the gift of a well-known friend of the University, whose name is not to be disclosed to the public. On behalf of the Faculty and students The Monthly herewith tenders sincere thanks to the generous giver. It is understood that other portraits of persons well known in the educational history of Ontario Baptists may soon adorn the walls of Castle Memorial Hall. We trust that it will not be long before the face of Dr. Fyfe may look down upon us and serve as an inspiration to all who enter the Chapel. What friend of the University will supply our manifest lack in this regard?

Book Reviews.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.*

This book is of much greater value than its unpretentious size would indicate. It is "written for students and general readers," and meets a real need. The study of general Church history has not hitherto been popular with the mass of thinking men, partly, perhaps mainly, because the subject, though of deep and thrilling interest in itself, has not usually been presented in such a form as to make its facts conveniently accessible and interesting to the

*A Short History of the Christian Church. By Prof. John W. Moncrief, A.M. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1902. pp. 456. $1.50.

general reader. Such histories as those of Mosheim, Neander, and Schaff, though of incalculable value to the special student, are too bulky and extensive for readers whose time is severely limited, while shorter histories which attempt to cover the same territory are sometimes little more than a mass of information well dried, tightly packed and stacked up. Their effect upon the mind of the student is usually confusion and dismay. Professor Moncrief has made a worthy attempt to rescue the beginner in the study of Church history from this predicament, and at the same time he has rendered a service to the specialist and the teacher. The development of the Church is traced from its beginnings through the whole of the Christian era, the great outstanding movements are carefully but briefly described, their relation to the facts of so-called secular history is kept in mind, for the author, quite properly, regards Church history as "an organic part of general history," and the whole is interspersed with quotations from original sources and comments by the author. The needs of the specialist are not overlooked, and the reader is encouraged to investigate along any particular line to which he may be inclined. The first ten pages of the introduction are taken up with a discriminating discussion of the best literature on the subject, and each topic is prefaced by a bibliography. The result of the attempt to give the results of long and painstaking study is not a mere skeleton, as one might fear, but a living body. Moreover, the truth is never forgotten that the importance of the study of Church history rests upon its positive support to the religious spirit. "The history of the Church when profoundly and sympathetically studied has no place for pessimism." "The agitations which trouble so many good people to-day are allayed the moment they take a long and large view of history. There has always been 'theological unrest in the world,' and there will be till the millenium." "We have learned that it is not God's plan to bring things to pass suddenly. He holds all the forces of history in His omnipotent hands . . . until at last . . . they accomplish His eternal purposes."

If one felt inclined to criticize, he might take exception to the author's definition of Church history, which emphasizes the teachings of Jesus, rather than the spirit of fellowship he bestowed, as the central point in the historical development. Also I think the work would be improved by a more adequate discussion of the

Anabaptist influence upon the age of the Reformation and its connection with present-day Christianity. The mechanical execution of the work is a credit to the publishers, and the price is exceedingly moderate. G. C.

A FIRST CENTURY MESSAGE TO TWENTIETH CENTURY CHRISTIANS.*

This volume comes to us from the press of the Fleming H. Revell Co., in tasty green cover with gold lettering ; the paper is good and type clear. But the best part of the book is its contents. The author is G. Campbell Morgan, who, though still a comparatively young man, has won his way well to the front by his writings, his addresses, and his leadership of the work at Northfield.

"A First Century Message" is a book of 217 pages, divided into nine chapters. One—introductory—treats of the book of the Revelation as a whole ; a second, of the vision and voice as seen by the Apostle John in the Isle of Patmos, and the remaining seven are an exposition and an application of the contents of the epistles to the seven churches in Asia.

With keen insight, severe condemnation of sin, constant sympathy for the erring, and broad charity, the author brings out the truth and applies it to present-day conditions. As we read we are impressed with the abiding freshness of God's word. So clearly do these epistles reflect the spirit and the life of our modern churches, that they might have been written yesterday instead of centuries ago. We are delighted with Mr. Morgan's uncompromising loyalty to the person and teachings of the Lord. The language in which he writes is clear and incisive, and there are often found passages of real beauty. He uses illustrations sparingly, but what he does employ are appropriate and illuminating. There is a rich mine of suggestion in this volume for the faithful and fearless preacher ; and anyone who wishes to understand the portion of the Revelation dealt with cannot do better than furnish himself with a copy of the book. S. S. B.

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* A First Century Message to Twentieth Century Christians. By G. Campbell Morgan. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

CANADIAN SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS.*

This is an album of twenty Canadian poets, with autograph copies of selections from their poetry. The portraits are good and the selections well-chosen and representative. Our Doctor Rand is given the place of honor at the beginning of the volume. Every lover of Canadian verse will be glad of the publication of the little booklet with its attractive cover and appropriate title. One misses, however, the names of Bliss Carman and Duncan Campbell Scott in the list of poets. H. P.

NATURE STUDY.†

This is a collection of papers by members of the staff of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. Excellent illustrations add materially to the value of the volume. The reading of "Nature Study" gives a good idea of the practical work done at the O. A. C., and also proves how interestingly and helpfully a master of his subject can write of the common things of every-day life. P.

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*Canadian Singers and Their Songs. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

†Nature Study, or Stories in Agriculture. By Members of the Staff of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. Published by the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. A. RAY, '03.

FOUNDER'S DAY.—With the close of another fall term, Founder's Day, with its usual At Home, has come and gone, leaving behind it many pleasant memories. The university building was prettily decorated and made ready for the occasion by the small band of students whose loyalty had not been completely shattered by the attractions of home festivities, or the threatening aspect of mid-year examinations. In the absence of Chancellor Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. Welton, in their genial and cordial way, received the guests in Castle Memorial Hall. One of the most interesting features of the evening was the unveiling of a portrait of the late Daniel Arthur McGregor, Principal of Toronto Baptist College in 1889, and its presentation to the University by Dr. S. S. Bates. In presenting to the university this portrait of one who had stood at the head of affairs before the university had received its charter, Dr. Bates spoke briefly of Principal McGregor's many excellent qualities as a Christian man, and his sympathy and zeal for the higher education. The gift was received on behalf of the university by the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Hon. John Dryden, to whom the striking likeness just unveiled brought back most vividly the memories of their association together. The portrait is the gift of an anonymous donor.

The orchestras, placed one on the platform of Castle Memorial Hall, and the other on the second floor of the main building, then began to pour forth sounds harmonious and inviting, and promenading became the order of the evening. The guests were free to go where fancy bid, and some looked into class-rooms, "bare and bald," others inspected the students' rooms, thereby catching a glimpse of the many-sided student life, while others again found their way to the dining-room, where light refreshments were being served. The students are greatly indebted to the wives of the members of the Faculty, who relieved them of all the responsibility of refreshments and contributed so generously and willingly to the success of the whole function. Altogether the At Home was very enjoyable and a decided success, but it is to be regretted that, since it was partly a students' function, so few undergraduates were present to enjoy it and assist in entertaining the friends of the university.

The Christmas vacation has run its course. Like other institutions of frail humanity, this festive season had its beginning and its end. For McMaster students the short holiday was not as in other years, since all the merriment was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and that thought the one that is generally calculated to disturb the student's equanimity. Mid-year exams. are an innovation at McMaster. Previous records bear no traces of their passing, and the goddess of fate has usually slumbered until spring, thus leaving the student free to forget himself and his work, but this year some unhuman power has made havoc of his sweet repose. The advantages of the semi-annual examinations will be more manifest next May, when the student will not be under the necessity of reviewing lectures on subjects that have passed into comparative oblivion. This annual resurrection was a severe tax on the student's energy, patience and forbearance, and there is a general feeling of relief that this demand will not be made three months hence. The students of the university appreciate the effort that has been made for a more equal division of labor, and if the powers that be can devise a method whereby our struggles at the small tables shall have the inspiration of a prospective Christmas vacation, the lasting gratitude of the present and future years shall be their reward.

That "eternal vigilance is the price of safety" was amply exemplified recently by a dignified senior who, after a hearty meal, retired to rest, and like Hamlet, "perhaps to dream." In this case the disturbing element was a faint irridescence appearing upon his mental horizon and gradually increasing until it took the form of a "star," in the halo of which he deciphered the letters e-t-h-i-c-s. So marked was the impression that sleep was an impossibility until two hours of midnight oil had been poured out as a libation at the shrine of Mackenzie to avert the impending disaster that had cast its shadow before.

The last Saturday afternoon debate before Christmas was not well attended but to those who did go there was much interest in the subject, "Resolved, that poverty is due more to economic than to moral causes." The affirmative was led by D. A. McGregor, '05, and the negative by H. B. Moyle, '06. The spirited debate was followed by a mirth-provoker from the judge, W. C. Riddiford. Among other things he concluded that the negative had won. . . . The last meeting of the society for the first term was held on Saturday, Dec. 20th, when officers for the present term were elected. The ballot returns resulted in the following elections: President, G. W. Gorman, '05; secretary,

W. G. Carpenter, '05 ; committee, E. Viens, '05, T. Mc. C. Dadson, '06, and F. C. Mabee, '04.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The annual meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Tuesday evening, December 9th. The President, Dr. Farmer, occupied the chair and with him on the platform were Rev. Dr. Weeks and the speaker of the evening, Rev. Griffith O. Johnston, pastor of Prospect Ave. Baptist Church, Buffalo. Dr. Farmer opened the meeting with devotional exercises, and afterward called for the annual report of the society, which was read by the secretary. This report gave a short history of the society, setting forth its aims and methods and giving an adequate statement of the work attempted during the past year.

"The Great World Conflict" was the subject of Dr. Johnston's address. The presentation of the subject was clear, forcible and conclusive, and the treatment was in keeping with the great importance of the theme. Dr. Johnston's words will long be remembered by those whose privilege it was to hear him. The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Weeks.

The following morning the students met for their regular monthly session. As usual, the first half-hour of the session was a time of devotion and prayer under the leadership of the Vice-President. Rev. W. H. Porter then addressed those present on "The Secret of Divine Guidance," showing its simplicity and applicability to human life. An informal conference was then held in which many practical questions were asked and answered by both students and professors. The Rev. Mr. Brock and Dr. Smith, returned missionaries from India, followed with brief but earnest addresses on the work in India. Professor McLay then gave a summing up of the thought of the session and made some helpful suggestions as to their bearing on everyday life.

Great interest is taken by McMaster students in the approaching concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir. The usual large subscription list from the Hall is more than trebled. Subscribers will be glad to know that among the good things given by the choir and the Pittsburg orchestra, separately and in combination, the Carmen numbers, so popular last year, will be given at the first concert, on the 11th. A violin solo of Saint Saëns will be given and several numbers by Dr. Elgar. On the 12th the tenor soloist will take part and the chief feature of the programme will be Hiawatha's Wedding Feast by Coleridge-Taylor.

We were sorry to learn on our return from the holidays that Dr. Welton was ill. We miss very much his kindly face. Among those who teach we know of no one who brings into the class

room more of enthusiasm and life, or who wins from his pupils more of honor and love, than our senior professor. We trust that his brief rest at Clifton Springs may restore his usual good health. May he long be spared to go in and out among us.

Castle Memorial Hall, Jan. 7th. Between the hours of 9 and 12 a.m. here to-day there occurred several eclipses of the sun. Although not noted in Ayer's Almanac, they were predicted by the professor in Astronomy. Smoked glass not being provided, there was some doubt as to whether they were all partial or not. However, reports have been sent to the head observatory. We are informed that some time last fall a photographer gazing through his lens saw, not far from this planet, a number of shining orbs till then not recognized as being among the luminaries of the celestial sphere. He states that sometimes they approach near enough to this planet to be seen with the naked eye and that they may be detected by the white filmy ring which he saw surrounding each one. On this account we hope that having looked into the above mentioned reports, the powers that be will announce that there was no total eclipse. Should a total eclipse have been possible at that time, it is just probable that some of these newly-found and much-prized luminaries may lose their white rings and hence not be distinguishable from the millions of lesser stars.

Intercollegiate Debate.—Our first intercollegiate debate of the 1902-3 term was with Victoria University on the evening of Friday, December 12th. The popular subject of British army conscription occasioned a large audience. The programme commenced with a solo by Mr. F. W. K. Harris, after which followed the debate. The subject was : "Resolved, that for defensive warfare of the empire a compulsory military or naval training of two years for every able-bodied male citizen between the ages of 18 and 23 would be advantageous to Great Britain and Ireland and Canada." The affirmative was taken by the McMaster representatives, Messrs. A. E. Haydon, B.A., and E. A. Brownlee, B.A., and the negative by Messrs. G. H. Gray and A. N. St. John, B.A., of Victoria. The leader of the affirmative, Mr. Haydon, opened the debate and favored conscription on the following grounds : Britain's defence is utterly inadequate, in the number and the quality of the men and the efficiency of the service ; the present system fails to meet the needs ; the present system is unfair, conscription would be the surest foundation of imperial unity. He was followed by Mr. G. H. Gray, of Victoria, who contended that such conscription was contrary to British principles ; would drain the natural resources, and that Britain had always had a sufficient force at command. Mr. E. A. Brownlee then elaborated the

following arguments *re* conscription: that it would give security from invasion, that it would improve the efficiency of the army; that it would be the surest guarantee of the maintenance of British rights and liberties; that it would make for the highest physical and moral well-being of the nation; that it would be a beginning of a solution of the slum problem; that it would be the surest guarantee of peace; and that it would be the strongest barrier to the decay of national life. Mr. A. N. St. John, B.A., in the concluding speech for the negative, pointed out that the measures proposed by the affirmative were unnecessary, as the condition of the British armament was not so serious as had been claimed. In conclusion, he advocated a system of training, which he considered more advantageous than the compulsory system. The pointed and vigorous five-minute reply of Mr. Haydon summed up the arguments of the affirmative, and strongly contested the remaining points of the negative. Then followed a vocal solo by Mr. M. C. Lane and an instrumental by Mr. A. B. Rankin. The judges, Father Teefy, Dr. McLennan and Mr. Montgomery, decided in favor of the affirmative. Then followed loud acclamations of joy from the lusty throats of the men of the green and black. Apropos of the rejoinders to the New Year salutation, we join in with "Many (at least two) more of them."

One of the most interesting features of our college life has been lost. We doubt if now our boys will ever win renown at Rugby since the opportunity for daily practice during the winter months has been taken from them. We refer to the removal of the mail box to its present position on the landing of the stairway leading to the lower regions. In its old position there was always a chance to crowd in and give the man who distributes the mail a lively time. We sometimes wondered whether it was the hope of a letter or the pure love of a "scrap" that gathered the expectant crowd so regularly every morning. Now removed from the reading room, which heretofore formed a convenient gathering place for the clans, the old mail box has been deprived of the picturesque scrimmage which each morning went on about its base.

Special Philosophy Student (to friend)—"I have deliberately come to the conclusion that you are—nothing." Friend—"Have a care! I'll punch—" Student—"Hold, 'tis thus—You only exist for me in consciousness."

Irate Professor—"Well, can you translate guter alter roter wein?" Intending theologian (confidently)—"Good old rotten wine."

In an article on college slang, President Thwing, of Western Reserve University, presents an interesting array of barbarism that only students can interpret. "Different languages," he says, "have different words and phrases, but a few are common to all, such as 'swipe,' 'soak,' 'josh,' 'goose egg,' 'grind,' 'crib.' An easy-going student is said to be 'porky' (very poor) in this work and is in danger of being 'rusticated' (suspended). Of course, he must become a 'repeater' if he hopes ever to get his 'rag' (diploma). If the man is a good student he will probably get the reputation of being a 'whale' (a phenomenal student)."—*Ex.*

It has been opportunely suggested that the appropriators of magazines from the reading room be given four years' undergraduate and a three years' post-graduate course in Ethics.

A new society has been formed among our men students known as the "S. C. F.," or Society of Clean Faces. It is not absolutely necessary to belong to this fraternity, but it is deemed most advisable to be elected to its fold in order to escape the punishment which might fall upon lips and chins in consequence of not concurring with its rules and regulations. There are only two members of the Arts classes and a comparative few in Theology who have failed to apply for admission into this select order, and it is probable that in the near future all will have conformed. The object of the society is to make possible, encourage and promote discontinuance of the "obnoxious weeds" that disfigure the human face. It does not permit of any hair on the face at a greater length than a ten days' growth, without plausible excuse. These regulations were seriously considered by the most intelligent students of the university, who finally came to the conclusion that it would be in the best interests of the university, and in consequence this society was instituted.

It is gratifying to know that Mr. Pritchard, whose ailment recently developed acutely, is progressing very favorably at the Western Hospital, and expects to be at the Hall again before long.

John G. Whiten, '04, who last fall had the misfortune while playing football to break his leg, has been for some time convalescent, and expects to be with us in a few days.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: S. M. McLAY, '03.

Now that the Christmas examinations are over the students have more time to look after their physical welfare. Hockey and skating are the principal sports indulged in. McMaster has made the necessary arrangements for the use of Varsity rink. The hockey team succeeded in procuring good hours for practice, and are hard at work training for their first league match. Last year's team, with the exception of the cover-point, is intact, and with a large number of aspirants to choose from, the team should be a good one. The forward line will be nearly the same as last year, but much faster. Since last season they have all developed in strength and speed. The defence are playing well together, and will show themselves to be as good as, if not superior to, that of last year. The team, as a whole, is well balanced, and ought to give a good account of itself.

THE editor of this department is in receipt of a neat little hand-book, containing the constitution, rules of the game, and the schedule of the Canadian Intercollegiate Hockey Union for 1902-3. The only difference between these rules and those adopted by the Ontario Hockey Association is in reference to off-side playing. The rule reads, "When a player hits the puck, anyone of the same side who, at such moment of hitting, is nearer the opponents' goal line, is out of play, and may not touch the puck himself or in any way whatever prevent any other player from doing so until the puck has been played. A player should always be on his own side of the puck." This simply means that one player cannot skate another player on-side. This rule is also used by the Provinces of Manitoba and Quebec, and is considered to make the game faster. It prevents loafing and keeps each player more in the game. Under this rule McMaster will do well, despite the fact that none of the team have played under it until this year. All the players are practising diligently, and by using a strict referee for every practice they have developed in this style in a manner gratifying to both the captain and the manager.

THE schedules of both the senior and intermediate series have been arranged. Since the league was formed McGill II. team has dropped out, and thus Bishop's College was forced to do likewise, as the expense involved would be too great to play at Kingston or Toronto, whereas they would have played at Montreal. The schedule for the senior teams is :—

Jan. 16	. . . . .	Toronto University at Queen's
Jan. 23	. . . . .	Queen's at McGill
Jan. 30	. . . . .	McGill at Toronto University
Feb. 6	. . . . .	Queen's at Toronto University
Feb. 13	. . . . .	McGill at Queen's
Feb. 20	. . . . .	Toronto University at McGill

The Toronto intermediate schedule was drawn up as follows :

Jan. 19	. . . . .	McMaster at Varsity
Jan. 23	. . . . .	Trinity Arts at Varsity
Jan. 30	. . . . .	Trinity Arts at McMaster

Queen's II. and the Royal Military College of Kingston arranged for home and home games. Their first match was played on Tuesday, Jan. 13th, and resulted in a victory for R. M. C. by a score of 14 to 4. The game was a fast one, and from the reports of it the winners will be a difficult proposition to solve. Constantine, of last year's Upper Canada College champion team, played forward for R. M. C. and put up a strong game. Their second game will be played some time this month.

In the Toronto intermediate series all games will be played at Mutual Street rink. The winner will play the winner of the Kingston district in home and home games for the Canadian championship.

The McMaster boys have done well in all their exhibition matches so far this season. Before Christmas vacation they defeated St. Andrew's College on two occasions. On Jan. 13th the wearers of green and black again showed their old-time form in once more defeating Victoria University, their old rivals in athletics, by a score of 15 to 1. Our boys were in the pink of condition from goal to forwards. The game was, as the score indicates, somewhat one-sided, but clearly demonstrates the speed and playing qualities of our team. The forwards played like clockwork, and the defence aided them materially. It is safe to say that it will require a fast team to vanquish our septette.

Varsity seniors made an Eastern and Western hockey tour during the Christmas holidays, and met with defeat in every instance with the exception of one tie game. The full senior team was not represented except in one game, and, therefore, was at a disadvantage in senior and the best intermediate Eastern company.

The McMaster team will, in all probability, be chosen from the following players :—J. B. McArthur, E. J. Zavitz, P. E. Baker, George Stevens, M. S. McArthur, S. M. McLay, J. A. McDonald, T. H. Peine, G. Blackadar and A. H. Baker.

Remember the playing colors of McMaster : Green and black sweaters, white knickerbockers, and green and black stockings.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: D. C. MACINTOSH, '03.

MR. J. L. MITCHENER, '02, is teaching in Selkirk, Ont.

REV. J. MCKINNON, Theol., '95, has accepted a call to the church in Jerseyville.

MR. R. V. BELLAMY, '02, is at present engaged in business operations in Edmonton, Alta.

MR. C. C. SINCLAIR, '02, has been travelling in the west. He has spent some time in Winnipeg.

MR. A. R. GIRDWOOD, '02, is business manager of the monthly publication issued by the students and teachers of the Normal College, Hamilton.

WE are glad to be able to report that Miss H. A. Iler, '02, whose studies at Ypsilanti have been interrupted by illness, is now making good progress toward recovery.

MR. E. J. TARR, '02, is studying law in the office of the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald in Winnipeg. We wish Mr. Tarr the greatest success in his chosen profession.

MR. W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98, who for some time was Classical Master at Woodstock College, has lately entered the actuarial department of the Manufacturers' Life in this city.

WE congratulate Mr. J. Allan McLean, '02, upon his appointment to the teaching staff of the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph. Mr. McLean has entered upon his work there.

REV. H. BRYANT, of Dominionville, Maxville and Tayside, is to be congratulated upon the favorable auspices under which his year's work opens. A beautiful new house of worship was recently dedicated in Maxville.

MR. B. W. N. GRIGG, '94, is making his influence felt in Montreal. Some weeks ago he delivered lectures on Milton and Shakespeare in Baptist and Congregational churches of that city. Mr. Grigg is a genuine lover of literature and well qualified to make his lectures attractive.

Rev. J. Harry King, Theol., '00, has resigned the charge of the church in Port Burwell with the purpose of engaging in evangelistic work.

We extend our sympathy to Rev. J. W. Kirkpatrick, Theol., '96, who has been compelled by ill-health to resign the pastorate of the Sparta and First Yarmouth churches.

That the services of Rev. J. A. Grant, '00, are appreciated by the people of his church and congregation in Collingwood was evidenced in a very tangible way at the Christmas anniversary.

The new Olivet Baptist Church in this city is prospering under the care of Rev. John McIntosh, '98, Theol., '00. Since the opening of the new church building, congregations have doubled and are still increasing.

Mr. W. S. Fox, '00, who, with Mr. Glenn H. Campbell of the same class, is spending a year in post-graduate studies at Geneva, Switzerland, will return to resume his work at Brandon College in September. His absence from Brandon is only temporary, not permanent, as some have been led to suppose by a paragraph that appeared in The Monthly some time ago.

A somewhat new departure in methods of church work was recently made by Rev. J. H. Cameron, '97, of Norwich. A series of meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life was held, at which the speakers were Revs. J. V. Fradenburg; J. B. Kennedy, of Toronto; W. T. Graham, S. J. Farmer and V. H. Cowsert, of Brantford; A. J. Vining, of Aylmer; P. G. Mode and Principal McCrimmon, of Woodstock. The results, we understand, were gratifying.

Dr. A. F. Edwards, of Dawson City, Yukon, will be remembered by many graduates of Woodstock and McMaster. In 1889 he passed the first matriculation examination held by McMaster University, but as our Arts course had not then been established, he entered the Provincial University. He lived in McMaster Hall for a year, and was one of the most popular men in the building. Deciding to study medicine, he went to McGill, from which institution he graduated some years ago. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he has been successful in the practice of his profession in Dawson City. Shortly after settling there he was elected Registrar of the Medical Council of the Yukon, and at the municipal elections held a few weeks ago he was chosen as a member of the city council.

A GOODLY number of McMaster "old boys" were visitors at the Hall during the Christmas season. Among them were four from Uncle Sam's domains, viz.: Messrs. C. A. Grant, '02, of McKeesport, Penn.; F. N. Goble, '00, of Cambridge, Mass.; H. B. Tapscott, '97, M.A., '01, of Dartmouth, N.H., and Professor R. D. George, '97, M.A., '98, of the University of Iowa, Iowa City. Almost all parts of Ontario were represented. From the east came Rev. J. D. McLachlan, '99, Theol., '01, of Vankleek Hill, and Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, '98, of Ottawa, and from the north, Revs. J. Atkins, of Bracebridge, and W. Tindal Lorymer, of Parry Sound. The staff of Woodstock College was represented by Messrs. E. J. Reid, '99, and A. T. McNeill, '01. Messrs. J. A. McLean, '02, and A. R. Girdwood, '02, of the Normal College, Hamilton, and Rev. G. H. Jones, Theol., '02, of Palmerston, were among the others. Included in the number of our Toronto visiting friends were Miss M. A. Seldon, '02, Miss J. M. Norton, '02, Mr. W. E. Robertson, '00, and Rev. G. L. Powell, '00.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: EMMA FARES.

THE Christmas holidays, with all the delights and pleasures, and the rest from study to which we had looked forward so eagerly, have come and passed all too rapidly. In fact, at first it seemed almost impossible to realize that our vacation was over and we were hard at work in Moulton again. The term examinations, however, draw nearer and nearer, and we have little difficulty in realizing this, for the fact impresses itself upon us daily. There is an end to all good things, and Christmas holidays are no exception. Perhaps it is better so, for after all even good things grow monotonous in time. So we are really glad to be back at Moulton, and we are determined, by putting into practice all our New Year's resolutions, to crown the year with true success.

OUR regular weekly prayer-meeting is ever a source of inspiration and benefit to us. While we try to have each Christian student lead one meeting during the year, it has also been our privilege to have outside friends take some of our meetings. Miss James, who has recently left us to take up her work in China, led our first missionary meeting of last term. Miss James' ardent sympathy with her subject could not fail to influence us and arouse in us a stronger sense of our responsibility as followers of Christ.

Professor Farmer, in his helpful way, gave us thoughts which will be of lasting value to us when he was with us on Wednesday evening. Dr. Weeks also led one of our meetings, and when he had finished speaking we felt renewed in spiritual strength. Miss McLaurin's meeting was one of blessing and power. Each student felt the effect of the life which is being spent so exclusively in the Master's service. The last meeting of the year was taken by Mr. Freeman. Just at the ushering-in of the Christmas-tide, as we were about to break up for the holidays, the meeting was very impressive, and the words spoken by Mr. Freeman went with us and helped to bring a deeper happiness with the anniversary of our Saviour's birth.

One of the very interesting features of college life is the coming together of the students from great distances. This year we have at Moulton students not only from Ontario but also from other parts of Canada and from points outside of the Dominion, so that our student-body is quite cosmopolitan. The majority come from the central part of Ontario, but the Eastern part and even New Ontario are represented, while there are four from Manitoba and the North-West, two from Quebec, two from Michigan, one from Ohio, one from Iowa, and one from Porto Rico. So we all meet together and it is pleasant ; but the pleasure is blent with pain as we think of the distances that will divide us when we have left the dear old halls where we have grown to love each other.

One is forced to remark upon the bright faces, with their still brighter glow of health and vigor, that one meets in the halls after recreation these days. The students are enjoying the delights of the skating-rink. Some, who are still but novices in the sport, watch anxiously the more proficient skaters, who find no difficulty in getting the left foot to take as long a stroke as the right one, and who try to encourage the beginners by telling them that they are "doing splendidly," or by taking their hands to guide them about over the treacherous ice. Others are accomplished skaters and have, in their ever-earnest desire for competition, organized two hockey teams. As all are quite unlearned in the science, although not in some of the experiences, of the game, we are ooking forward to very interesting and exciting times upon the ice.

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: E. S. ROY, B.A.

EXAMINATIONS and holidays are past, and we are all at solid work once more. The amount of enthusiasm displayed on the part of the scholars this year over exams., and the promptness with which they returned after the holidays, have been sources of gratitude and pleasure to the teachers. These things lead us to believe that a large percentage of the scholars mean business and are determined to make the winter's schooling one of profit to themselves and of pleasure for their teachers. If the work of this term continues as it has begun, it will be one of much progress.

SKATING is, or at least will be, the sport of the season if the rink can be put in shape before spring. We hear a great deal of talk about hockey, and, no doubt, we will be able to put up a good team. If we may judge from the talk that we hear, it will be excellent.

ON the evening of November 29th we all listened with interest to a lecture on "Annam," China, given by the Rev. J. H. Earl, of Wells Bridge, N.Y. By means of a large map the lecturer first gave us some idea of the geography of the country, then, after touching briefly upon its history and inhabitants, he explained to us the many religions of that people, and pointed out the great need of missionaries for that field. Mr. Earl expects to go to Annam as a missionary, and is spending the winter with us to acquire some knowledge of French, as he will have to deal with French officials when he reaches that field. We are pleased to have Mr. Earl with us.

ON Tuesday, Dec. 16th, the school was gathered in the new convocation hall at the Institute, to spend an evening with "French Composers." This was the evening of our annual "musical," given by the pupils of Mrs. A. E. Massé. Our hearts were uplifted as we listened with interest to the rendering of selections from Godard, Léo Délibes, Chaminade, Thômé, Gounod and Saint-Saëns. The programme over, the two schools then came together to renew old acquaintances and to form new ones. A short social gathering ended an evening much appreciated by both scholars and teachers and a few outside friends.

WE are indebted to Mr. L. A. Therrien for our college yell:—

Phee Epi Rah!
Lamda!
Epi, Rho, Rah!
F E L L E R Rah! Rah!
O!
Ah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Here and There.

EDITOR : H. PROCTER, B.A.

WE beg to acknowledge receiving the following exchanges since our last issue : "The Philomathean Monthly," "Queen's University Journal," "Acta Ridleiana," "University of Virginia Magazine," "The Sibyl," "Brandon College Quarterly," "McGill Outlook," "The Harvard Monthly," "The Ottawa Campus," "The Varsity," "Trinity University Review," "Acadia Athenæum," "Mitre," "The Mercerian," "University of New Brunswick Monthly," "O. A. C. Review," "The Collegian" (English), "The College Review" (Shurtleff), "University of Ottawa Review," "The Manitoba College Journal," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "Acta Victoriana," "The Columbia Literary Monthly," "Ontario College Monthly," "Moulton Heliconian," "The College Times" (Upper Canada), "William Jewel Student."

MANY of the college magazines of last month issued Christmas numbers that were especially fine, both for reading material and mechanical get up. Among the number may be mentioned "Acta Victoriana," "University of Virginia Magazine," "O. A. C. Review," "The Varsity," "McGill Outlook" and "The Harvard Monthly."

WE welcome to our tables the latest addition to our list of college exchanges, *The Moulton Heliconian*. Four numbers a year are to be published by the Literary Society of Moulton College. The first number augurs well for the future. Very appropriately the first article is a bright and interesting sketch of Mrs. McMaster, entitled "Our Moulton Mother." An excellent full-paged photograph of Mrs. McMaster in her wheel chair, attended by her colored servant, fronts the article. *The Moulton Heliconian* possesses a very pretty cover and is altogether an attractive college paper. We predict for it a large circulation and an enthusiastic welcome from the friends of Moulton.

THE first number of the fourth volume of the *Brandon College Quarterly* comes out in new dress. There is change within and without. We wonder if the managing editor, Mr. A. C. Watson, B.A., had anything to do with the new order of things. We wish him all success in his responsible position, and feel sure that the lesson learned and the experience gained while assistant managing editor last year of THE MONTHLY, will prove helpful to him in his new office. The *Brandon College Quarterly* is one of the brightest of our exchanges.

College News.—It is estimated that American students issue three hundred periodicals, exclusive of fraternity publications. . . . Beginning with the class of '03, Harvard will confer the degree of B.A. after three years of residence. . . . Every college debater at Yale is required to take the regular course in debating, and to be recommended by the instructor. . . . In order to promote class spirit, the seniors of the U. of P. have passed a resolution that all freshmen shall wear black caps on the campus, except on Sundays. . . . At Harvard there are 67 candidates for the board of the students' daily. . . . The University of Toronto Literary Society has decided that dancing should not be permitted at the annual conversazione. There was a feeling that the conversazione has deteriorated from a university function to a mere dance. . . . Columbia has established a course in automobile engineering which will begin next April, with an enrollment of thirty students. One-twelfth of Harvard's law students are Yale graduates. . . . A French millionaire offers $1,000,000 to Chicago University in order to attract young Frenchmen to that university. . . . The largest salary paid to a president of a university in the United States is said to be $10,000, which is the sum paid to the president of Leland Stanford. . . . Johns Hopkins University has a department of the Philippines to prepare men for service in the Philippines. . . . Land for new buildings costs $200,000 an acre at Columbia, $50,000 at Chicago, and $18,000 at Harvard. . . . In all the universities of France there are no papers, no glee clubs, no fraternities, no athletics and no commencement exercises. . . . At Carlisle University there are 1,073 Indians, representing 88 different tribes. . . . Six Princeton Freshmen were recently fined $250 each and damages for painting their class numerals on sundry monuments and houses throughout Trenton. A University of Virginia student had to pay $1,000 fine for kissing a pretty girl. *O tempora! O mores!*

Some time ago we expressed astonishment at the performance of Prebendary Webb-Peploe, who was said in this month's *Quiver* to have jumped from a sick bed, won his event in the university sports, and then returned to bed, and "remained on his back for the next twelve months." A letter from Mr. Webb-Peploe assures us that this in the main is accurate, but an understatement. He did it twice, and won the high jump and diving and swimming in the intervals of a three years' reclining—not exactly in bed, but on a soft couch. "Where I went the spinal couch went," writes Mr. Webb-Peploe. And to the spinal couch came even the Cambridge examiners to pass him through his examinations to his degree. It was a notable triumph of mind over matter, and we are glad to get confirmation of these extraordinary exploits from their doer.—*Daily Chronicle.*

When Samuel Bradburn applied to John Wesley for assistance, Wesley gave him the Scriptural text, "Trust in the Lord," and covered the letters with a five pound note. Bradburn replied that he had often consulted the text, but never found it accompanied by "expository notes" so interesting.—*Homiletic Review.*

"Now, then," said the professor of logic, "give us an idea of your knowledge of the question in plain words. "Why—er—I'm afraid," stammered the student, "that I can't just exactly——" "Perhaps, then, you may give us an idea of your ignorance of it in any old words."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Welsh minister was surprised the other day to receive a basket of potatoes from an old woman—a member of his congregation—with the message that, as he had remarked the previous Sunday that common taters (commentators) did not agree with him, she had sent him real good ones.

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the unflattering reply.—*Ex.*

One morning a loyal Irishman was at work near the top of a telephone pole, painting it a bright green, when the pot of paint slipped and splashed on the sidewalk. A few minutes later another Irishman came along. He looked at the paint, then at his countryman, and inquired with anxiety in his tone, "Doherty, Doherty, hov ye had a himorrhage?"

"Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth
And as things have been, they remain.
If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field."

—*Clough.*

George Seton, a London writer, has published a budget of anecdotes, one of which tells of a fashionable woman who appeared before Pope Leo in a very low necked dress. His Holiness disapproved of the costume so strongly that he sent a cardinal to remonstrate with the wearer. The messenger made this rather ambiguous explanation. "The Pope, my dear madam, is rather old-fashioned, you know, and dislikes seeing any lady in evening dress. I, on the other hand, who have spent six years of my life as a missionary among the cannibals, am quite used to it."

THE DEADLY HAT PIN.

In olden days men set their spears
And fought for maidens fair,
And charms for valiant knights were formed
Of chains of women's hair.
The craven wretch who wronged a maid
By look, or word, or deed,
In those brave times was called upon
To mount the champing steed,
And in the lists, with gleaming lance,
Have at her valiant knight;
However base the caitiff, still
He had a chance to fight.

Men do not buckle armor on
And mount their steeds to-day;
When modern women seek revenge
They have a surer way.
There are no jousts for maidens fair,
The lance is out of date;
Men wear no chains of women's hair
To keep in touch with fate.
Each woman is her own true knight,
And he that stirs her hate
Goes down before the deadly pin
That keeps her hat on straight.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

A Bristol contemporary publishes a good story which has reached it from Canada. It hangs on an advertisement which appeared in an English paper: "A lady in delicate health wishes to meet a useful companion. She must be domesticated, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have experience in nursing, A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary." A few days afterwards the advertiser received by express a basket labelled, "This side up—with care—perishable." On opening it she found a tabby cat, with a letter tied to its tail. It read thus: "Madam,—In response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domesticated, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amicable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. A salary is no object to her; she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."—*British Daily.*

May I print a kiss on your lips, I said,
And she nodded her sweet permission,
Then we went to press
And I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

—*Ex.*

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1903.

CANADIAN POETRY.

The poetry of Canada is more the product of nature and the heart than the pulsing of the nation's life. In the glorious age of revolution, when surges of oppression swept the shores of Europe, the voices of the poets rose above the storm, and songs of liberty were sung—the noblest of the nations. Canada has felt the influence of no such mighty wave. The sounds that echo from her shores are of more gentle birth. Her poetry is a melody of milder tones, heard in the rippling of the water, or the more plaintive harmonies that haunt the wood. It is the music of the streams, singing because they must, their songs of joy and beauty. Nor does it lack the bolder note. Anon a robin's song—the herald of the dawn—rings out, cheering the nation and waking a response to the gospel of the hour. Sometimes it is the white-throat piping in solitude, his five pure notes of loyalty to native land. True and sympathetic as it is, the poet's heart is tuned to catch the deeper music which belongs to nature. The fragrance of the fields, the soft, sweet airs that touch the nodding flowers, and wander through the grasses, the drowsing of the bee among the orchard blooms, and the strange, lone sounds of night, all speak a "varied language." But there is a deeper and more human note than this.

> The tides ebb and flow to its beat,
> In storm and in calm,
> A low swelling note from a height,
> With the roll of a psalm.

It is the music of the heart—weaving its magic web in intricacies of joy and grief. Like nature, it is bathed in many hues, finding its best expression in the feelings which gather round the twilight of the heart, where the glow of love and the shadow of regret are blended in a sunset of transcendant beauty.

In the realm of the affections the poet's voice is strong, but not till he has left its lights and shadows, and like the lark has soared into the sunlight of the spiritual, has his sublimest notes been reached. Here

> On the meadow lands of space
> His soul has pastured with the stars,
> And mind and soul at times have caught,
> From realms beyond our mortal reach,
> The utterance of eternal thought,
> Of which all nature is the speech.
> And high above the seas and lands,
> On peaks just tipped with morning light,
> His dauntless spirit mutely stands
> With eagle wings outspread for flight.

Such is the nature of the poet's work, and though much the same in outline, yet in the garden of each one, there lingers an aroma all its own.

In the poems of Roberts is found something of reverence for the beautiful which leads one back to Wordsworth. Like him, he sings of nature. The voice at first in "Orion" is small, but in his later poems it sounds out full and sweet. His songs are of Acadia—that golden land so filled with sweet, poetic thought. These scenes—so radiant to his youthful spirit—live in an ideal light throughout his poems.

> On other fields and other scenes,
> The morn laughs from her blue,
> But not such scenes as these.

But the purpose of his song is not to "wreathe a flowery band to bind us to the earth," but to see

> What beauty clings
> In common forms, and find the soul
> Of unregarded things.

For this he strove earnestly. Its light was at last revealed to

him, for "nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Listening to the stars he hears them say that

By his threshold is the shrine
Where Truth and Beauty stay.

And the little Heal-All, growing by the wayside, so wakes the longing in his soul that he prays,

Thy simple wisdom I would gain,
To heal the hurt life brings,
With kindly cheer and faith in pain,
"The joy of common things."

The poetry of the affections is not lacking in Roberts. In pathos "An Epitaph for a Husbandman" can scarcely be surpassed

Busy and blithe and bold,
He labored for the morrow,
The plough his hands would hold
Rusts in the furrow.

His fields he had to leave,
His orchards cool and dim,
The clods he used to cleave
Now cover him.

. . . . . .

Because he loved them long,
And with them bore his part,
Tenderly now they throng
About his heart.

Like the first white flowers of spring is the spiritual in Roberts' poetry. Its purity and trust is illustrated by a beautiful lyric, entitled "Resurrection."

Daffodil, lily and crocus
They stir, they break from the sod,
They are glad of the sun and they open
Their golden hearts to God.

They, and the wilding families,
Windflower, violet, may,
They rise from the long, long dark,
To the ecstasy of day.

. . . . . .

We of the hedgerows of time,
We too shall divide the sod,
Emerge to the light and blossom,
With our hearts held up to God.

Turning to the poetry of William Wilfred Campbell, we breathe a different air. Instead of the warm, Acadian scenes, the clear, cold bracing beauty of the north land breaks upon us. He is the poet of the lakes. His fascination for them is like the seabird's for its home. It is a wild, free passion leading him back to their bosom. Of them he says :

Thou art to me as love to lover sad,
As sun to flower, as husband unto wife.
I think of thee and all the hours are glad
And dead are pain and strife.

Like Byron, he loves to linger on their shores, watching the sunlight melt, and the long shadows of the night come stealing in. In "August Night on Georgian Bay " it is impossible to resist the influence of his evening scene.

The day dreams out, the night is brooding in,
Across this world of vapor, wood and wave,
Things blur and dim,
Cool silvery ripples lave the sands and rustling reed beds.
Now begin night's dreamy choruses,
The murmurous din of sleepy voices
Tremulous, one by one
The stars blink on.
The dusk drives out the sun,
And all the world the hosts of darkness win.

Many of his finest lyrics are the inspiration gathered from such scenes as these. At times he is daring in his flights, reaching the dramatic, then swooping like an eagle on the weird and gruesome. But there is a melancholy in his verse. The "passion and the pain that men call life " weighs heavy on his spirit. The waves roll toward the shore ; they bring some consolation, but in their throb he feels no spiritual heartbeat. He has written much that is beautiful and strong, but not till he has dipped his pen in Heaven's sunlight will his truest work be done.

There is another poet " whose music softer on the spirit falls than petals of blown roses on the grass." His soul, three years

ago was rapt away, but his voice we still may hear in heaven-made melodies. He is the poet of the soul.

> Had I two loaves of bread, ay ! ay !
> One would I sell and hyacinths buy
> To feed my soul—"Or let me die."

In this parable of beauty is contained the poet's message. He draws it from the flowers, the birds, the waves, the radiant beauties of the world around him. The visions throng upon him. Every blade and leaf is vocal with the message. The little "Twin flower' sets his pulses going and his whole soul is in a glow.

> Break in heavenly rhymning,
> Fairy beryl bells,
> In the wooded dells,
> Blush the woodlands with the tinct of fame divine,
> O, the radiant chiming,
> Throb and thrill of Beauty,
> Love and Life and Duty
> Through the Rose-lit chambers of this soul of mine.

Beauty made earth a heaven to him. Of this we get a glimpse, in a little poem, the sweetest and most delicate, it seems to me, of all his work.

> "Only a penny, Sir,"
> A child held to my view
> A bunch of "glory-roses" red
> As blood and wet with dew.
>
> "Yestreen their hoods were close
> About their faces tight,
> But ere the sun was up, I saw
> That God had come last night.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "O Sir, to see them then !
> The bush was all aflame,
> O yes, they're glory-roses, Sir,
> That is their holy name.
>
> "Only a penny, Sir."
> Heaven seemed across the way,
> I took the red, red beauties home,
> Roses to me for aye.

For aye, that radiant face
As if from heaven it came,
"O yes, they're 'glory roses,' Sir,
That is their holy name."

Had we never known the poet we would have loved him, but his verse is wound with strange and tender tendrils round our hearts because he was our own loved Doctor Rand.

In the forests of Canadian verse there is another warbler—the "bird of the silver arrows of song." Modest and shy, he shuns the public places, but in the groves and meadows, on the uplands, round lake and river marshes, in every season of the year, we hear his lark-like notes. He worships nature for herself. He is never happier than when roaming at will among his favorite haunts. There, in company with nature, surrounded by the many, shy, wild things he loved, he has imbibed the spirit of his work and his poems are the long loved handfuls of flowers he gathered on his walks. These have many hues. Some are gay, "sparkling with joy and the bright sun of hope," others sad, "dipped in the crimson of the setting sun," but each has "sprung from the warm life blood throbbing in his heart." Perhaps the sunset tints predominate, for the serious is met in every page of Lampman. The "still sad music of humanity" becomes at times too much for him. The burden of the world, its pain and sadness weighs down upon his spirit. But nature is ever his restorer, lifting him out of his despair and bringing serenity for distress and grief.

I passed through the gates of the city,
The streets were strange and still,
Through the doors of the open churches,
The organs were sounding shrill.

Through the doors and the great high windows,
I heard the murmur of prayer,
And the sound of their solemn singing
Streamed out on the sunlit air.

A sound of some great burden,
That lay on the world's weary breast
Of the old and the sick and the lonely,
And the weary that cried for rest.

I strayed through the midst of the city,
Like one distracted or mad,
O Life! O Life! I kept saying,
And the very word seemed sad.

I passed through the gates of the city
And I heard the small birds sing,
I laid me down in the meadows,
Afar from the bell-ringing.

In the depth and bloom of the meadows
I lay on the earth's quiet breast
The poplar fanned me with shadows
And the veery sang me to rest.

Blue, blue was the sky above me,
And the grass green at my feet.
O Life! O Life! I kept saying,
And the very word seemed sweet.

No Canadian poet paints his scenes with such sincerity. "After Rain" he describes as—

For three whole days across the sky,
In sullen packs that loomed and broke,
With flying fringes dim as smoke,
The columns of the rain went by.
At every hour the rain went by,
At every hour the wind awoke,
The darkness passed upon the plain,
The great drops rattled at the panes.
. . . . . .
But when the fourth day came—at noon
The darkness and the rain were by,
The sunward roofs were steaming dry,
And all the world was flecked and strewn
With shadows from a fleecy sky.
The haymakers were forth and gone,
And every rillet laughed and shone.
. . . . . .
Through miles of shadow and soft heat,
Where field and fallow, fence and tree,
Were all one world of greenery,
I heard the robin singing sweet,
The sparrow piping silverly,
The thrushes at the forest's hem,
And as I went I sang with them.

All his poems possess an evenness of excellence, but his master-gems are in the setting of the sonnet. The music of these is like the strong, sure, exquisite bars of a master violin. In "Nesting-Time" are found the fineness of his workmanship, the beauty and simplicity of theme :

The bees are busy in their murmurous search,
The birds are putting up their woven frames,
And all the twigs and branches of the birch
Are shooting into tiny emerald flames.
The maple leaves are spreading slowly out,
Like small red hats or pointed parasols,
The high-ho flings abroad his merry shout,
The veery from the inner brushwood calls,
The gold, green poplar, jocund as may be,
The sunshine in its laughing heart receives,
And shimmers in the sun innumerably,
Through all its host of little lacquered leaves.
And lo ! the bob-o-link, he soars and sings,
And all the heart of summer's in his wings.

But his spirit, too, has fled. He rests among the beeches in the wildwood, round whose pools he used to seek the first pale flowers of spring.

There is another poet who carries us back to the historic meadows of the Grand Pré. Bliss Carman's name is worthy of more than a mere mention. He sings of nature in round, graceful notes, and putting his ear to the heart of the nation, has discovered a fountain of emotions which has broken in his Coronation Ode :

There are joy-bells over England,
There are flags on London town,
There is bunting on the channel
Where the fleets go up and down,
There are bon-fires alight
In the pageant of the night,
There are bands that blare for splendor,
And guns that speak for might,
For another king in England
Is coming to the crown.

. . . . . .

When you hear the princely concourse
Take up the word and sing,
And the Abbey of our fathers
With acclamations ring,
Know well that true and free,
By the changeless hearts' decree,
On all the winds of heaven and
the currents of the sea,
From the verges of the Empire
Will come "God save the King.

The sun of Canada's poetry is only rising. The curtains of the east are brushed away—the glory of the dawn is coming in. The birds have wakened in the trees. The promise of the day is in their song. The light is growing. The morning is about to break, and Canada from east to west be bathed in floods of song.

ANNIE M. MCNEILL, '03.

THE BIG BELL AT ST. IVES.

"Tell Moffatt that 'Tug' wants to see every fellow in the sixth form right after school to-night. He will be under the trees at the bottom of the campus. Don't make a noise about it now. Keep your eye skinned for masters!" Off went the messenger, proud to bear a message from the mighty "Tug."

"Tug" was not in the sixth form, nor indeed in the fifth, for he was a "chump" at lessons, but he led the school, notwithstanding, by sheer force of personality. So whenever there was anything "on," "Tug" was at the head of it.

It must be understood that there existed a far-famed and bitter rivalry between Redgate and the neighboring St. Ives—a rivalry handed down from generation to generation of boys—and each of the schools was always on the look out to "get even" with the other. This had inspired "Tug's" message.

The sixth form found "Tug" had concocted a splendid new scheme—a scheme in every way worthy of himself. It was a secret expedition to St. Ives under cover of night, and the object was to bring away the clapper of the big bell which hung in the tower. This plot was daring enough to charm the heart of the wildest boy, and if successful would place a halo of everlasting glory about the head of every member of the expedition. For Redgate to gain possession of the tongue of the enemy's bell—that big bell that for so many years had rung out over St. Ives—was a dream well calculated to appeal to the boy-nature of the redoubtable "Tug" and his companions. Then the risk to be taken was simply splendid. To begin with, it was, of course, against the rules to be out of the building after dark, and much more against the rules to leave the college grounds. Then there was a distance of a mile and a half to be covered without being seen. Then there

was the task of clambering over the wall of St. Ives, and getting into the old tower, and climbing up the old winding staircase in the darkness. Next, there was getting the heavy clapper off. Then the return journey, which meant all the risks multiplied by two. But the night was going to be dark, and "Tug" had laid most elaborate plans, and the boys were keen to go.

That night at "lights out" every boy in "Tug's" dormitory was ready for bed. This was surprising, and a sure sign that something was "on"—good behavior always was.

It need not be thought the whole school was in the secret—"Tug" was a better general than that. Only a picked few knew anything about this great expedition, that seemed to the boys in the plot to rival anything ever done, even the famous march of Xenophon's 10,000 Greeks.

At last "the general" thought everybody in the building was sound asleep—even the watchful masters—so a window was cautiously raised, and three boys crept out on to the roof just below. "Tug" led the way down a waterpipe, and in a little while the whole party was safely on the ground. It seemed terribly dark standing, at midnight of one of the blackest nights of the year, crouching beneath the great walls of the school, not a light showing at a single window. In fact it was so dark that two of the party felt just a little like "funking it," but they looked at "Tug" and all their courage returned.

It was an exciting tramp, that mile and a half across the bleak fields in the inky darkness, and once the boys almost ran into a farmer, who would have been certain to know them, but creeping close under a hedge they escaped, though their hearts beat very fast for a minute.

At length they reached St. Ives, and in a few minutes more stood at the foot of the massive stone bell-tower. They had just turned their attention to the outer door which gave admittance to the tower, when suddenly their ears were startled by approaching footsteps. There was no time to run, so they drew themselves up as close as possible to the wall and waited, with their hearts in their mouths. "Were they caught?" "It meant expulsion certainly!" "They had been seen!" Just as such thoughts were flying through their heads, who should come round the corner but little Johnny Stibbs, one of the lower school at Redgate,

a midget about eight years old. "Tug" was perfectly frantic with rage, but did not dare to make any noise about it, and, as the youngster refused to go back, he had to be allowed to stay. It seems he had somehow got wind of the secret expedition, and, "Tug" being his idol, had sneaked out of bed and followed the adventurers.

The door before which the boys were now standing was locked, but "Tug," it must be remembered, was a tactician of no mean order, and while able to plan an expedition as a whole, was none the less able to command all details thereof as well. The door was locked, but he had only to feel in his pockets to produce a key. It might be mentioned here, as a side-light on the genius of "Tug," that the masters of St. Ives had missed the key to this door more than three weeks before, and no one in the school had been able to explain its disappearance. The lock turned beautifully, but to the astonishment of the boys the door stuck fast. The fact was, a heavy bolt had been put on inside since "Tug" had last visited the scene! Surely even Cæsar would have been beaten by a thing like that, thought "Tug," who was an ardent admirer of that illustrious Roman's military powers, though, of course, a most cordial hater of his commentaries. But presently a small window on the farther side of the tower was found. Now if they could only get it open! Yes, it would open with the help of a knife! But the next difficulty was, it was too small to crawl through. Ah! "Tug" has an idea, and his ideas are usually worth having, that is, about affairs military—why not use little Stibbs?

In next to no time little Stibbs had been hoisted in, and had unbolted the door. "What luck that 'kid' came," muttered "Tug," as the prowlers began stealthily to mount the stairs, feeling their way by inches in the dark. But how those old steps did creak! It almost seemed as if they knew they were being trodden upon by the enemies of St. Ives, and were doing their best to give the alarm.

But in spite of the darkness, and the dreadful creaking and cracking of the old stairs, and the terrifying noises made by armies of scampering rats, the boys at length reached the top of the tower, and, looking up, could just make out the huge shape of the big bell hanging above them. A little more climbing and the

coveted clapper was within easy reach. "It just wants unhooking," said "Tug," under his breath, not because anyone could hear him up there, but simply because all men and boys naturally talk like that when they are doing what they should not on someone else's premises.

"You fellows steady me while I reach up," came the order. "Tug" was standing on a beam and just reaching out his arms to unhook the heavy clapper, when a frightful sound filled the darkness in the tower, and struck consternation and terror into the heart even of "Tug." The boys instinctively held both hands tightly over their ears, and huddled into a corner. The great bell was ringing out its deafening tones only a foot or two from them, for someone below was vigorously pulling the rope, and in the confined space of the stone belfry the din was almost unbearable. Looking out through an opening in the stone-work they saw to their horror St. Ives was on fire!

All the old bitter feeling towards the boys of St. Ives instantly vanished, and the four Redgate lads were now just as keen to give any aid they might as, a moment before, they had been keen to get possession of the bell-clapper. Yet, they dared not stir, for they knew that to show themselves meant detection, and detection meant dire consequences. Things were serious. The clapper was quite forgotten. They had unexpectedly become prisoners; they must wait like prisoners—but how long? There was no telling. Perhaps the fire would be put out, and when everything was quiet and dark again they could slip off undiscovered. But supposing the fire attacked the tower! And how could they be sure it had not already begun to do so? Thus they were wondering, now determining on this, now on that, and even the resourceful "Tug" was unnerved and at a loss, when suddenly little Stibbs pointed at a boy running across the playground. "Why, there's 'Jib' Rooney!" he cried. Sure enough there was the well-known "Jib," their schoolmate, and what delighted them was that he was immediately followed by the whole of Redgate, who had heard the news and had rushed over to help. The four prisoners in the belfry saw their chance, and it was only a few minutes before they were down out of the tower and safely lost in the excited crowd of their own schoolfellows.

F. S. Beddow, '06,
In The News.

MY TEPEE.

(As told by an old Dakotah.)

Down 'mid the willows
  Bewitched by the brook,
There's snugly hidden
  A homelike nook.

And only the pathway
  That loiters around,
And I, and the willows,
  Know where 'tis found.

When the Flower-moon sprinkled
  Anemones
O'er the lap of the prairie,
  As homes for the bees;

And the birds were heeding
  The South-wind's plea
To make themselves dwellings,
  There was none for me.

So, with a handful
  Of branches and clay,
I built there my tepee
  Ere that moon passed away.

And now when above me
  The wildfowl flee
The wrath of the North-wind
  In the land of the Cree,

I stand on the prairie
  And laugh at their fright,
For I know 'mid the willows
  My fire burns bright.

When, with his arrows
  Which coldly gleam,
The Frost-chief pierces
  The heart of the stream ;

When he tatters the blanket
  The Snow-moon wore,
And dashes the fragments
  Against my door,

I scorn all his fury,
  For the days pass quick,
Sped on by the magic
  Of Kinni-kinnick* ;

And as nests to the blackbirds,
  As flowers to the bee,
Down there 'mid the willows,
  Is my tepee to me.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

A RAMBLE THROUGH CAMBRIDGE.

A day spent in the university town of Cambridge is one of the most interesting memories of my life. My time was so limited that I directed little attention to the town as far as civic buildings, churches and gardens were concerned, but centred my interest upon the colleges. Most of the college buildings are very fine old structures, some of which date from the twelfth century, although others are more modern. Cambridge is progressive ; the colleges do not all date from bygone centuries. From the founding of Peterhouse, in 1284, there was a steady addition of colleges up to the foundation of Sidney Sussex in 1596. Then there was a break for two centuries, and in 1800 Downing College was founded, and last of all, in 1881 and 1882, Ridley Hall and Selwyn College were added to the University. This makes a medley of every style of

* Tobacco.

architecture, to which is due the unique picturesqueness of the town.

Cambridge is a restful place. The quiet grey shade of the old stone buildings, the fresh green of those world-famed lawns between the colleges and the river bank, the absence of hurry on the streets, and the freedom from screech of railway or factory whistles, all combine to give mental and physical repose. Men reared those edifices for studious research, but nature clothed them with the quiet beauty of creeping ivy, and environed them with the stately elm and sturdy oak, and the centuries of learning have pervaded them with an atmosphere of thought.

Crossing the campus of St. John's college I sat awhile by the bank of the river and watched a game of tennis. Incidentally I endeavored to recall any history of Cambridge I possessed. I tried to imagine when old St. Giles church was founded in the fields, and also how the town grew until it spread beyond the river and embraced the once separate village of St. Benet. It was in those days that Barnwell Priory and the nunnery of St. Rhadegund were busy centres of monastic and convent life. Also Merton Hall, known for a century or more as "the School of Pythagoras"—why, except for some wild tradition, no one knows—was there, the only building that survived a fire which reduced the remainder of the town, mostly rude wooden dwellings, to ashes. It may have been well that Cambridge was flame-swept then, because it arose again in more substantial strength.

How little is really known concerning the founding of the older colleges and even about the town itself can only be realized by one who has been in Cambridge. One reason is that for centuries tradition was the only source of knowledge about many of the places. The cause of this condition of affairs was the disastrous feuds which began in the thirteenth century, known as "Town and Gown." These riots, for such they were, resulted in the wanton destruction, by the "Town" faction, of the records of college foundations and other books and manuscripts belonging to the colleges. Briefly, it is a story of how ignorance tried to blot out learning by destroying its outward expressions—books and papers.

Retracing my steps from where I had been seated, I crossed the Bridge of Sighs, which connects the buildings of St. John's

College. This is a roofed, grey stone structure, springing by one span from building to building, and has five unglazed Gothic windows on either side. It is similar in some respects to the famed bridge of the same name in Venice. At one of the centre windows I stood to get a view of the river. The ivy-clad walls, the over-arching trees, and the mirror-surfaced water made a delightful picture. Just then I was greeted by an elderly stranger who proved to be a clergyman. He enquired if I was a visitor ; I replied that I was, whereupon he became quite communicative, offered to conduct me through the colleges I wished to see, and finally invited me to his home. I accepted his kindness, and my ramble was thenceforth a doubled pleasure.

We visited the chapels of Trinity, St. John's and King's Colleges. The latter is the most stately piece of architecture in the town. How truly Wordsworth speaks of it as—

> "this immense
> and glorious work of fine intelligence!"

One can well believe that this chapel suggested to Tennyson his conception of King Arthur's long-vaulted hall—

> "Where twelve great windows blazon Arthur's wars."

Outside it is stately, but within it is beautiful. It is an architectural inspiration. Proportion and harmony exist throughout its length, breadth and height. It is beautiful from the pavement to

> "that branching roof
> Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells."

I thought of Cromwell's visit in 1642, how he had used this chapel as a barracks and stable for his men and horses. It seemed that his stern principles must have blunted the finer sensibilities of the man, that he should have applied that work of art to such a menial service.

In Queen's College I was reminded of Erasmus, who lived there from 1511 to 1515, occupying a room in the turret at the south-east angle of what is known as the Pump Court. When Erasmus made a failure of teaching he devoted himself to literature, and while in Queen's he wrote "Novum Instrumentum" and issued his edition of "Jerome."

A short walk brought us to Trinity College. This college dates from the middle of the fourteenth century. Such men as Isaac Barrow and Isaac Newton have graced its history and added to its fame. The particular features of the buildings I noted here were the massive gateway of Norman architecture, the chapel, and the quadrangle known as the Great Court. The masonry of the gateway is profusely carved with heraldic emblems and scrolls, and a statue of Henry VIII. occupies a central niche. In the centre of the Great Court there is a large monumental fountain, in appearance much like the ancient market crosses of the old English towns. The chapel, although it is large and possesses considerable architectural merit, is commonplace after one has seen King's.

In passing the market square I wondered if it was there that the university dignitaries abased themselves on the occasion of Cardinal Wolsey's visit. The story runs that they feared he was about to remove certain benefices from them, and that by this abasement they hoped to conciliate the Cardinal. History does not state that any serious result followed his visit, so we may infer that the ruse was successful.

To be in Cambridge is to think of the men who have made it famous. Men like William Tyndale, Barnes and Hugh Latimer, who studied, strove, and made their lives there. Characters such as theirs have left an impress upon the university that is indelible as long as their names endure. Though Cambridge may be ecclesiastical, it has fostered men like Thomas Cartwright and John Milton. Both these men were leaders in great movements for the religious and social freedom of the people. The former was the founder of the Puritan party, and was a man whose principles were strong, and who possessed a heart that was true and brave to meet the sternest opposition of those times. That John Milton was of the same Puritan fibre is shown in his censure of the college plays and the position he occupied in the great struggle of the Commonwealth. One may well suppose that such influences as these have in some measure acted to produce the present relations which enable nonconformists to study within its walls, a condition which did not exist until this last century.

In our peregrination we passed Christ's College, where Milton studied. Its foundation dates from 1505, and the college is a long two-story building abutting the street. We visited the old

Round Church, which is probably one of the oldest buildings in the town ; then the University Press, which is housed in a solemn-looking structure surmounted by a ponderous tower, which makes it appear to be rather a college than a printing office. From spending a half-hour in the Press building we proceeded to the Fitzwilliam Museum. Although it was not a public day my friend's influence enabled me to see more than the mere exterior of that handsome building, with its magnificent Grecian front, supported by fourteen massive Corinthian columns. The Fitzwilliam Art Gallery is a smaller building some distance from the Museum. The statuary there I found to be copies of the famous works by ancient known and unknown sculptors. Having previously seen the British Museum and other collections, I found little here of new interest. As we left the Gallery the evening shadows were lengthening, and my ramble through Cambridge was ended.

C. R. Jones.

UNIVERSITY STUDIES.

(Concluded.)

But the "old discipline" of literature and mathematics no longer comprises the whole of higher education. Perhaps its limitation lay in the fact that mathematics gave a minimum of ideas with a maximum of discipline ; it was all exercise and no food : while literature, unscientifically studied, as it used to be, gave a minimum of discipline with a maximum of ideas ; it was all food and no exercise. President Wilson says :—

"If we cannot doubt that these great studies are fundamental, neither can we doubt that education, even general education, has been extended to new boundaries. And that chiefly because science has had its credentials accepted as of the true patriciate of learning. The thought of the modern time is based upon science. Special developments of science, the parts which lie in controversy, the parts which are as yet but half built up by experiment and hypothesis, do not constitute the proper subject matter of general education. Physics and chemistry afford a systematic body of knowledge as abundant for instruction, as definitive almost as

mathematics itself; and biology, young as it is, has already supplied us with a scheme of physical life which lifts its study to the place of a distinctive discipline. These great bodies of knowledge claim their place at the foundation of liberal training, not merely for our information, but because they afford us direct introduction into the most essential analytical and rational processes of scientific study, impart penetration, precision, candor, openness of mind, and afford the close contacts of concrete thinking. And there stand alongside of these geology and astronomy, whose part in general culture, aside from their connection with physics, mechanics, and chemistry, is to apply to the mind the stimulation which comes from being brought into the presence of stupendous, systematized physical fact."

It will be interesting to compare this appreciative utterance of *President* Woodrow Wilson with the more critical attitude taken by *Professor* Woodrow Wilson in an oration delivered seven years ago and published in the *Forum* for December, 1896. On that occasion he said:—

"I am much mistaken if the scientific spirit of the age is not doing us a great disservice, working in us a certain great degeneracy. Science has bred in us a spirit of experiment and a contempt for the past. . . . I have no indictment against what science has done: I have only a warning to utter against the atmosphere which has stolen from laboratories into lecture rooms and into the general air of the world at large. . . . This is the disservice scientific study has done us; it has given us agnosticism in the realm of philosophy, scientific anarchism in the realm of politics. . . . Let me say once more, this is not the fault of the scientist; he has done his work with an intelligence and success which cannot be too much admired. It is the work of the noxious, intoxicating gas which has, somehow, got into the lungs of the rest of us from out the crevices of his workshop—a gas, it would seem, which forms only in the outer air, and where men do not know the right use of their lungs. I should tremble to see social reform led by men who had breathed it; I should fear nothing better than utter destruction from a revolution conceived and led in the scientific spirit. . . . I ask for the old drill, the old memory of times gone by, the old schooling in precedent and tradition, the old keeping of faith with the past, as a preparation

for leadership in days of social change. We have not given science too big a place in our education, but we have made a perilous mistake in giving it too great a preponderance in method over every other branch of study."

A similar criticism appeared recently from the pen of Dr. H. H. Almond in the *Spectator*. The following is an excerpt from Dr. Almond's letter :—

"Physical science can never supply the place of *Literæ Humaniores*, and of these Greek is the most essential element, if for no other reason, on account of its antagonism to the Philistine spirit, the spirit which exalts mechanical appliances and luxurious surroundings above the soul and spirit of man himself, which is apt to be cultivated by a too exclusive devotion to physical science, and is the worm at the root of modern civilization. If it were not for the few who, through the influence of Greek more than of any other study, are imbued with the anti-Philistine spirit, such minds as those of Ruskin, Newman, the Arnolds, Gladstone, Kingsley, Froude, and the like, would cease to be moulded, and to mould others as they have done ; the engineer and globe-trotter would press forward unresisted towards a millenium of luxury and electric buttons, and we would gravitate to something like Mr. Wells's Martians."

What these eminent men object to so strenuously is not the pursuit of scientific research within the realm of physical nature, which they seem to regard as its legitimate sphere ; but their remonstrance is against what they consider an undue extension of the scientific method, and the undesirable influence of the scientific spirit. But there are not wanting those who urge quite as strongly that the most valuable result of the study of natural science is this adoption of the scientific attitude and method in studying all the phenomena of experience, spiritual as well as physical. They claim that by this method things and events are connected in our knowledge as they are connected in reality, from which they infer the great importance of scientific training as an element of liberal education.

Even universities incline to one side or the other on this question. While it has been claimed for the University of Chicago that she stands for the universal application of the scientific method, Princeton University, on the other hand, values very

highly the traditional lore which has been received as a heritage from the past. She is one of the most conservative of the larger American universities. Greek, Latin, and Bible are required subjects during the first two years of the undergraduate course. Princeton's ideal is fairly represented by the following sentences from the president's inaugural address: "We seek the opening up of the mind to a catholic appreciation of the best achievements of men and the best processes of thought since days of thought set in. We seek to apprise young men of what has been settled and made sure of, of the thinking that has been carried through and made an end of. We seek to set them securely forward at the point at which the mind of the race has definitely arrived, and save them the trouble of attempting the journey over again, so that they may know from the outset what relation their own thought and effort bear to what the world has already done." The votary of the scientific method would doubtless respond that, since the development of the individual is an epitome of the development of the race, the student's education should largely consist in his repeating for himself the processes of thought by which the more important truths have been evolved.

If we are not mistaken, that against which objection is valid is not science, nor yet the extension of the scientific method, but what may be called scientific philosophy. When the scientist concludes that because he has learned many things by the scientific method, nothing can be positively known by any other method, we must take issue with him. If one recognizes no other method of knowledge than the scientific, he will gravitate inevitably toward materialism and fatalism, or, at least, agnosticism. If he thinks that science reveals to him the ultimate truth, he will be a materialist. As he recognizes the inviolable reign of law throughout the universe, he will give life a fatalistic interpretation, and say with Goethe,

"By eternal laws
Of iron ruled
Must all fulfil
The cycle of
Their destiny."

If he sees the limitations of the scientific method, yet recognizes no other method, he will be an agnostic, claiming that all beyond the facts and laws of nature is unknown and unknowable.

Escape from this false position is possible either by Christian faith, or by a rational philosophy, or, better still, by both combined. Let us have not less of science but more of philosophy. In a critical article on Haeckel's philosophy, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September, 1902, Professor Frank Thilly, of the University of Missouri, says: "Haeckel's 'World Riddles' proves conclusively that no man can neglect philosophy with impunity, and justifies the existence of a discipline like philosophy. Men will philosophize, even natural scientists—that is plain—and so long as they do so, it is essential that they do it well. And they cannot do it well without being trained to the work." In this connection President Wilson says: "The final synthesis of learning is in philosophy. You shall most clearly judge the spirit of a university if you judge it by the philosophy it teaches." The chief value of philosophical study does not lie in the fact that it affords a maximum of intellectual food together with a maximum of mental exercise. Rather is it that by the critical and metaphysical methods one is enabled to transcend the bounds of merely scientific investigation, and gaze into the mind of the Eternal. From this point of vantage one sees the essential rationality of the Christian religion, and science itself is transfigured before him. Now he sees in science a revelation of God's way of doing things, and in the discovery of the laws of nature he is joyously conscious that he is "thinking God's thoughts after Him."

President Wilson's opinion on optional and required subjects and specialization is noteworthy. After enumerating the subjects of a modern university curriculum, he says:—

"No doubt we must make choice among them, and suffer the pupil himself to make choice. But the choice that we make must be the chief choice; the choice the pupil makes, the subordinate choice. See to it that, whatever group of studies the student selects, it shall at least represent the round whole, contain all the elements of modern knowledge, and be itself a complete circle of general subjects. Critics of education have recently given themselves great concern about over-specialization. The only specialists about whom, I think, the thoughtful critic of education need give himself any serious concern are the specialists who have never had any general education in which to give their special studies wide rootage and nourishment. It is not the education

that concentrates that is to be dreaded, but the education that narrows—that is narrow from the first. I should wish to see every student made, not a man of his task, but a man of the world, whatever his world may be. What we seek in education is a full liberation of the faculties, and the man who has not some surplus of thought and energy to expend outside the narrow circle of his own task and interest is a dwarfed, uneducated man."

It will be interesting to compare with this expression of opinion the following sentences from an address recently delivered by Mr. W. W. Charters, Principal of the Model School in Hamilton, and a graduate of McMaster University :—

"America, following the lead of Germany and of Herbert Spencer and his school, has gone mad over utilitarianism and specialization. It is claimed on almost every side that only those subjects should be studied which will be of use in the fight for life. As a natural corollary of this, they claim that if a man decides upon his profession he should specialize in this and pay attention to no other branch of knowledge. . . . We find that some universities have their curricula divided into a certain number of rigid courses, whose students study in their particular course and in very little else. . . . The result is, that students of such courses are one-sided and not the all-round, well-developed men that university graduates should be. . . . The specialist seldom acquires to any appreciable degree powers of mind not acquired in his course, and in fact a graduate seldom advances into any subject that has not been outlined or more fully studied in his undergraduate days. When he enters the university his mind is unformed and is capable of being brought into intimate contact with many departments of knowledge, but when he leaves it his mind has become crystallized, his bent largely decided. . . . Hence arises the absolute necessity for bringing the mind, in the process of forming, into close contact with all those departments of knowledge with which an educated man must be acquainted. Generally speaking, the graduate who has not acquired these before he is hooded will never gain them. It is a duty, therefore, that the university owes its students to see that they are provided with outlines, at least, of such branches of knowledge as English, history, political economy, philosophy, languages, and mathematics."

D. C. Macintosh, '03

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Editorial Notes.

LETTERS received from Chancellor Wallace gladden the hearts of Faculty and students with the assurance that he is enjoying his journey and regaining health and strength. After a very short stay in England, he went on to Paris, where he spent three pleasant weeks. His enjoyment there and elsewhere was greatly enhanced by the companionship of congenial friends whose acquaintanceship he made while crossing the Atlantic. It will not be long now until he is joined by friends from Toronto, in whose company he will visit Jerusalem and the Holy Land. The following extract from a letter written at Rome will be of interest to our readers :—

"I have been highly favored in respect to weather since leaving England. Paris was dull and sometimes rainy, and there were clouds and mists in Florence ; but taken all in all the weather has been much more favorable than one could have expected at this season of the year. The sun shone in beautiful Mentone. The day we took the Corniche drive to Nice and back was ideally clear. We could see the beauties all about us, and such beauties!

I want all my friends to take that drive sometime. It thrills me to remember it. We went from Mentone to Nice, sixteen miles, by the upper road, from which the view is wonderful. Returning we took the lower road, passing near the palace of the Prince of Monaco, and passing through Monte Carlo and a number of other small places.

"Venice gave us sunshine also. My heart grew young in Venice ; I felt almost like writing poetry. I caught a snapshot of Desdemona's house as I passed in a gondola. I looked long at the palace in which the Brownings used to live. (In Florence I saw the house in which Mrs. Browning 'wrote and died,' as the inscription on the house states. I also visited her tomb.) St. Mark's, and the Doge's Palace, and the beggars, and the pigeons, and the mosaics, and the lace, and the canals—who can describe them? 'I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,' etc. And I visited the Rialto, the bridge and the locality ; and I thought I must re-read my Shakespeare as soon as possible.

"I revelled in Florence and hobnobbed with the ghosts of Dante, Savonarola, Michael Angelo, Fra Angelico, Bartolomeo, Raphael, Perugino, and many others. I stood where Savonarola was burned. I sat in his old cell, in his old ricketty chair—the cell was genuine, I am not so certain about the chair. I visited Perugia and Assisi. And now I am in Rome! I have seen the Colosseum again and again, and Trajan's Forum, and the Roman Forum, and St. Peter's, and the Vatican pictures and sculptures, and marvellous St. Giovanni fuori le Muro, and much more than I can ever find time to describe."

Book Reviews.

HOW TO TEACH THE BIBLE.*

Never before in the world's history was the Bible studied so earnestly and intelligently as now, and the market is full of books on how to study and teach it. Among the sanest and safest we have met is this little volume. We can unhesitatingly recommend it to all Bible students and Bible teachers. J. G. B.

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*The Bible, and How to Teach It. By Drs. Hovey and Gregory. Philadelphia : American Baptist Publication Society.

THE RISE OF A SOUL.*

For popular readers the title of this book is the least inviting, for its pages are full of thought, inspiration and interest. There is theology in it, but it is not a theological book. In many respects it is scriptural, and yet quotations from the Bible are few. The author is a serious man evidently, striving to impress men with the greatness and possibilities of the soul, and reaching his end by means of words, sentences, illustrations and pages that are simply fascinating. These are days when we need to be specially careful of sermons and books that seem to indicate that about the only requisite for men is that there shall be an "evolution of the soul," regardless of the thoughts of regeneration, atonement and the Holy Spirit. Dr. Vance does not leave out the necessity of atonement as he traces the possible rise of the soul. "The atonement is God's cure for sin. It lifts the gloom and scatters the clouds. Over against the tragedy of sin Christianity places the greater tragedy of sin's atonement." The book is uplifting in every way, and though not a system of theology, it is a book to be commended to the thoughtful among young and old.

The contents are placed in four books: I., Vision; II., Shadows; III., Ascent; IV., Summit, each of which is divided into chapters for special treatment; and the tone of all is optimistic. The author's conception is largely expressed in the following words: "When God grows a tree, he takes time. There is no arbitrary fiat, speaking the tree, instanter and ex-nihilo, into the full perfection of stature and foliage; but long persistent growth, during which hindrances are overcome, helps from soil and sky, from sunshine and moisture are appropriated; conflicts with storm and drouth are waged and won; until at last, and as a result of all, the sapling stands a giant oak in the forest-close. Has God a different method of growing a soul?" W. J. M.

* The Rise of a Soul. By James I. Vance, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.00 net.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. A. RAY, '03.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—On Thursday, January 29th, Fyfe Missionary Day was observed and also Day of Prayer for Colleges. We were favored with an address from Rev. J. D. Freeman on the subject, "Influences of College Life which are Hostile to Spirituality." There are false conceptions of what spirituality is. It is not necessarily over-enthusiastic gush, not an explosive thing, not theological chivalry, but a response of our being to the great fact of God, the mind being ruled from above, filled, illuminated and controlled by the mind of God. Three things among others are antagonistic to spiritual life in colleges: (1) The competitive spirit. This leads to pride and jealousy. There is too much of it in the world to-day. It should not be nourished in our colleges for it leads to envy and hatred. (2) The constant exercise of the critical faculty. There are three stages in mental development, viz., the receptive, the critical, and the creative. We are not thinking machines merely, but living men, placed in the world to live a divine life. (3) The tendency to grow out of sympathy with our fellow-men. We ought to keep in touch with life. Jesus was a man of the people, too much so to please the disciples. Spirituality is life. What feeds life feeds spirituality. We should keep in touch with the great fountain of life in order to give out life.

After this stirring address Mr. Sircar held the attention of all while he spoke upon "Temptations in Student-life in Calcutta." After describing many interesting features of the college work in Calcutta, the speaker pointed out that the temptations were similar to those in our own institutions. He believed India needed Christian business men and Christian professors. The natives are willing to listen while they talk to them of Christ.

At the afternoon session Dr. Smith presided. In opening the conference he stated that our responsibility was twofold—first to ourselves and to others. We must be in the right relationship to God. Paul was an ambitious man before conversion, but retained his earnestness when doing the service of the Master. There is a Christian ambition. We ought to have a high and holy aim before us. We are apt to live in the future instead of the present. We should always recognize our duty toward our fellow Christians. A discussion followed in which Dr. Goodspeed spoke a few words on

the source of power. Professor Campbell followed, speaking earnestly on the surrendered life. Dr. TenBroeke thought we set our standard too high and looked at it. What we need is something practical. The last speaker was Dr. Farmer, who urged upon the young men the necessity of trusting implicitly in the guidance of Christ. The meeting then broke up into class prayer-meetings, and it has been generally reported that each class in Arts and the combined classes in Theology had most excellent and long-to-be-remembered meetings. The day was one of real spiritual help.

Mr. S. M. McLay, '03, attended Queen's University annual conversazione on Friday evening, January 30th. He was appointed as McMaster's representative, and is loud in his praises of his treatment by the Queen's students. On arriving at Kingston he and other delegates were met by a committee from the University and escorted to the best hotel in the city. After luncheon the delegates from the different universities were taken around in cabs, and a very enjoyable time was spent. They visited the penitentiary and fort and many other places of interest. In the evening they were escorted to the University. The conversazione was held in the new Arts building and was a decided success. The newly appointed Principal, Dr. Gordon, and his wife received. Over a thousand persons were in attendance, many of them being from outside of Kingston. The large gathering taxed the accommodation to its utmost capacity, but the perfect arrangements made by the Queen's Literary executive caused everything to pass off smoothly and successfully. The rooms and corridors were artistically draped with bunting and presented a very pretty appearance. The chief features of the evening were dancing and promenading, for which three orchestras furnished ample and stirring music. During the fore part of the evening a short programme of vocal and instrumental selections was rendered and much appreciated. Throughout the latter part of the evening a tasty lunch was served in one of the large classrooms. This apartment presented a very novel appearance. It represented different winter scenes and was quite in keeping with the ice-cream and lemon ice. About midnight the affair wound up and the general opinion was that it was one of the most successful events ever held there. Mr. McLay speaks in glowing terms of the hospitality shown and the interest taken in all the delegates.

Six-year-old Harry, after listening to a McMaster man lecture on the Holy Land: "Mamma, was Mr. A. in the Holy Land his own self; was he, mamma?" Mamma: "Yes, my dear." Harry: "Well, mamma, how did he get down? how did he, mamma?"

Public Lecture.—The third of the series of popular lectures given in Castle Memorial Hall was delivered on Friday evening, January 30th, by Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C. The subject of the lecture, "The Ethics of Law," was dealt with in a very simple and interesting way. The word "law" has a wide application, but as used in this lecture was restricted to jurisprudence. The lawyer is frequently made the butt of uncomplimentary jokes and is not uncommonly referred to as a man unworthy of our confidence, yet we find that wherever confidence of his fellows plays a conspicuous part the lawyer is invariably found. A large percentage of them will always be found in our parliaments, cabinets, churches, and amongst our army officers. He is at once the most abused and the most trusted of professional men. The former is a superficial view of the lawyer, while the latter is more genuine. The reason for this superficial view is not far to seek. It is because the public see only one phase of legal business. They see mostly the criminal aspect, which forms only about two per cent. of legal business. Seventy-five per cent. of the rest has no relation to litigation, and a very small percentage of cases goes beyond the first trial.

The profession of law is no business for a weakling either morally, mentally or physically. A lawyer's duties are threefold—to the public, to the court, and to his client. The legal profession is one which embraces every human interest. A perfect lawyer must consequently "know all things." He owes it to the public to discourage litigation to the utmost of his powers. His duty to the court requires him to be absolutely honest in his cases. The lawyer is powerfully affected by conservatism in legislation on account of his familiarity with the present laws. He adheres slavishly to precedent. For him law is better than justice; it is more necessary that law should be certain than that it should be right. Equity administered according to personal ideas would result in a cross between lottery and despotism. Law is what the ages have asserted. With different decisions there would be a flood of litigation. A lawyer owes to his client absolute loyalty yet he must be entirely divorced from his client's feelings. For this reason a client is often displeased by his lawyer's coldness, but before court there is required as much coolness and deliberateness as is needed by a physician during an operation. In condemning a man the court takes cognizance of evidence only, for men have been known to confess guilty when really not guilty. A lawyer is justified, therefore, in defending his client to the last, even though the evidence seems against him. One broad principle of English law is, that it is better, if need be, for ten guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to be punished. Every man should be treated as innocent until proved to be guilty.

THE Literary Society had its last meeting in January postponed from Friday to Saturday evening, January 31st, on account of Mr. Thomson's lecture. Notwithstanding this fact there was a very good attendance. After a piano solo by Miss Stone, the debate, "Resolved, That a defensive and offensive alliance with Germany would be in the best interests of England," was commenced between '05 and '06. The debaters were: Affirmative—J. B. Pengelly and T. McC. Dadson, representing '06; negative—J. H. Cranston and G. W. Gorman, of '05. The speakers were allowed only ten minutes each, a fact which caused them to speak rather rapidly and so lose their best effect. In his closing speech the leader of the affirmative, Mr. Pengelly, mightily warmed up to the subject. He showed a vigor which assured attention, and we venture to say that if his debating horoscope were examined it would be found to be very propitiously cast. At the conclusion of the speeches Miss M. Culver, '04, gave a reading, which was followed by a solo by Mr. H. H. Bingham, '04. The judge, Dr. Tracy, gave a particularly clear and masterly summation. He decided in favor of '06, to the entire satisfaction of the freshmen.

THE present relaxation of winter's iron grip causes one to look about for signs of spring. There are other ways of determining its approach than by consulting the almanac. As spring draws near prose becomes more prosaic and poetry more poetic. During the last few days several fragments of verse have been found, indicative of the annual visit of the lyric muse, and while we write news arrives that by the united efforts of four sophomores a really great poem has been produced. Doubtless this will startle the literary world in due time. Have a care, ye sophs.! April in England may be synonymous with blossoms and dewdrops and buttercups, but the April of Canada and of McMaster in particular means exams.

THE results of the mid-year examinations were announced at the close of chapel service on the morning of January 22nd. There was the usual combination of pleasant surprises and bitter disappointments, and the consequent gratitude for mercies undeserved as well as the registration of vows concerning future faithfulness to cherished ideals.

THE pastor and ladies of the Bloor St. Baptist Church entertained the Baptist students of the various colleges in the city on Tuesday evening, February 3rd. There was a large representation from McMaster and Moulton, including the Faculties of both institutions. The guests were received by Pastor and Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Rand, and Deacon and Mrs. Stark. After the recep-

tion the chair was taken by Mr. W. E. Robertson, B.A., and an attractive musical and literary programme presented which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Mrs. Fenton-Arnton, Miss Wilkins, Miss Burke, Miss Emma Fares, Miss Harris, Miss Guyatt, and Miss McLean, of Moulton, and Miss Stone and Messrs. Ernest and Arthur Farmer, of McMaster, contributed to the programme. After the last number had been rendered, refreshments were served and an opportunity was given for further acquaintance. Altogethér a very pleasant evening was spent. The students are indebted to the ladies of the church for the kindness shown them.

Professor in Theism : "How do I know that the members of this class are intelligent beings ?" Student : "By the examination papers." Professor : "Well, the proof is not always conclusive."

The members of the Senior year in Arts held their last class rally on Wednesday evening, January 28th. A feature of the evening's entertainment was a sleigh-ride to Weston. The trip was punctuated by snowball assaults on the part of the inevitable small boy, who seemed to be very much in evidence along the route. On arrival at Weston the party proceeded to a large hall, where a programme was presented by the ghost of '03. The arrival of this worthy personage had been anticipated, and its behavior on this occasion should warrant its fitness to associate with those of former years. After these preliminaries the evening was spent in games, instrumental music being furnished by a number of those present at intervals during the evening. The piano used was not a Newcom(b)e. The prize offered for the best poem on "Nuts," to be written during the evening, was awarded by the judges to Miss Senior. An adjournment was made to the dining hall, where refreshments were served. The return journey came to an end in due time and at an hour not definitely determined. The safe arrival of the party was duly recorded. In the absence of the honorary-president, Chancellor Wallace, Professor and Mrs. McLay accompanied the class and added much to the pleasure and enjoyment of the evening.

Among those who are resting from the arduous labors of the first fortnight in January and incidentally recovering from attacks of grippe and other ailments are the following : Messrs. Norman, Fraser, Langdon, Dixon, Zavitz, Feast and Gray.

Professor : "Ah ! Do you follow me ?" Student : "Yes, I think so—afar off."

ATTENTION has been called to the decline of the ancient and honorable custom of wearing the college gown. It is true that fewer students are now providing themselves with this academical than in former years. The existence of this condition of affairs is to be regretted. The gown certainly has a place in the equipment of the college student. Not only is it acceptable in the class-room, but it has been given a place in social life on a par with the time-honored dress suit. Moreover the college gown is not a luxury and the outlay might well be considered as an item in the necessary expense account, in four years it pays for itself twice over, as a graduate recently expressed it. Without doubt there is a difference of opinion among the students and judging from appearances there seems to be a difference of opinion elsewhere in regard to this same matter. Let it be understood that we still consider this a matter upon which the individual must pass judgment, all that is asked is that it be given consideration. The column for correspondence would be a good place for the students to express their opinions.

IMPROMPTU speeches were the order of the day at the Debating Society on Saturday, Feb. 7th. The following were the speeches and subjects: Ex-President Mihell: "Functions of the Debating Society"; "Pericles" McArthur: "Moral Influence of the Theatre"; "Demosthenes" Warner: "The Advantages of a Small University"; "Gladstone" Mabee: "Chamberlain's Trip to South Africa"; "Chauncey Depew" Dadson: "A Toast to the Ladies"; "Cicero" Farmer: "President Roosevelt"; "(K)night Errant" Hartley: "Should Women Vote"; "Senator" Vining: "Munroe Doctrine"; "Calvin" Fraser: "How a Student Should Spend the Summer"; "A. Strong" Baker: "Baptist Principle as Affecting Church and State"; "Baker Eddy" Moyle: "Christian Science"; "Postmaster-General" Cranston: "Address of Greeting to Chancellor on his Return"; "Nut Cracker" Jones: "My Latest Joke." "Professor" Duncan favored the audience with a few examples of his power as a ventriloquist. The onerous duties of critic were performed by Mr. S. M. McLay, '03, in a manner that was both instructive and interesting.

THE Debating Society met on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 17th, to discuss the subject, "Resolved, that a woman should take an Arts course in the university." The leaders were: Affirmative, R. A. F. McDonald, '04; negative, W. V. Poapst, '04. The discussion was lively and after the debate was concluded E. A. Brownlee, B.A., as critic, made some good suggestions. The judges, Messrs. Fraser, McDiarmid and Lumley, gave the decision in

favor of the affirmative. . . . "Resolved, that life imprisonment with restricted powers of pardon should be substituted for capital punishment," was the subject on Satuday, Jan. 24th. The affirmative was led by O. C. Gray, '05, and the negative by G. F. Stephens, '05. The critic was J. N. MacLean and the judges Messrs. Vining, Lumley and Riddiford. The decision was given in favor of the negative. . . . On Jan. 31st the subject, "Resolved, that the Dominion Government should subsidize the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway," was debated. G. R. M. Wells, '06, led the affirmative and R. C. Bensen, '06, the negative. When the speaking was concluded the critic, P. A. McDiarmid, gave some useful hints. The judges, Messrs. R. A. F. McDonald, Dixon and Langdon decided in favor of the negative.

The annual gathering of the members of class '04 took this year the form of a sleigh drive instead of a rally. The class had received an invitation from Mrs. Gibson to spend the evening at her home and on Wednesday, January 21st, a load of about thirty-five drove out to her place. The weather was propitious and the sleighing first-class, so that the party soon arrived at the Gibson homestead. After a hearty welcome by the hosts, various games and contests were engaged in. Among other forms of amusement table tennis was not the least. Those who could not parlez in the pongish tongue simply had no vantage. During refreshments Messrs. Lailey and McDonald discoursed sweet strains from their stringed instruments. The president, Mr. H. H. Bingham, gave a short address, in which he thanked the hostess for her kind invitation. Dr. R. Wilson Smith, the honorary president, also made a few remarks, Miss Layng gave a piano solo, which was followed by a reading by Miss Culver. Both were rendered in pleasing style. But the wee sma' hours were growing apace and so, after singing Auld Lang Syne and the McMaster song, the guests departed.

Intercollegiate Debate. — McMaster University debaters have won another intercollege victory. This time it was Knox College that was conquered, and that only after a splendid oratorical battle. This was the first time McMaster and Knox had come together during the five years the Intercollege Union has been in existence, and because of the splendid record of both colleges, a royal conflict was expected by the large audience which completely filled Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 6th. No one was disappointed. All the speakers spoke well and it would be unfair to pick out any one for special mention.

The subject debated was "Resolved, that Trial by Jury should be Abolished." R. S. Laidlaw, B.A., and F. W. Anderson, M.A.,

supported the affirmative for Knox, while H. Procter, B.A., and F. J. Scott, B.A., spoke for McMaster, on the negative. Mr. Laidlaw opened the debate. He went briefly into the history of the jury system, touching upon the two branches, the grand jury and the petit jury, both of which he contended were notably inefficient. He argued that the primary functions of the jury had changed from the days in which it was first in use. It was a system of lottery, as many of the most intelligent men in the country were exempt from service. The expert and technical evidence now submitted in trials defied the untrained mind. The influence of an eloquent advocate over the jury tended to sink the facts into insignificance. Many jurors had scruples against convicting a man to death. The stronger minded men on juries tended to swing the others into line. The summing up of a case by the judge admitted the inability of a jury to weigh facts, and the ability of the judge to do so. The jury system tended to the perversion of justice through possible tampering with jurymen. There was a tendency to delaying justice, which to the accused was an injustice. Because of these reasons Mr. Laidlaw argued the system of trial by jury was inefficient, and as its duties were capable of being performed just as well by a judge, it was superfluous and should be abolished.

Mr. Scott replied for the negative. After a few minutes' skilful refutation, he laid down a number of strong reasons for the retention of the jury system. Trial by jury was ingrained in the British constitution, which was the norm of the highest legal justice that the world had known or knew. It was useful in that it obviated the evils of a possible judicial usurpation, partial or complete. It was educative in a legal sense. It trained citizens to be patriotic and moral.

The second speaker on the affirmative was Mr. Anderson. He contended that they were not arguing for revolution, but for evolution. He proposed as a substitute for trial by jury a judge or a bench of judges. A judge's legal training and his wide contact with human nature made him just as capable of determining questions of fact as the jury. There were only seven cases that must be brought before a jury, and in these there was an option. The option of the judge was taken in a majority of the cases in our courts to-day.

The reply of Mr. Procter was a splendid one. He pointed out that whoever opposed an existing system must do two things, first point out imperfections in the existing system ; second, propose something of greater merit or with fewer objectionable features. A judge or a bench of judges had been suggested. Trial by jury was superior to a single judge in these respects : in the matter of dividing the great labor and responsibility of the

trial ; in deciding as to the actions of the average man ; in the satisfaction that the unsuccessful suitor feels that the privilege of a trial by his peers was his ; in the double check against the perversion of justice ; in the fact that more decisions were reversed through errors of the judge than of the jury ; in the fact that a jury was less approachable for purposes of corruption than a single judge. All these arguments applied with equal force to a bench of judges, and more, a jury was better adapted for their business, which was the determination of questions of fact, than a bench of judges could be. It had become the fashion to make trial by jury the scapegoat for all mistakes in justice, but there were many other reasons for the perversion of justice, retrials, delays, etc. No human instrument was perfect, and the best method of dealing with trial by jury was to reform where necessary, but to retain its essential features. One of the advantages of the agitation against the system was that it brought out testimony in its favor from the most eminent of modern jurists on both sides of the Atlantic. It was an institution judicially, socially and politically indispensable to the state, and an institution for which no satisfactory substitute can be found. No English-speaking community in the world would consent to abandon the privilege and an attempt to take it from them would be resisted by force.

Mr. Laidlaw made good use of his five minutes in reply. The judges, Prof. Wm. Clark, N. W. Rowell, K.C., and Prof. De Lury, decided in favor of the negative after a few minutes' consultation. The verdict was received with deafening applause from the gallery.

Professor McKay was the popular chairman of the evening. An excellent musical and literary program was given before and after the debate, those taking part being Miss Laura Rowntree, who sang "Delight" in pleasing voice ; Miss Helen K. Ferguson, who had to respond to a well-deserved encore after her singing of "There is a Land," and Mr. Herbert Piercy, who recited Coleridge's "Hymn at Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," in a way that left nothing to be desired.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR : S. M. McLAY, '03.

WITH hopeful expectations, McMaster entered a team this season in the Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey League, but in some respects the result was not so favorable. This is the first attempt we have made at hockey outside of the Jennings' Cup series, and our showing was a creditable one. We do not wish to

make excuses, but one or two facts might be mentioned. Our first game was played against 'Varsity on Monday, Jan. the 19th, at Mutual street rink. This match was scheduled to be played on Friday, the 16th. 'Varsity wished to have the game postponed until the following Monday. The ostensible reason for this was that their senior team was to play against Queen's at Kingston on that Friday evening. They intended running an excursion, and if their intermediates played here the same night, the number going to Kingston would be largely diminished. McMaster wished to concede as far as possible to this proposal in order to give 'Varsity every chance in their senior aspirations, but, at the same time, desired to do justice to our own team and students who wished to witness the game. McMaster, however, finally agreed to this, thinking that 'Varsity would not be so unsportsmanlike as to play any of the senior men who played at Kingston. On the Monday afternoon the teams lined up as follows: McMaster—Goal, J. B. McArthur; point, E. J. Zavitz; cover-point, G. Stevens; forwards, J. A. McDonald, S. M. McLay, M. S. McArthur, G. Blackadar. 'Varsity—Goal, Lash; point, McEvoy; cover-point, Gladney; forwards, Dillabough, Carruth, Housser, Fraser. Out of the seven 'Varsity players, Lash, Dillabough and Housser played with the seniors in Kingston. According to the rules of the Intercollegiate Association this was quite legal, but from a sportsman's standpoint it was decidedly unfair. Had McMaster thought of 'Varsity doing this, they would not have allowed the game to be postponed. It looks very much to McMaster as if 'Varsity did not wish to play on the Friday, so that on Monday their senior men would be available, rather than the flimsy argument concerning the special train to Kingston. The League, in the first place, was formed in order to bring the Universities into closer touch with each other, and to create more friendly feelings between them. This means of defeating intermediate teams by playing a semi-senior team against them does not tend to promote this ideal of the association, but rather the reverse.

In reference to the choosing of a referee there was also some difficulty. McMaster wished to have Roy Schooley, an expert O.H.A. referee. 'Varsity would not agree to him. They maintained that a Trinity University man should be chosen. This was finally agreed upon, but it is a noticeable fact that when 'Varsity played Trinity, Mr. Schooley was appointed as referee, whereas a McMaster man should have acted. Another fact may be mentioned, which shows that 'Varsity were determined to win. The rules distinctly call for home and home games, and to be finished by February the 6th. 'Varsity claimed that it would not be possible to play more than "sudden death" games with each team. If four, and sometimes five, teams in the O. H. A. can play

home and home games and finish by the end of January, there is no reason why three teams cannot play a fewer number of games before February the 6th. However, 'Varsity's reason for this can be readily seen. As soon as a player has played in more than one senior game he is not eligible to play in the intermediate or junior series. Before 'Varsity would have played all their intermediate games more than two senior contests would have been finished and, thus, their intermediate team would have suffered in the later games. However, it is the intention of McMaster to have something to say next year. This year they have learned by bitter experience not to concede any more to opposing teams than is strictly in accordance with the regulations and rules set down by the association. An important amendment will be sent in to the executive, which will prevent such occurrences as have taken place this year.

The match was a very fast one and both teams played well. The ice was very keen and the game was watched by a large number of enthusiastic supporters from both Universities. Mr. Clarke, of Trinity University, refereed. He was entirely unsatisfactory. Whether he was impartial or not, he certainly was not well acquainted with the Intercollegiate offside rule. McMaster scored three goals, which were not allowed, two of which we claim were legitimate, and should have counted. The first half was very exciting. Each player was checking closely and heavily, and doing effective work in his respective position. The score at half-time was 3-3. Both teams in the last half started in with grim determination. 'Varsity scored two goals, then McMaster secured one, and then another ; but the latter was declared offside. 'Varsity scored another, then the "green and black" tallied again. The score ended thus, 6 to 5 in favor of 'Varsity. The three seniors for 'Varsity did the bulk of the work, and had they not been playing, McMaster would easily have won.

It is to be regretted that 'Varsity took such a course of changing players to suit their convenience, for in the end they materially weakened their intermediate team. Consequently a very much inferior team was sent to Kingston to play in the finals, and the result was they met with a decisive defeat by R. M. C. by a score of 8 goals to 1.

'Varsity defeated Trinity University by a score of 13 to 3. Owing to their determination not to take any chances of losing, they again played three senior men. The game was all in favor of the winners. The result could be easily seen after the first few minutes' play.

On Saturday, Feb. 7th, McMaster played their scheduled match with Trinity. The result would make no difference to the championship, except that the losers would be the "tail-enders" of

the league. Mr. Woodworth, of 'Varsity, refereed and gave good satisfaction. His rulings were impartial and strict. The score at half time was 9 to 2, and at the close 16 to 6 in favor of McMaster. The game was very fast. The McMaster forward line, composed of McDonald, McLay, McArthur and Blackadar, played a lightning-like game. They easily outshone their opponents. In some instances their individual and combination rushing was brilliant. The green and black defence played their positions faultlessly. Trinity played a much stronger game than against 'Varsity, but were unable to cope with our boys at any stage.

In the Kingston division R. M. C. and Queen's intermediates played home and home games. The first game resulted in a draw, each team scoring one goal. The second game was won by R.M.C. In the finals R.M.C. defeated 'Varsity by 8 to 1 at Kingston and by 14 to 3 at Toronto, thereby winning the championship. We congratulate the Royal Military College upon being the first intermediate Intercollegiate champions.

Great interest has been manifested in the senior games. McGill was looked upon as standing a good chance for championship honors, but this expectation was shattered, when they went down to defeat before Queen's by a score of 6 to 1. 'Varsity lost at Queen's by a large margin, and were defeated by McGill here by a score of 7 to 5, after playing extra time. On Saturday, Feb. 7th, 'Varsity defeated Queen's by a score of 6 to 5. It is the opinion of those who have seen all the games that Queen's will ultimately win the championship.

McMaster would like to arrange an exhibition game with Queen's II, but owing to the expense involved, it is not probable that such an arrangement can be made.

McMaster honorary athletic emblems are on hand, and have been distributed to those entitled to them. They are of neat design, the McMaster seal in black with a green M inside. They are of proper dimensions, and show up well on the green and black sweaters.

Our team played two exhibition games with Victoria University. The best of feeling prevailed between the two old rivals. The score of the first was 6 to 2 and of the second 8 to 4, in favor of McMaster.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: D. C. MACINTOSH, '03.

CLASS OF '94.

In May, 1894, the Arts department of McMaster University sent forth into the world its first band of graduates. They numbered eighteen in all. Of these, two—Miss Blanche Bishop, who was instructor in Moderns at Moulton College, and Miss Mary S. Daniels, who taught Natural Science in the same institution—received the degree of M.A.; the remaining sixteen received the Bachelor's degree. These were—Messrs. C. J. Cameron, J. R. Cresswell, B. W. N. Grigg, W. W. McMaster, H. L. McNeill, C. N. Mitchell, W. Pocock, H. A. Porter, H. C. Priest, J. J. Reeve, E. Russell, H. E. Stillwell, and L. A. Therrien; and Misses A. M. McKay, M. Smith, and E. P. Wells. That they are men and women of whom their *Alma Mater* may well be proud is being shown by the facts of their lives. It is thought that a few items concerning each of them would be of interest to past and present students of the University.

Miss Bishop, after leaving Toronto, went to Nova Scotia. She was on the teaching staff of Acadia University, Wolfville, until recently, when she resigned owing to the serious illness of her mother, who has since died. Miss Bishop's present address is Port Williams Station, N.S. Poems from her pen have frequently appeared in THE MONTHLY.

Mr. Cameron is already well known to Ontario Baptists as the ubiquitous and energetic Assistant Superintendent of Home Missions. During his course at McMaster he manifested his executive ability in the offices of Business Manager of THE MONTHLY and Chairman of the Student Body. After completing his theological studies he became pastor of the Baptist Church in Vankleek Hill. While there he was instrumental in leading several of the young people of that vicinity to sit at the footstool of his *Alma Mater*. In 1900 he spent some months in canvassing for the McMaster Forward Movement Fund. About two years ago he came to Toronto to assume the duties of the position which he now occupies.

Mr. Cresswell's name is well known among the churches of Eastern Ontario and Quebec. For some time after leaving the University he was assistant-pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Montreal. After a pastorate in Renfrew he accepted an urgent invitation to become for a second time the pastor of the church at

Lachute, Que. We understand that he is at present doing mission work in the North-West.

Miss Daniels, after leaving Toronto, spent some time in New York. Her present residence is in Ocean Grove, N.J., where she is engaged in literary work. She writes stories for the popular journals and magazines, published for girls, in the United States.

Mr. Grigg has been for some years engaged in commercial work in Montreal. Some time ago he followed the example of the majority of his classmates and became a benedict. Ever since his graduation Mr. Grigg has continued to enrich the pages of THE MONTHLY with contributions from his poetic pen. We understand that he is preparing to write for the degree of M.A. in English.

After her graduation Miss McKay spent two or three years as instructor in Mathematics and Bookkeeping in Moulton College. After this she became the wife of Mr. Harry L. Stark, who is well known in business and church circles in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Stark are active members of the Bloor St. Church.

Mr. McMaster, after taking the regular theological course at McMaster University, became pastor of the church in Tiverton in 1896. He remained there until the summer of 1900, when he accepted the call of the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, Ottawa. This is still his sphere of labor.

Mr. McNeill spent some years as a teacher in Woodstock College, at first of the preparatory work, and later of Latin and Greek. In 1898 he resigned this position to accept an appointment to the staff of Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas. He is now Professor of Classics in that institution.

Mr. Mitchell's first pastorate was at Forest. After faithful work there for two years or more, he removed to Chilliwack, B.C. When the call came for a third missionary to go to Bolivia, Mr. Mitchell readily responded. After spending some time in La Paz he opened up a new mission station in Cochabamba, where he is laboring at present.

Mr. Pocock was for several years the efficient pastor of the church in Hagersville. His second pastorate was in Palmyra. Although not now in the Baptist pastorate he is still engaged in Christian work.

Mr. Porter, after spending one year in the theological department of McMaster, became pastor of the church in Bridgewater, N.S. After another pastorate in Kentville, N.S., he went to Rochester Theological Seminary, from which institution he was graduated in May, 1899. Since that date he has been the enterprising and aggressive pastor of the First Church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. During this pastorate he has been privileged to receive over two hundred members into the church, and preaches to the largest congregation in that city of thirty thousand people.

Mr. Priest, after a year in the study of theology at McMaster, responded to the call of the Foreign Mission Board and went as a missionary to India. The greater part of his work has been on the Tuni field, which is acknowledged to be one of the most trying and difficult of the Telugu fields, but Mr. Priest's earnest efforts have been rewarded with a good measure of success. He expects to return to Canada shortly to enjoy a well-earned furlough.

Mr. Reeve completed the theological course at McMaster and became pastor of the church in Pembroke in 1896. During 1898 he was engaged in advanced studies at the University of Chicago. For over three years he was pastor of the church in Paisley. During this pastorate—in June, 1899—he was married to a Toronto lady. In January, 1902, he moved from Paisley to St. George, where he is now happily settled as pastor.

Mr. Russell, after leaving McMaster, was pastor in Grimsby, Dixville, Que., and Kingston successively. He is now residing in Millbrook, and is doing supply work in Ontario churches.

Miss Smith was for some time a member of the teaching staff of the High School in Gravenhurst. After a sojourn in Orangeville she removed, about three years ago, to Chilliwack, B.C.

Mr. Stillwell is another of McMaster's first graduates in Arts who has devoted his life to the work of foreign missions. During the nearly eight years that he has been in India his work has been principally on the Cocanada and Vuyyuru fields. He, like Mr. Priest, must soon return to Canada for rest.

Mr. Therrien was, until recently, engaged in missionary work among the French-Canadians in Quebec. Last autumn he accepted a position on the staff of instructors at Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, Que. Mr. Therrien has, from time to time, contributed to the pages of The Monthly.

Miss Wells has also kept in touch with McMaster by frequent contributions in poetry and prose to The Monthly. After teaching English and French at Moulton College for three years, she accepted and still holds an excellent position in Mrs. Hazen's school, Pelham Manor, New York. This school is one which ranks high among schools of its class, its aim being to offer a broad, general course of study to girls who do not wish to take a full university course. Miss Wells finds her work, which includes Psychology and English, very interesting and pleasant.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: W. RAITHBY.

THE fourth year held their meeting for organization on Friday, Jan. 30th. Their executive is as follows: Honorary president, Mr. J. W. Russell, M.A.; president, W. Raithby; vice-president, J. S. Simpson; secretary-treasurer, R. W. MacIntosh; valedictorian, C. B. Lewis; Bard, H. McKay.

THE following are the officers of the two literary societies elected for this term: Philomatic: President, R. McTavish; vice-president, C. McDiarmid; secretary-treasurer, J. W. Ritchie; editors, G. Grobb and E. A. Miller; Marshall, L. Harkness; critic, Mr. Brown; Excelsior: President, G. Doan; vice-president, J. Strachan; secretary-treasurer, O. Rutledge; editors, W. Blow and J. Wreyford; Marshall, R. Kinnear; critic, Mr. Clarke.

THE monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held on the afternoon of January 22nd. The meeting was of a two-fold nature, since that was the day set apart as the annual day of prayer for colleges. We were fortunate in having Rev. S. J. Farmer, of Brantford, and Miss Katie S. McLaurin, of India, with us.

Mr. Farmer took as his subject "Ideals," basing his remarks on Phil.: 3 13, 14. He said that hope was not confined to the young alone, for the man who ceases to aspire ceases to grow. This verse gives the secret of Paul's life. His secret was a worthy ideal. To attain such an ideal we must live the strenuous life. As we pursue our ideal we advance. The man who says: "I have achieved and am satisfied," is lost. The speaker closed by urging the students to take Christ as their ideal.

Miss McLaurin spoke of her motive in becoming a missionary, which was "love to Christ." She spoke of India as a dry and thirsty land, but reminded all that the missionaries were working in shadow of the Great Rock. The motive of the Hindoo religion is "fear and avoidance of evil." She showed how great the need is and how few there are to meet it. She urged the students not to forget India when planning their life work.

ON Thursday evening, Feb. 5th, we were favored with another visit by Mr. Bone, of the Welland Canal Mission. Although Mr. Bone is becoming feeble, yet his zeal for the work in

which he is engaged and his earnest Christian activity, are inspiring for young men with life before them.

A Choral Club has been organized in the College and many of the boys have become members. Mr. Wegenast, a graduate of Toronto Conservatory of Music, has been engaged as instructor. No doubt good results will follow, for we have considerable musical talent which only needs to be developed.

Last Tuesday morning, Feb. 10th, we had the pleasure of hearing an address from Mr. Stobo, of Poplar Hill, who attended the College in the days of co-education. While speaking to us he was careful to place considerable emphasis on co-education and all its advantages. Judging from the way his address was applauded by the boys, his remarks gave utterance to the ideas of those present.

Here and There.

Editor : H. Procter, B.A.

The *Ottawa Campus*, of Ottawa University, Kansas, is one of the brightest of our exchanges. The January number, we take it, is an average one and it contains some excellent reading matter, although other issues have been more replete with fiction. The first article, "Shakespeare, The Man," is an able and interesting sketch. It is characterized by brevity ; in fact all the articles this month may be so characterized. The only story is entitled "The Little Red Chair," which, while not exceptionally strong, is worthy of mention. For more serious reading, there is an up-to-date article on "Rome in the Light of Recent Investigation." There is a conspicuous absence of 'Varsity verse in this number, the more noticeable as the *Ottawa Campus* has contained some fine specimens of college verse.

"What keeps our friend Farmer Bramble from worship today?" anxiously enquired a vigilant minister of one of his deacons. "Four Sundays have passed since I saw him amongst us. I hope and trust it is not socinianism that keeps him away." "No, sir," replied the deacon, "it is something worse than that." "Worse than socinianism. You surely are not going to tell me it is deism!" "No, sir ; it is something worse than that." "Worse than deism! You alarm me! It surely cannot be atheism." "No, sir ; it is something worse than that." "Worse than

atheism? Impossible! Nothing can be worse than atheism!" "Yes it is, sir; it's rheumatism!"

As a rule great corporations seek college men, because, other things equal, they will ultimately make better heads, better leaders; and this, notwithstanding the fact of the general impression that college men are not practical. The heads of such institutions know very well that if a man is made of the right kind of material, a college education, though it may temporarily prevent the development of the practical faculties, enables a man to analyze well and to grasp conditions very quickly.—*Success.*

TWO POEMS ON NIGHT.

I.

There's a crooning in the midnight wind,
Lulling all the pains of light,
Flickering moonbeams, through the convents dimmed,
Mutely melodize the night.

But behind this shadow-skirted maze
Distant footprints softly fall,
'Tis a Presence older than the days,
And the night is one and all!

—*A. J. Campbell, in The Harvard Monthly.*

II.

Now slowly close the petals of the day,
The sun, their golden centre, hides from sight;
So fold thy cares, dear heart, and rest, I pray,
Till Eros plucks another day-flower bright.

Above, mid depths of infinite repose,
Unresting stars throb on unceasingly:
Upon the river as it darkling flows
Star-images are twinkling mistily.

Now falls a soothing balm from groves of pine
While fragrant needles drop on mossy earth;
Far sweeter balm falls on this heart of mine—
Thy kindness, when of hope and faith there's dearth.

In languorous tinklings, deep in shadowy glen,
The rill sings on its lovesong for the sea;
In dim recesses, hid from mortal ken,
So sings my heart to-night its song of thee.

The white flocks sleep through all the silent night
Beneath the stars, in dewy pasture land;
Sleep, dear one; trim thy dream-boat's sails of white,
All flocks, stars, Life and Love, rest in God's hand.

—*Della Fannie Wallace, in The Sibyl.*

THERE is a humorous little story related of the late Dr. Blackie. It is said that he added to a naturally venerable appearance by a rather patriarchal garb. He was met one day by three irreverent young students who thought to make fun of this peculiarity. Doffing his cap, the first bowed low and said: "Good day, Father Abraham!" The second with like humility, said, "Good day, Father Isaac!" The third approached and said, "Good day, Father Jacob." Dr. Blackie regarded the three young scamps with much gravity for a second, and then replied: "I am neither of the patriarchs with whose names you have honored me. I am Saul, the son of Kish, sent out to seek my father's asses, and lo, I have found three of them."

MY LADY O' DREAMS.

I.

By the Gate of the West lies the Day, asleep,
With the red, round Sun asleep by her side;
And over the gold-gleamed ocean tide,
From the Gate of the East the Shadows creep,
The silent Shadows, the silver Shadows,
Over the deep.

Long carpets of green-gray mist they spread
From the Gate of the East to the coast-rock brown,
That she the softest of paths may tread,
As my Lady o' Dreams comes down, comes down,
As my Lady o' Dreams comes down.

II.

The warm Beach closes its million eyes;
The Waves forget all their roar and rush,
And soft to the sands are whispering, "Hush"—
A hush that into low rhythm dies,
In rising rhythm, in sinking rhythm,
Like lullabies.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

Here is one of the New York State University yells:—

Tuberculosis, peritonitis,
Pernicious anæmia, appendicitis,
Chronic osteomyelitis,
Cerebro spinal meningitis,
Cross-eyes, broken bones,
Club-feet, gall stones,
Tumours, ulcers, hypertrophied head,
Any old thing, living or dead,
Delirium tremens, you've got 'em sure,
Bellevue medics kill or cure.

Not long ago one of our boys was cutting up in class. "Young man," said the Professor as he grabbed him by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe he has," was the cool reply.

Inter-Collegiate Items.—The enrolment of the Scottish Universities is as follows: Edinburgh, 2,814; Glasgow, 2,037; Aberdeen, 905, and St. Andrew's, 264. . . . Nine new buildings are at present under construction at the University of Chicago. . . . Pennsylvania is to have a new gymnasium. It will be three stories high, built of sandstone, containing a swimming pond, indoor track, lounging rooms, Turkish baths, drying-room and barber shop. . . . Five of the seven members of the arbitration board for the settlement of the strike are college men. . . . The University of Michigan succeeded in her effort to average one score for every minute of play during the football season. . . . Harvard students can hereafter complete the requirements of the A. B. degree in three years, without other requirements than that the necessary number of courses should have been taken. . . . The Sophomore class of Iowa has received the following melancholy reminder of their recent encounter with the Freshmen—injury to frescoing $75; from eggs other wise than frescoing, $65; broken door, $17.50; broken table, $7.50. Total, $165. . . . Cornell is to have a hall of Physics costing $250,000, a gift of John D. Rockefeller. A hall of Art, costing the same, is also to be built there. . . . There are 725 women students enrolled at Michigan University. . . . Since 1883, Yale has won ten football games from Harvard, and the latter, three from Yale. . . . According to the agreement between Sophomores and Freshmen at Columbia, no College Freshman will be allowed to smoke a pipe or carry a cane on the campus this college year. . . . President Eliot, of Harvard, recommends the following plan for the student's day: Ten hours for study, eight for sleep, two for exercise and four for meals and social duties. . . . The University of Chicago is establishing an annex at Paris. . . . Beginning with June, 1903, all the professors of Cornell University who have reached the age of seventy will be retired and will receive a salary of $1,500 annually. By next June four professors will come under these conditions. . . . A college student in rendering an account of his term's expenses, inserted: "To charity, $30.00." His sire wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

She—"Is he good to his family?" He—"I think not. He never sends any money home when he is on the road." She—"Well, that is what I would call 'unremitting kindness.'"

Do not be particular about going to a famous college. Make the college you go to famous.—*Ex.*

"A BACTERIOLOGICAL TRAGEDY."

"A gay Bacillus, to gain him glory,
Once gave a ball in a laboratory;
The fete took place on a cover glass
Where vulgar germs could not harass;
None but the cultured were invited
(For microbe cliques are well united),
And tightly closed the ball-room doors,
To all germs containing spores.
The Staphylococci first arrived—
To stand in groups they all contrived—
The Streptococci took great pains
To seat themselves in graceful chains;
While somewhat late, and two by two,
The Diplococci came in view,
The Pneumococci, stern and haughty,
Declared some other cocci naughty,
And would not care to stay at all
If they were present at the ball.
The ball began, the mirth ran high
With not one thought of danger nigh.
Each germ enjoyed himself that night
With ne'er a fear of the Phagocyte,
'Twas getting late (and some were "loaded")
When a jar of formaline exploded
And drenched the happy, dancing mass,
Who swarmed the fatal cover glass.
Not one survived, but perished all,
At this Bacteriologic ball."

—*Glasgow University Mag.*

SUCCESS.

A ruthless, passioned, eager man,
Pushed roughly up the path of life,
Nor turned aside, the while he ran,
But in life's earnest, cruel strife,
He sought success.

A traveller in the path ahead
For utter weariness sank down;
His staff he gave the man, and said
With sudden smile, "Add my evidence
To thy success."

A hardened, heartless, bitter man,
Gained his bright goal, with naught to give.
If he, who stayed his steps, began
But then to love, to hope, to live,
What meant success?

—*Smith College Monthly.*

THE subject who is truly loyal to the Chief Magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures.—*Junius.*

AUTUMN.

Like tired lids the leaves drop down,
Earth drowsy grows, and on her breast,
Beneath a blanket red and brown,
The weary year lies down to rest.

—*The Monthly Maroon.*

METAPHYSICS.

Why and Wherefore set out one day
To hunt for a wild Negation.
They agreed to meet at a cool retreat
On the point of Interrogation.

But the night was dark and they missed their mark,
And driven wellnigh to distraction,
They lost their ways in a murky maze
Of utter abstruse abstraction.

They took a boat and were soon afloat
On a sea of Speculation,
But the sea grew rough, and their boat though tough
Was split into an Equation.

As they floundered about in the waves of doubt
Rose a fearful Hypothesis,
Who gibbered with glee as they sank in the sea,
And the last they saw was this:

On a rock-bound reef of Unbelief
There sat the wild Negation;
Then they sank once more and were washed ashore
At the point of Interrogation.

SLEEP.

My heart was hot with toil, and vexed with care,
Like some dull coast which buoyant seas forget,
With muddy flats and shallow creeks beset;
My better purposes, launched here and there,
Aground lay rotting in the sul ry air;
Then fell the soothing darkness on my fret,
The night wind, fragant with the sea, and wet,
Lulled with its cooling charm, till unaware,
Into the farthest channel flowed the tide,
With slumbrous sound, and murmuring mysteries,
Bearing strange tokens from the overseas,
Hints of a land beyond these waters wide;
My hopes, once stranded, lift their keels, and ride
Far west, like the adventurous Genoese.

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
MARCH, 1903.

THE CONVENTION FOR RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Many readers of The McMaster Monthly may be presumed to know something of the work of the American Institute of Sacred Literature. This organization began its work about twenty years ago under the direction of Dr. W. R. Harper, at that time professor of Semitics in Yale University. Its aim was to widen and deepen the interest in Bible study by a new method. Beginning with correspondence courses in the Hebrew Old Testament, it added later courses in the Greek Scriptures and finally in the English Bible. When Dr. Harper became President of the new University of Chicago the headquarters of the Institute were moved to that city and the extent of its work increased vastly. Changes were made in the organization, and lately it has been known as the "Council of Seventy," a board made up of prominent educators in various parts of the continent, with an associate membership of some two hundred. It is safe to say that thousands of men and women have taken its courses of study and are thorough believers in the methods followed. These methods are, generally speaking, similar to those employed in other fields of study, and, in fact, have become common.

A natural result is a growing feeling that the character and methods hitherto followed in schools which aim to promote religious and moral education are defective and unsatisfactory. Hoping that this feeling might receive due recognition from the leaders in Sunday school work, the Council of Seventy made propositions to the International S. S. Lessons Committee, at its meeting in Minneapolis last year, for an arrangement of lessons, differing from the uniform series, for such schools as were prepared for a change. These proposals were rejected, but it was felt that the matter could not be dropped. Correspondence was entered into

with ministers and educators in the United States and Canada, and it became evident that there was in many quarters a strong demand for reform. The outcome was a call for a convention to consider the question of religious and moral education in general. This call was endorsed by 417 signers, representing 40 states of the Union and some provinces of Canada, and including presidents and professors of 100 colleges and seminaries, 85 pastors of prominent churches, and other workers in Sunday schools, Y. M. C. Associations, and similar institutions.

The convention duly assembled in Chicago on February 10th to 12th. The opening session was held in the spacious Auditorium of the city and the other five sessions in the Second Presbyterian and the University Congregational churches. The buildings were filled in every instance, and the interest and quality of the meetings passed all expectations. No one who was present could miss feeling that the movement was extremely significant and worthy of the closest study. The official delegates came from twenty-three states and five foreign countries, and represented twelve Christian denominations. Besides impromptu speeches, addresses were heard from ten college presidents, nine professors, twenty ministers, some of them editors of denominational literature, and from some representatives of other educational institutions. The speeches were characterized throughout by brevity, directness and moderation of statement, deep consciousness of the weightiness of the matters under discussion, and an earnest effort to get at the bottom of them, frankness in the presentation of opinions, which sometimes differed greatly, and mutual forbearance. Not a bitter word, not an accusation of insincerity, open or veiled, did I hear.

It is impossible in a brief magazine article to give even a resumé of the things that were said. It must suffice to indicate the trend of the discussions and to make a few comments.

The theme of discussion at the first meeting was, "The Next Step Forward in Education." The speakers were—President James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan; Rev. Francis E. Clark; Mr. W. L. Hervey, of the Board of Education of New York City; Pastor W. C. Bitting, of Mount Morris Baptist Church, New York City; and President J. W. Bashford, of Ohio Wesleyan University. In the speeches of the evening there was a general recognition of the worth of the work being done under

present agencies—Mr. Hervey being the only speaker who gave a depreciatory utterance—but an insistence on the necessity of finding some way of introducing into religious institutions methods of teaching more in harmony with the scientific methods followed elsewhere. Changes must be made, as far as possible, in connection with existing institutions ; there must be no sudden revolution, but gradual modification. President Bashford lamented the breach between secular business and religious life, the lack of good example and teaching in the home, and the extreme attitude taken by the American people in excluding religious teaching from the public schools. While avoiding the state-church the state must not be anti-church.

The next session discussed "The Modern Conception of Religious Education," (1) as a part of general education, (2) as conditioned by the principles of modern psychology and pedagogy, (3) as affected by modern historical study of the Bible. Professor We, of Northwestern University (Methodist), while insisting upon the innate religiousness of the child and personal religiousness as developing from within, took the extreme position that it ought to be the rule for the child to grow up a Christian and never know himself as other. This was ably corrected by Professor Matthews, of the University of Chicago, the next day, when he pointed out that religious education must not overlook the necessary crisis—conversion—in a young life. Professor Dewey, of Chicago, and President King, of Oberlin, emphasized the necessity of recognizing a child's individuality and the error in supposing that formal doctrinal statement on the experience of mature persons could be transferred to the child's mind. The latter pointed out that character in a teacher is more important than methods. President Rhees, of Rochester, and Professor Willett, of Chicago, endeavored to show that the higher criticism rendered the Scriptures more than ever available as a means of religious and moral teaching.

The next session discussed "The Promotion of Religious and Moral Education" in the home, the day schools, the Y.M.C.A. and Y.P.S. The most noteworthy features were an attempt of Mr. J. W. Carr, a Superintendent of Schools, Indiana, to mention some of the religious doctrines which may be taught in the public schools, and the crisp three-minute reply of Dr. Horr, of the *Watchman*,

when he pointed out the impossibility of the state's going further than prescribing that morality which consists in obedience to law without infringing the rights of conscience.

At the next session "Religious Education through the Sunday School" was discussed. Dr. Blackall, of the A.B.P.S., Professor Mathews, Professor F. K. Sanders, and Rev. Pascal Harrower were the principal speakers. The necessity of aiming at improved equipment, greater variety in the curriculum of studies, more respect to the historical point of view, and better lesson helps were urged. Very striking was the emphasis laid upon the necessity of such a modification of the studies in theological seminaries as would equip the pastor for the work of headmaster of his own Bible school!

The results of the foregoing were seen in Dr. Harper's discussion of "The Scope and Purpose of the New Organization." Never did his statesmanlike qualities appear to greater advantage than in his foresight of the necessity of a new organization, the nature and scope of it and the means of starting it. Inasmuch as the new organization, which was actually set on foot at the close of the convention, is based on the foundation prescribed by him with the advice of the many whom he had consulted. I may quote a few sentences from his address: "The new organization will undertake to render service in *unifying* the efforts of the different organizations already engaged in various lines of work," "in *stimulating* present agencies to greater effort," "in *creating new agencies* . . . for special lines . . . as well as in working out new plans." In fact it will aim to be a sort of advisory board in matters of education. "The association will be controlled by the universal spirit, . . . it may be confidently asserted that those who hold different theories of biblical history may be able to unite upon a constructive teaching of the Bible from a practical, religious and moral point of view." "The association will require *time* to plan its work, and still more time to execute it. The work proposed is not the work of days or months. Many years of careful preparation and labor will be required before results will begin to appear."

At the last session, after a discussion on "The Relation of the New Organization to Existing Organizations," led by Dr. Gunsaulus, the reports of the committees were heard and the new organi-

zation duly instituted. There is no space here for details. Only a few of the main features may be indicated. It is to be called "The Religious Education Association." Its work is to be carried on in sixteen departments, connected with almost all kinds of existing organizations for religious and moral education, from the University to the School of Religious Art and Music. A council of sixty members and an executive board of twenty-one are to direct its activities, and the membership is to be selected from all parts of the continent.

Whatever view one may hold of the probable outcome of this movement, the holding of such a convention and the formation of such an association constitute a most significant situation. Something of the nature of a great religious revival seems to be upon us. When what we may, without reflection upon others, consider the very cream of American intelligence echoes and re-echoes the cry for more attention to religion and morality in education, emphasizes the inner religious life and the personal character of the teacher, and seeks the permeation of education everywhere with the higher spirit of religion, there is surely ground for hope that we are coming to good times. The fact that men of widely different views have come together and discussed calmly and dispassionated how they may save the young from irreligion and immorality, ought to teach us all a lesson in charity at least. It is evident, too, that institutions for religious training, from the Sunday school to the theological seminary, must awake more and more to the need of improving their methods and their work.

I was specially impressed by one fact : The alarm our friends across the line feel on account of the purely secular nature of their public schools. One speaker pointed out that out of a school population of twenty-five millions only about eleven millions receive public religious teaching, the rest are entirely dependent on home instruction, and it is to be feared that in most instances none is directly given there. It is natural that an agitation should begin for religious teaching in the public schools. Our neighbors to the south are evidently convinced that the national life must be permeated with the spirit of religion if it is to be safe. Their problem is a serious one indeed,—and it will yet be our problem. Will the new association contribute anything substantial to the solution of that problem ? Let us hope so.

George Gross.

THE HERRING AND THE OYSTER.*

From the German.

A herring loved an oyster
  In the deep and cool North Sea,
A kiss from her lips was ever
  His dream of ecstasy.

The oyster, however, was fearful
  And fond of quiet and rest,
Nor even a glance would she give him,
  Though he sighed and sang his best.

But one day she threw open
  Her portal's shelly pair,
She would in the sea's bright mirror
  Behold her countenance fair.

The herring quickly came swimming
  To snatch the promised bliss,
He thrust his head within her shell
  And tried to steal a kiss.

O herring, unfortunate herring!
  How wert thou then demeaned!
She closed her shell in anger,
  And he was guillotined.

And now his headless body
  Swims sadly round the sea,
And says, "An oyster's lover
  I never more shall be."

E. J. Farmer, '03.

*A Heidelberg college song, by Victor von Scheffel.

THE EPIC OF RAMA, PRINCE OF INDIA.

Ancient India, like ancient Greece, boasts of two great epics. The Mahabharata, based on the legends and traditions of a great historical war, is the Iliad of India. Its characters are of real flesh and blood, with the virtues and crimes of great actors in the historic world. The Ramayana, describing the wanderings and adventures of a prince banished from his country, has so far something in common with the Odyssey. It is the ideal picture of domestic life, of man's truth and righteousness, and of woman's faithfulness and affection. It is a beautiful crystal flashing forth the golden age of India.

The Encyclopædia Britannica characterizes these epics as follows :—"They are noble works, abounding in passages of remarkable descriptive power, intense pathos and high poetic grace and beauty. In some respects they appeal far more strongly than the Greek epics to the romantic mind of Europe, namely, by their loving appreciation of natural beauty, their exquisite delineation of womanly love and devotion, and their tender sentiment of mercy and forgiveness." This last sentence applies more particularly to the Ramayana, the story of which we now shall endeavor briefly to outline.

In Northern India, some ten or twelve hundred years before Christ, there lived two powerful races, the Kosalas and the Videhas. Dasaratha, king of the Kosalas, had four sons. Rama, the eldest, is the hero of the epic. The heroine is Sîta, the daughter of Janak, king of the Videhas. In the palace of Janak was a mighty bow of war, and to the man who could break it would be given the sweet-eyed Sîta, peerless for beauty and virtue. Many mighty princes made trial, but each retired in shame. Finally Rama came, snapped the bow, and won his bride.

On Rama's return to his father's kingdom he showed himself to be a most gracious prince, and by his righteousness and truth greatly endeared himself to the whole people. The king was now old and wished to see his son ruling in his stead. A council was called ; Rama was to be made heir and regent. Forthwith great preparations were made. But jealousy rankled in the heart of the mother of Bharat, the king's second son. By her magical beauty

and wiles of love, she wrung from the aged monarch the sentence that Rama should wander fourteen years in the jungle while her own son Bharat ruled in the palace.

The dutiful son cheerfully accepted the father's sentence. Taking his wife and younger brother, Lakshman, he bade adieu to the capital. His sorrowing people followed him on the first day's journey. Parting with them, he travelled on into the deep forest.

> "And they slayed the deer of jungle, and they spread their rich repast.
> Third night of the prince's exile underneath a tree was past.
> Morning dawned, the soft-eyed Sita wandered with the princes brave
> To the spot where ruddy Ganga mingles with dark Jamna's wave."

On the sixth day the wanderers reached the hermitage of Valmiki, on the hill of Chitra-Kuta. Here they rest for some time, and here they are visited by Bharat, who had been absent at the time of Rama's departure from the capital. He tells them of the old king's sad death, and begs Rama to return and be king. But he will not. Bharat returns to the throne. Rama wanders still farther into the jungle, and finally builds a home in the wood of Panchavati. For a few months they live a most peaceful and quiet life, surrounded by nature in her wildest and most beautiful aspect. But in sharp contrast to these peaceful scenes are the events which follow.

The island of Ceylon was, at this time, inhabited by a race of people, the Rakshas, having as their capital city Lanka, and as their king Ravan. The sister of Ravan, wandering one day through the forest of Panchavati, came upon Rama's cottage. Gazing upon the inmates she immediately felt a passion for Rama, the lion-chested, mighty-armed, lotus-eyed. Becoming bold in the declaration of her love, she was driven away. This fired her with anger, and she vowed vengeance. Going to her brother Ravan, she induced him to send his servant Manricha in the form of a beautiful deer, to draw Rama and his brother Lakshman away from the cottage. Sîta beheld the lovely creature with its silvery sides, golden haunches and sapphire horns, and desired Rama to capture it. Leaving Lakshman to guard the cottage, Rama pur-

sued the deer, and, failing to capture it alive, slew the animal, which in its dying breath assumed Rama's voice calling for assistance. Sîta, hearing the appeal, commanded the reluctant Lakshman to run to his help. A moment more and Ravan, according to his plans, seized the helpless Sîta and bore her away in his aerial car to Ceylon.

> "Long and loud lamented Rama by his lonesome cottage door,
> Janasthana's woodlands answered Panchavati's echoing shore.
> Long he searched in wood and jungle, mountain crest and pathless plain,
> Till he reached the Malya mountains stretching to the southern main.
> There Sugriva, king of Vanars, Hanuman his henchman brave,
> Banished from their throne and empire lived within the forest cave."

Rama and Sugriva exchange pledges. Through Rama's assistance Sugriva gets back his throne. Then he sends forth messengers to all lands in search of Rama's stolen bride. Hanuman crosses over to Ceylon, enters Lanka and discovers Sîta in the palace garden, sitting on the ground and weeping for her absent lord. He makes himself known to her and delivers a token from Rama. On Hanuman's return Rama and Sugriva immediately prepare a large army. They cross over to Ceylon and invest the city of Lanka.

Like the siege of ancient Troy the siege of Lanka is the story now of single combats and now of fierce contests between the entire opposing forces. At one time the Rakshas seemed victorious, at another the Vanars were triumphant. The battle raged here and there over the plain. On either side were godlike warriors who engaged. Twice Rama was left on the field for dead. But in his final contest with Ravan the gods provided him with a heavenly chariot. Gods and mortals watched the combat.

> "Long the dubious battle lasted, shook the ocean, hill and dale,
> Winds were hushed in voiceless terror, and the livid sun was pale,"

until Rama

> "Wielded Brahma's deathful weapon flaming with celestial fire,
> Wrapped in smoke and flaming flashes, speeding from the circled bow,
> Pierced the iron heart of Ravan, laid the lifeless hero low."

The city yields at once and Sîta is restored to her husband. But rumor clouds her fame. To prove her constancy she asks to undergo the ordeal by fire, since

> "Dearer than a dark suspicion to a woman were her death."

She steps into the flames and is completely enveloped by them. The next moment she reappears without so much as one curl being tarnished. Rama takes her and his brother Lakshman into his aerial car, and they sail homeward, delighting their eyes in the various scenes which speed past. The fourteen years are over. Rama becomes king.

> "And 'tis told by ancient sages, during Rama's happy reign,
> Death untimely, dire diseases came not to his subject men.
> Robbers, cheats and gay deceivers tempted not with lying word,
> Neighbor loved his righteous neighbor, and the people loved their lord!
> Trees their ample produce yielded as returning seasons went,
> And the earth in grateful gladness never failing harvest lent.
> Rains descended in their season, never came the blighting gale,
> Rich in crop and rich in pasture was each soft and smiling vale,
> Loom and anvil gave their produce, and the tilled and fertile soil,
> And the nation lived rejoicing in their old ancestral toil!"

The Ramayana is supposed to have been written chiefly by the saint and bard Valmiki, who lived in a hermitage on the hill of

Chitra-Kuta. Rama and Sîta reached his cottage on the sixth day of their wanderings. Many years after Rama was restored to his throne the people began to question his action in taking back his wife after she had lived in the palace of Ravan. Finally Sîta was sent away by her husband, and coming to the hermitage of Valmiki she was cared for by his wife. Here she bore twin sons. The boys were educated by the bard and taught the Ramayana. Going to the capital on the occasion of a great horse sacrifice, they recited before the king the whole poem, consisting of 24,000 couplets, on twenty-five successive days. Rama was delighted, and seeing in these boys the image of himself, he was seized with grief for sending away his faithful wife. Sîta was recalled and asked to undergo the ordeal by fire. But her heart was broken. She called upon Mother Earth to open and receive her child. A golden throne arose and Sîta, seated thereon, disappeared.

Of the original poem only about 2,000 verses appear in the English edition. Only those portions which give the chief action are selected. Short notes make clear any intervening events. Thus we hear the Indian poet tell the leading incidents of the story in his own words. The translator, Romesh Dutt, is himself a Hindu, and gives a lively picture of the affectionate regard in which the poem is held by his countrymen.

Rama is the Hindu ideal of a perfect man. "Sorrow and suffering, trial and endurance are a part of the Hindu ideal of a Perfect Life of righteousness." Just as Rama was prepared for his kingly duties by hardships and misfortunes, so every Aryan boy in India was prepared for his life's duties by being early taken away from his parents and, as a mendicant student, compelled to live for twelve years the slave of his teacher. This training was considered a necessary condition of true success in life. "It is the truth and endurance of Rama under sufferings and privations which impart the deepest lessons to the Hindu character, and is the highest ideal of a Hindu righteous life."

"And if trial and endurance are a part of a Hindu's ideal of a man's life, devotion and self-abnegation are still more essentially a part of his ideal of a woman's life. Sîta holds a place in the hearts of women in India which no other creation of a poet's imagination holds among any other nation on earth. There is not

a Hindu woman whose earliest and tenderest recollections do not cling round the story of Sîta's sufferings and Sîta's faithfulness, told in the nursery, taught in the family circle, remembered and cherished through life. Sîta's adventures in a desolate forest and in a hostile prison only represent in an exaggerated form the humbler trials of a woman's life ; and Sîta's endurance and faithfulness teach her devotion to duty in all trials and troubles of life. The creative imagination of the Hindus has conceived no loftier or holier character than Sîta ; the literature of the world has not produced a higher ideal of womanly love, womanly truth and womanly devotion."

The Ramayana is still a living tradition and a living faith for the Hindu. "It forms the basis of the moral instruction of a nation and is a part of the lives of two hundred millions of people. Thirty centuries have passed since the age of the Kosalas and Videhas, but every step of the supposed journey of Rama is well known in India to this day, and is annually traversed by thousands of devoted pilgrims." A writer in the Calcutta *Review*, in speaking of the hill of Chitra-Kuta, where Valmiki lived, says :—"We have often looked on that green hill ; it is the holiest spot of that sect of the Hindu faith who devote themselves to the incarnation of Vishnu. The whole neighborhood is Rama's country. Every headland has some legend, every cavern is connected with his name, some of the wild fruits are still called Sîta-phal, being the reputed food of the exile. Thousands and thousands annually visit the spot, and round the hill is raised a footpath on which the devotee, with naked feet, treads, full of pious awe." "No work in Europe," writes the translator, "not Homer in Greece or Virgil in Italy, not Shakespeare or Milton in English-speaking lands, is the national property of the nations to the same extent as the epics of India are of the Hindus. No single work except the Bible has such influence in affording moral instruction in Christian lands as the 'Mahabharata' and the 'Ramayana' in India."

J. Fletcher Calvert, '03.

A PADDLE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it in the pale moon light,
For the gay beams of the lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey."

These words, from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," may be applied with truth to a river as well as to the beautiful ruins of Melrose Abbey. If the mystery resting upon a great river is to be understood, if its restless life, its changing moods, now gay, now grey, are to be read aright, the only time is at night, for then the river speaks—speaks distinctly, in many accents, so that we may understand.

Susquehanna! Is there any name more fascinating, more mysterious, more magical? There is poetry in its very sound. It recalls the ancient hunting grounds, the curling smoke of wigwams, the warpath of the nations. It tells of the old Indian legends when Nature walked hand in hand with her wild child of the forest, taught him the simple secrets of life locked in her bosom, cared for him, wrapped him with her own primeval strength.

Two miles below the little Dutch university town of Lewisburg, the eastern branch of the river joins in silent wedlock its turbulent mate coming through the mountains from the north. Here I secured a canoe. The day was closing as I settled comfortably back, letting the canoe drift down mid-stream. The calm of evening rested on all things.

The nearer foothills were blue with violets, and dotted with white farmhouses nestling in repose among their slopes. Faint whiffs of arbutus and violets were borne down by the light wind and mingled with the fresh smell of the water. High up, between me and the setting sun, there rose a giant arm of a quarry derrick, silhouetted against the rosy west. In imagination it was like the arm of the Great Spirit resting in benediction upon the land of the Delawares.

I had heard much of the beautiful sunsets in the Buffalo valley, so swinging the canoe around I waited in silence. At first the canvas of the sky glowed with fiery red, broken here and there by

the jagged peaks of the mountains. Then the Artist began to splash his colors on in reckless haste—all the colors of the palette, exquisitely blended—crimson, amber, claret, until looking in the portals of the west, one seemed to see the very heart of a king-opal.

As the sun dipped below the ridge the glory faded gradually from the sky ; the clouds changed to softer hues, now gold, now topaz, now lightest blue, and at last drifted away in fleecy whiteness as if robed for sleep. For a moment the peaks of the distant Alleghanies caught the lingering rays and were clothed in imperial purple, then sank back in the blue haze of the horizon.

Between the sinking of the sun and the coming of darkness is the time when Dame Nature rocks her children to sleep. In an adjacent marsh the frogs were croaking their evening song. On the banks the low-nesting birds twittered sleepily to their mates. The insects hummed drowsily over the water. At last all was silent save the lazy lapping of the waves along the pebbles.

Taking up the paddle I drifted rapidly down with the current. A white haze began to spread over the water. Later it lifted, and long shivering lines of silver danced on the waves as the pale moon broke through the mist. To the right was Montour Mountain with its gorges and piled-up rock. On the eastern ridge could be seen the stern face of the Indian brave cut by nature in the rock. Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, the Indian face looked into the night upon the land of his people. Foot by foot they had been swept westward and he was left there alone waiting —waiting for their return.

To the right the Reading Road wound its tortuous way around the base of the cliff, which rose sheer two hundred feet from the river's edge. Farther down the cliff rose higher, forming the famous Schickalimy, where tradition says an Indian maiden, pursued by her father, leaped from ledge to ledge with her lover into the dark waters of the river. From the red rocks at the base of the cliff tiny rivulets run, discoloring the water. Here the river sobs restlessly in utter solitude. For many years it has done its best to cleanse the place of its stain. But always

> " The red-ribb'd ledges drip with the silent horror of blood,
> And Echo there, whatever is asked her, answers, ' Death.' "

I dug the paddle deep, anxious to get away from the place. Presently I heard the incessant, angry murmur of the river as it foamed over the dam. The next instant the rush of the deeper current whirled the canoe through the shoot of the dam into the rapids below. The spray flew from the prow. Here and there a dark rock glittered venomously. In the recklessness of such a moment the man appears to take on the strength of the mighty river and the silent forest, and life seems indestructible. As I dashed by, the long palisades of pine trees moving swiftly to the front saluted, then wheeled back into the receding landscape. Presently the canoe shot into the black pools below, and life was once more prosaic. Paddling to the bank I prepared for the night. The night wind had risen and I could hear the forest singing and the whispering of the pine trees "as they moved in all their depth of darkness." Lying in the canoe I was lulled to sleep by the forest.

R. G. Hartley, '05.

ON THE RECEIPT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

Fair friend, your gift is beauty's child : a bay
With winding shore by murmuring ripples laved
And moonbeams kissed ; a sand beach ebon-paved ;
A forest dight in midnight's dark array ;
While over all the heavy banked display
Of tumult-tumbled cloud hangs low, star-shot
And silver-limned. The tempest's rage is wrought,
The water-wraith is resting from the fray.
"After the Storm." This dream the painter dreamed,
Who snatched it from the wild night's lull and threw
It on the canvas, light and shade ; nor deemed
That I might hear the night winds harping through
The trees, the while my heart's harp teemed
With melodies the wavelets sing of you.

E. A. B.

MY FRIEND OF THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

The assertion is often made that a good author is a friend whose society one may cultivate with both pleasure and profit. I have proved the truth of this many times, but in no case has the acquaintanceship been pleasanter than that which I have formed with Charles Lamb, through his inimitable "Essays of Elia." Many a pleasant hour have I spent in his company, utterly heedless of anything but "Elia" and the topic of our conversation.

"Conversation" did I say? Indeed it seemed almost like one, though perhaps it was rather one-sided. For one of the most prominent and most attractive features of his style is the personal note present in almost every essay. This is seen most distinctly in the frequent appeals to the reader and the numerous autobiographical references which occur. Such an essay as "My Relations" furnishes good examples of this. Though his allusions are occasionally obscure, sometimes perversely so, as in "Christ's Hospital Thirty-five Years Ago," his reminiscences never become wearisome or seem egotistic. Indeed, on the contrary, it is through this very quality that it is possible to become really acquainted with the man behind the pen, so to speak. After reading such an essay as "Old China" or "The Superannuated Man," where the man himself stands revealed, one feels that he has been admitted to the intimacy of a most attractive character.

As one would naturally expect from such openness, Elia's nature was most genial and kindly. It is related in this connection that some one once asked him if he had no enemies. In reply Lamb named a certain person whom he disliked, though he had never met him. He added, however, that a personal meeting would, he had no doubt, make ill-feeling no longer possible. He was most charitable in all his judgments of others, and in his criticisms on men and things was generous and appreciative rather than fault-finding. The latter, if done at all, was done in a humorous way that left no sting.

This humor of his was another characteristic of "Elia" which is everywhere noticeable, tinging even his darker moods. Evidences of this appear constantly, at times in the most unexpected places. His choice of subjects, as, for instance, "A Bachelor's

Complaint of the Behavior of Married People," his method of treatment and many of his details show the touch of a humorist. But, though clearly seen, his humor is not the jocularity of Jerome nor the biting satire of Swift, but is more allied to the refined and suggestive wit of Addison. Often, too, in a similar way it is pointed at some common foible or failing of humanity. A good example of this is seen in "Two Races of Men," where he divides humanity into two broad classes of "borrowers" and "lenders." Spontaneous and fanciful, it brightens every subject it touches on.

Looking more at his "technique," if so we might call it, we find a style at once clear, graceful, and picturesque. Saturated with the writers of the Elizabethan period, his work abounds in quaint touches which, perfectly natural in him, would be affectation in another. Such words as "auspicate," "agnize," and "historified" illustrate this quality, but his work is so impregnated with it that only by reading can it be properly appreciated. This quaintness does not prevent him from being vigorous or dignified, however, and in places, when speaking of the deeper things, he rises almost to grandeur. What could be more vigorous, for instance, than the following from his protest against the exclusion of the public from Westminster Abbey? "Shame these sellers out of the Temple. Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the pretext that an indiscriminate admission would expose the tombs to violation. Remember your boy-days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the Abbey while it was free to all? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about such speculations? It is all that you can do to drive them into your churches, they do not voluntarily offer themselves. They have, alas! no passion for antiquities, for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poet. If they had they would be no longer the rabble."

But more attractive to me than any of these qualities is his invariable fidelity to human nature. Such touches as the description of the welcome in "Mackery End," of his childish happiness in "My First Play," and of his dread of the advance of old age and the approach of death, in "New Year's Eve," strike a responsive chord in every heart. Whether he speaks of everyday experiences, or, as in "Dream Children," of things which exist only in the background of our consciousness, we feel that he is expressing ideas and emotions which we, too, have known. All he

has written is an expression of his understanding and participation in those fundamental emotions of human nature which "make the whole world kin." And, after all, understanding and sympathy are what we most crave for from any friend.

HENRY MOYLE, '06.

A SUMMER ON THE PRAIRIES.

The prairies! Poets, in their songs, and prose writers as well, have endeavored to describe these boundless tracts of land. They have succeeded in no ordinary degree, but they have failed to give an adequate idea of the feelings that rise in the soul of him who visits the prairie for the first time. To one reared in Ontario, "the beautiful land," the lack of trees, the great scarcity of flowing water, and the absence of feathered songsters, bring a sense of loneliness at first almost unbearable. And added to this, the far removal of the horizon, the consequent range of vision, the clearness of the atmosphere, which are some of the positive features, only make one feel the greater strangeness.

The peculiar features of the town, where he has stopped, immediately arouse the wonder of the traveller. The site of the town is as level as the surrounding country. There is no evidence of crowding as to building areas; plenty of room everywhere. The mathematical precision with which the streets and avenues are surveyed is remarkable. The very regularity of a western town is extremely monotonous.

But do not let the reader suppose that the prairie presents no variety, that the conformation of the land is uniform and unchangeable as he passes from one point to another. Let it be borne in mind that there are two great industries in the West, wheat-growing and ranching, and that conditions favorable to each must exist. The wheat-growing belt, south of the Qu'Appelle Valley, is slightly undulating and devoid of trees. The ranching country, just north of this beautiful depression, is extremely rolling and dotted with numerous "bluffs" of stunted trees, furnishing shelter for the horses and cattle. A "bluff" is not necessarily elevated, as one would suppose; in the majority of

cases the trees constituting this phenomenon are found growing about and in a slight depression, where the greatest degree of moisture naturally is found. To get lost among these "bluffs" is not an uncommon occurrence in the experience of the novice.

Of all the places visited this summer my mind reverts to the Qu'Appelle Valley as the most beautiful, the most enchanting. There are many magnificent ravines, or deep "coulees," which present individual scenes worthy of the artist's brush; but the scenery of this historic valley possesses at once a grandeur and a delicacy of coloring all its own. As the traveller pursues his way along the ridges that skirt it on either side, and rise several hundred feet above it, he can look down upon the various herds of cattle, moving lazily, as they feed upon the luxuriant, waving grass. Shifting his gaze he can follow the serpent-like course of the Qu'Appelle River, describing peculiar figures as it moves from side to side of the valley, supposed to have been previously the bed of a mighty river. It is not the size of the Qu'Appelle that causes you to follow its course with pleasure; rather that its shores, like South African rivers, are lined with scrub trees, whose dark green foliage harmonizes beautifully with the color of the surrounding grass.

To omit a reference to the prairie flowers would be to do an injustice to that land of Indian battlefields and buffalo-hunts. Beginning as soon as the frost leaves the soil, these wildflowers shoot forth and continue to bloom in a progressive series until the climax is reached in the beautiful prairie roses of July and August. The aroma, wafted to one's senses by the gentler breezes of twilight, or of early morn, when the blossoms are dew-laden, dissipates the feeling of loneliness, which is apt to be keener at that period of the day.

But the white man is rapidly destroying this attractive feature of the virgin prairie, by turning the latter into extensive wheatfields. Standing on an eminence, in the early days of October, one has presented to him a fine illustration of this change. Looking toward the railroad, in the vicinity of which most of the C. P. R. lands yet lie in their natural state, he sees, through the autumn haze, a broad stretch of prairies covered with "wool," burnt brown by the summer's sun. Turning toward the more thickly populated settlement, a scene of orderly peacefulness greets the

eye; strips of fallowland ready for next year's crop, of stubble newly shorn of the golden harvest, and of prairie reserved for pasture lie interspersed in sharply defined proportions. Such changes are being wrought in the interests of peace and of humanity.

Does the prairie attract you? Has the country, as a whole, its characteristic charms? Apart from the fact that it is the young man's country, that it is the portion of the Dominion possessing potentialities of future greatness, there is an indescribable something which creates a desire to remain in the country. In "Adam Bede" George Eliot makes Dinah Morris use words which, perhaps, explain the feeling of some while on the prairie; they are:— "Where there's no trees, you know, sir, as there is here, to make the sky look smaller, but you see the heaven stretched out like a tent, and you feel the Everlasting arms around you."

J. M. Warner, '04.

MIKE.

Up on the north shore of Lake Superior, near where the "Sleeping Giant" stretches his mighty form, is a small island, once the scene of great mining activity, but since abandoned and deserted, save for the caretaker's family and Mike, who lived for years the life of a hermit.

Shut in from the world by ice for nearly six months in the year and seeing but a few tourists in summer, of whom he took no notice, Mike put in an existence that was lonely in the extreme.

Small of stature, with swarthy complexion, grim with rather a pained expression, silence seemed to have wrapped her cloak around him. Conversation seemed to be beneath his dignity, for he solemnly refused to speak even when spoken to. He lived his life regardless of anything or anybody. Friend! he had forgotten the meaning of the word. He cared not for men, they might come and go, but Mike never so much as raised his eyes to look at them. He had been a fisherman, but since the large corporations had come in, Mike fished no more. His whole life was now spent in an occupation no less prosaic than sawing wood. Great large

logs of drift wood, thrown up on the beach by the waves, were secured. It was said by some that he cut only one stick a day, but as the caretaker was the only one to supply, what mattered it ?

Early in the morning Mike could be seen down near the shore sawing away ; late in the day he could be seen sawing still. The wonder of it was that the constant sawing did not drive him crazy. The only pleasure Mike seemed to have in life was his flowers. The little patch of ground in front of his one-roomed hut was one mass of bloom. True, his taste in colors could not be called refined ; the dainty rose would be struggling in the midst of blue larkspur and yellow marigolds, but all alike shared his love and attention. In the evening he would carefully weed and water them, and they seemed to understand and appreciate his care, for they did their best to bloom. This was the one tenderness, the one link that bound Mike to the past.

At the age of twenty-two, a steady, honest fellow, he had come to Canada with his wife and little boy. The wee fair-haired lad was the centre around which all his fond hopes twined. Having heard of the wonderful discovery of silver in the north, Mike, like many others, resolved to try his fortune. The season was getting late, but boats were still running and being anxious to get settled in their new home before the winter set in, he set out with his wife and little boy.

The lake was like a sheet of glass with not a ripple, for the first day and night and the second day, but towards evening a heavy fog settled down which even a stiff wind failed to lift. At midnight the storm broke, and such a storm ! It seemed as if the mighty deep had been secretly rallying its forces and only then burst forth, sweeping everything before it. The brave captain was powerless to keep his boat in her course. Drift, drift, drift, and no power on earth to arrest the merciless waves as they hurled her to her doom. All that human skill could do was done, but still she drifted. On the bridge of that ice-clad vessel stood the captain, his wet clothes frozen on him, a look of agony written on his weather-beaten face. The storm increased in fury, women were weeping, strong men seemed powerless to think or act. A cry arose, she has struck ! For an instant it seemed as though the gallant ship had withstood the shock, but the sea pulled her off only to dash her once again with increased violence. Three

times she resisted, but the elements gathered for one last effort and the ship broke in two. Returning from a search for extra life-preservers, Mike saw his wife and boy go down under the cruel angry water, never to rise again.

Those who survived were exposed to the bitterly cold weather and were without food for two long days and nights. The boat had drifted so far as to be out of the course of other vessels and not until her sister ship was despatched to seek her did those who had been spared reach a place of safety.

For a short time Mike held a position in a large mining company, but the life became a burden; he wished to be alone. The lines on his face deepened, companionship wearied him and he became a morose and silent man, asking nothing and giving nothing.

ELIZABETH MUNRO.

THE "EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY."

The *Educational Monthly* has had a long and honorable career in Canadian journalism, and is too well known to require any introduction to our readers. It has lately passed, however, into new hands, and bids fair to become even a stronger influence than heretofore in the educational circles of our Province. It is now published by The University Company, Limited, and edited by Mr. John C. Saul, M.A., though the valuable aid of the former editor, Mr. MacMurchy, is still to be at the service of the magazine. The contents of the first issues under the new regime are of a high order. The outward form has been vastly improved. In the past good articles have been published in the *Educational Monthly*, but their value has been much lessened by the extremely unattractive form in which the paper was printed. This has been changed, and now it is a pleasure to read articles printed in good type and on good paper. We take pleasure in commending the *Educational Monthly* to our readers, particularly those in the teaching profession, and in wishing it a long-continued career of success and usefulness.

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Editorial Notes.

It is a continual source of satisfaction to the Faculty to observe the success of our graduates after they leave McMaster. Some proceed to graduate studies in the post-graduate schools, and there reflect credit on their Alma Mater. Others take a course at the Normal College and qualify as teachers in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of the Province. In connection with these we are glad to be able to state that *not a single graduate of McMaster has ever failed.* Last year alone no less than seven of our graduates successfully finished the course, six of whom obtained standing qualifying them as specialists. The successful seven were—Miss Emelyn E. Delmage, Miss Edith R. Delmage, Miss Charlotte A. Sanders, and Messrs. W. H. Augustine, A. H. Fairchild, P. C. McLaurin, and A. J. Madill. To all these we extend the hearty congratulations of both Faculty and undergraduates.

But there is a third class of graduates whom we have at present more particularly in mind, the men and women who have left the schools and are out in the real activities of life as preachers, teachers, doctors, and business men. We follow these with

interest, jealous that they may quit themselves well and do worthy service in the world. In the large majority of cases our expectations have been realized in no small measure. Some are not taking a large place in the public eye, but nevertheless are doing genuinely good work. We do not lose sight of these; nor are we unmindful of the fact that such work as theirs may often rank higher than much that excites more public notice. Among these are our missionaries to Bolivia. They are a worthy band. They are doing pioneer work, and are displaying in it a wisdom, earnestness and ability that commend them, not only to our denomination at home, but also to the people among whom they labor. In illustration of this we may refer to an editorial paragraph in *El Comercio*, of Cochabamba, in reference to the English College in that city, the principal of which is one of our graduates, Mr. C. N. Mitchell, of the Class of '94. The paper notes that the plan of teaching adopted in Mr. Mitchell's school is in keeping with the progressive character of the present day, and that, therefore, it has received unanimous approval. It particularly commends the attention paid to physical culture, which it thinks to be of the highest importance in the intellectual development of children, and hopes that the authorities of Cochabamba may follow the excellent example thus set by the English school. In conclusion, the editor recalls the fact that from the parents and from the numerous visitors present at the examinations the principal has received many congratulations upon the excellent manner in which the pupils did their part. Such a tribute as this from an important Bolivian paper will have been a gratification to Principal Mitchell, as it is to his former professors, his fellow-graduates, and many others. We trust that his influence in Cochabamba may grow, and that through his school he may do much for the intellectual and spiritual welfare of Bolivia.

Book Reviews.

New Testament Studies.*

Those who have heard Professor Moorehead preach or lecture have probably been impressed by his mental keenness and sanity as well as by his devout and earnest spirit. This volume gives evidence of the same qualities. It deals in a general way with the Acts and the Epistles in two chapters, and then particularly with Romans, First and Second Corinthians, Galatians and Ephesians. Of each of the five epistles an outline analysis is first given, and the discussion usually follows the outline, though with considerable freedom and variation. The author is distinctly conservative. He is dealing with what he believes to be the inspired word of God. Speaking of the Epistles he says, "Salvation through Christ is the basis of all the teaching, yet it has pleased the Holy Spirit, who is the Author of Scripture, to give us the doctrine under a variety of forms which correspond in some degree with the mental constitution of the men through whom the inspired communications were made. Unity in variety is God's method." "The fundamental conception of the Gospel in Peter or John agrees with that of Paul. To advocate a Pauline theology as distinct from that of James, or Peter, or John would be contrary to the tacts as well as destructive of the unity that prevails in the New Testament. While this is true, yet there is a variety or type of truth somewhat peculiar to each of the Epistles, which gives it a character of its own."

So he studies the facts as they are there and seeks to understand just what they mean. And really it makes delightful and profitable reading. One feels his soul stirred with gratitude and love to God as he follows the author in his luminous exposition of these great Epistles. It would be easy to quote many striking remarks. For example: "Our Lord Jesus was not made (or born) the Son of God—that He could never be in the same sense in which He was David's Son; He was declared (or defined) to be the Son of God by His resurrection from the dead" (p. 78). "If the righteousness of God means partly a work of grace by the Spirit in

* Outline Studies in the Acts and Epistles. By Prof. W. G. Moorehead. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. 247 pp. $1.20 net.

the soul, partly a work of the sinner co-operating with grace, then the Reformation was a mistake and a blunder, and we ought to return to Romanism." "Rather, righteousness of God is set forth as something objective to us, reckoned to us, set to our account, therefore not an internal work. . . . It is the sum-total of all that God commands, demands, approves, and provides" (pp. 81-82). "A Christian is one who has died with Christ, as his baptism clearly shows" (p. 91). "The blessedness of true separation . . . is nothing less than the glorious companionship of the great God Himself" (p. 166). "The distinctive mark of Paul's teaching is *faith*; that of James, Peter and Jude is *hope;* that of John is *love*—the three supreme Christian graces." "The preposition *in*, denoting union, is never found in connection with the name Jesus, the Lord's human, earthly title; they cannot be in Jesus, they are in Christ, who with them receives this official and exalted name"—I. Cor. 12, 12 (p. 221). Professor Moorehead finds no reason for following the divisive critics in any of these Epistles. In the first nine chapters of II. Corinthians he hears rumblings of the storm that breaks in chaps. 10-13. "A satisfactory explanation lies in this: The Epistle is addressed to the Church at Corinth, but also to 'all the saints which are in all Achaia.' . . . Hence he does not attack a minority in the Corinthian Church; he assails the Judaizers as a whole, wherever found" (p. 169). He holds to the North Galatian view (p. 186), and identifies the visit of Gal. 2, 1 with that in Acts 15.

There are some points where the author slips. On p. 74 the reference to John 20, 22-23, as a proof of the supreme authority of the Apostles, overlooks the fact that others than the Apostles were present on that occasion, as the parallel passage in Luke shows. The English rather than the Greek is followed in the reference to Phil. 2, 12 (p. 85). His Greek scholarship is usually accurate, however. The weakest point is in the value of textual criticism. Surely the MSS. authority for "let us have" in Rom. 5, 1, and for the omission of "and upon all" in Rom. 3, 22, is overwhelming. These are blemishes in a book that shows on the whole careful work and sound judgment. The discussion of Rom. 3-8 and of Gal. 3 and 4, and the general chapter on the Epistles are uncommonly good and exceedingly satisfactory. We commend the book to Bible students, especially to that growing number of pastors and S. S. teachers who are beginning to study the Bible by books.

J. H. F.

Nature in the Witness Box.*

To the sympathetic student of nature, God and nature are not at strife. Such is the view point of this attractive and interesting little book which is not, as its title might suggest, an attempted contributon to Apologetics. It is "an attempt at the making plain of certain of nature's laws and phenomena, and at the finding of their certain parallels in kingdoms that are higher." The reader may feel some disappointment that the parallels are not more certain, but he will be charmed by the sympathy and freshness of the author's treatment of natural phenomena, and helped by the lessons which he uses these to illustrate.

The Town Church.†

The author declares his purpose in this small book to be "to call attention to the necessity for scientific study of the special needs of the Church in the town." He finds that there are in the United States alone ten thousand places which have a population of less than 8,000 each, and he is persuaded that the churches are forced to grapple with many problems that have special relations to these smaller places. Through correspondence with over five hundred pastors the author gleaned many facts that enabled him to put on the market this brief *omnium gatherum.* There are some facts and suggestions recorded in its pages that must of necessity stir up good thoughts regarding the prosecution of the Lord's work in cities and towns of all sizes and kinds. The book is not to be classed among works of weight or light, and yet one would not like to say that the money and time spent in its production are altogether wasted. W. J. M.

Map of Canada.

Copies of the new map of the Dominion of Canada, recently issued by the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, have been received by the Library and The Monthly. The collaborators are to be commended both for their accuracy and for their attention to detail. The map will adorn the sanctum of The Monthly.

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*Nature in the Witness Box. By N. L. Willet. American Baptist Publication Society.

† The Problems of the Town Church: A Discussion of Needs and Methods. By Geo. A. Miller, B.A. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 75c. net.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. A. RAY, '03.

LADIES' LITERARY LEAGUE.—On the first Friday of each month during the college year, the McMaster women students hold the regular meeting of their Literary League, and once every year they hold a public meeting, to which all their friends are invited and where those interested may judge for themselves of the character of the regular meetings and may see to some extent the benefit received from our college training in speaking and writing. The annual meeting this year was held on Friday evening, Feb. 13, in Castle Memorial Hall. Miss Grace N. Wallace, '03, the President of the Society, was a model presiding officer, welcoming in a most graceful and dignified manner the large audience. Miss Emma Fox, '04, opened the programme with a well-rendered instrumental solo, "Nocturne in B Minor." Added to the usual interest attaching to the public meeting of the L.L.L., there was this year the novel interest of a debate between the ladies of Victoria University and those of McMaster University. This was the final debate of the Women's Intercollege Debating Union, the colleges included in the Union being University College, St. Hilda's, Victoria and McMaster. The subject under discussion was—"Resolved, that the evils of intemperance are greater than the evils of war." The affirmative being upheld by Misses Dingwall, '03, and Spence, '05, of Victoria, the negative by Misses Ardley, '03, and Munro, '03, of McMaster. The judges were Mr. J. C. Atkinson, editor of the *Star*, and Messrs. Abbott and Long, lecturers in the University of Toronto.

Miss Dingwall opened the debate for the affirmative with a clear-cut, logical, well-prepared speech which, combined with an excellent voice and most convincing manner, made a good score in favor of Victoria. Miss Ardley, the leader of the negative, with a position to support which seemed to many of us untenable, cancelled very many of her opponent's points and built up a strong case for the McMaster side. Miss Spence, of Victoria, was quite humorous and in the course of a very good speech, made many jokes, some pertinent to the argument, others not quite so much so. The speech of Miss Munroe was a revelation to many of the strong position which could be taken and maintained by her side. Her speech made many points for the negative and was as well a finished product of the literary art. After Miss Dingwall's clever

summing-up of the case, the audience was left in a most wavering and undecided state of mind as to the result and awaiting anxiously the decision of the judges.

During the interval of their retirement, Mrs. Fenton-Arnton, our instructress of elocution, delighted her audience with her rendering of a selection from Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues." She was enthusiastically encored and kindly returned, giving Archibald Lampman's beautiful poem, "Life." Miss Lillie M. Senior, '05, whom McMaster students are always glad to hear, followed with a vocal solo, "The Angels' Serenade," with a violin accompaniment by Miss Elizabeth Munro. Mr. J. C. Atkinson was appointed to give the judges' decision, and in his very pleasing manner, summed up the debate, and, after keeping the audience for a proper length of time in suspense, finally said the judges had found the two sides equal in matter and style, but on the ground of a Parliamentary rule concerning the delivery of speeches in a debate, had given the decision to the affirmative. Then long and hearty were the cheers of the Victoria supporters, but, though we could not wave our colors or cheer with much heartiness, every one of us was proud of the representation who had upheld so well the honor of McMaster. A cordial vote of thanks was tendered the judges, on the motion of Miss Dingwall, Victoria, and Miss Ardley, of McMaster. Hearty cheers were given by McMaster for Victoria, and by Victoria for McMaster. When the cheers had subsided and order once more reigned, our National Anthem closed one of the most interesting and successful meetings ever held by the Ladies' Literary League.

St. Valentine's Eve, February 14th, saw a very pleasant gathering at the pretty home of Professor W. P. Cohoe, when the genial professor and his charming bride were "at home" to the members of Class '05. A very interesting guessing contest was one of the features of the evening's enjoyment. Popular advertisements with the names of the articles and companies cut out were mounted on large red hearts, and the contestants were required to fill in the blanks on heart-shaped score cards. The magazine fiends were, of course, the high scorers. Miss Thompson won the ladies' prize, while George F. Stephens carried off the honors for the gentlemen. Dainty refreshments were served, after which a pleasant social hour was spent.

The Thursday afternoon lectures by Dr. R. Wilson Smith on Evolution are being largely attended. The discussion of such an important question in a clear and unprejudiced manner elicits the closest attention from his appreciative class.

On the evening of Feb. 17th Dr. R. Wilson Smith, Honorary President of Class '04, gave an At Home to the members of the year at his residence, 28 Tranby Ave. The guests were received by Dr. and Mrs. Smith, and Miss Gray, of Woodstock. The entertainment consisted of several novel guessing games, which the junior chivalry gallantly contested "for the honour of their ladye loves." The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

CHORIC SONG OF THE LATE SLEEPERS.

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

Hateful is the awful gong
That calls the early morn for me.
It means the end of sleep ; ah why
Should sleep disturbéd be ?
Let me alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a while my "wife" with breakfast comes.
Let me alone. What is it that will last ?
My sleep is taken from me and becomes
Portion and parcel of the blissful Past.
Let me alone. What pleasure can I have
To get up early ? Is there any peace
In ever crawling out at half-past six ?
All things have sleep, and sleep on toward the Styx
In silence : sleep on till they cease.
Give me long rest and sleep, sweet sleep and dreamful ease.

J. H. C., '05.

The members of the "Lit." gathered in the chapel on Friday evening, February 20th, to participate in what proved to be one of the most interesting meetings of the year. The President was in the chair and his humorous introductory remarks elicited applause from the audience. The first number on the programme was an instrumental solo by Miss Cutts, '06. Mr. E. A. Brownlee, B.A., rendered a song composed by a former McMaster student, Mr. W. P. McDonald. Both numbers were much appreciated. The President then announced the final inter-year debate with the Freshmen and Theology as the opposing parties. The subject was "Resolved, that labor organizations are in the best interest of the country." The affirmative was supported by R. C. Benson, '06, and O. S. Woodburn, '06, while R. E. Smith, B.A., and W. C. Riddiford, championed the cause of Theology. The judges were: Mr. S. J. Moore, Professor McKay and Dr. Goodspeed. While these gentlemen were finding their verdict, Mr. Williamson rendered a vocal solo and received an encore. Mr. S. J. Moore, on behalf of the judges, complimented the debaters on the general excellence of the debate, "but," he added, "in the opinion of the judges, the negative has won." Theology thus won the debating championship for 1902-3.

To induce an earnest individual examination of the purpose of life was the keynote of the various meetings held recently in the University by Mr. C. A. Fenn, Travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. His first address in the chapel, on the morning of February 24th, which was concise, tactful and interesting, was well calculated to induce his audience to attend his subsequent meetings. After the noonday meal he addressed the Student Body on the relation of the Christian at home to foreign work. He clearly showed the responsibility which rests on every Christian with respect to world evangelization. His evening address was admittedly one of the strongest appeals ever heard by the listeners to induce a candid decision as to their course in life. During the day four hours were set apart for private interviews, when the inquiries of many students concerning foreign missionary work were cheerfully answered by Mr. Fenn. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Fenn's visit will truly benefit the cause of the Student Volunteer Movement.

A Theological student recently spent a Sunday in a village some miles from the city. On the evening prior to the day of his return he made request of his host that he might be allowed the use of an alarm clock in order to catch an early train. He was aroused in the morning by a call to breakfast, and concluded that the clock had failed to make good. Imagine his surprise on learning that the clock had been heard by everyone in the house except himself.

Fyfe Missionary Day.—Friday, February 26th, was the day on which the regular monthly services of the society were held. Interest in the work both at home and abroad was stimulated by representative men from both fields. In the morning Dr. Everett Smith presented the work of the medical missionary in India, and in the afternoon Superintendent Stackhouse told of present conditions and future opportunities in Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia. The morning service was opened by a devotional service led by Vice-President Beck, after which a short time was spent in discussing the business of the society. One item of special interest to former students was that of Taylor Street Mission. Another building must be secured at once if the society is to continue its work in that part of the city. The opinions expressed indicated that the feeling of the society was in favor of aggressive work and a special effort to clear off the deficit now existing.

Dr. Smith was then introduced. The Doctor received his theological training in McMaster before he left for India seven years ago. At present he is home on furlough recruiting for an-

other term in India. Medical work was the topic chosen by the speaker and amply illustrated by references to a seven years' medical practice in India. The influence of superstition was encountered in medical work as well as in strictly religious work. Medical work must not be considered as an end in itself, but rather as a means by which the Christian worker may reach the people with the gospel message. Dr. Smith's address was enjoyed by all present.

The afternoon session opened with devotional exercises, led by Mr. C. Beck, after which Mr. Stackhouse gave an address on the needs of the North-West, and the work of the Baptist missions there. People are just beginning to awaken to the possibilities of the Canadian North-West. The vast wheat belt, the great ranching country, the undreamed-of mineral wealth, of which only the fringe has been touched, these facts assure us of a well-populated and prosperous country in the future. Already there are many thousands of foreigners, with modes of life and forms of religion that do not conform to the Canadian idea of civilization. There are also many Christian families growing up, beyond the reach of church and pastor. If these people could now be brought within the influence of strong Christian men, who are willing to live with them, learn their ways, and win their confidence, they might be led toward our ideals of Christian citizenship, and much might be done toward the digesting and assimilating of these foreign elements without serious ill-effects to our national life. Unless this can be accomplished before these people acquire the strength of numbers and customs, some very difficult problems will face our government. Mr. Stackhouse is a very forceful speaker, and we trust that success will attend him in his efforts to select men to push forward the great Canadian work.

The Seniors are to have a class pin to distinguish them hereafter from the ordinary mortals that throng this moving sphere. Having carved his name and fame upon the face of The Monthly, Herr Bengough now attempts to provide a regalia befitting the dignity of the graduates to be.

Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered bored and weary
O'er some tomes of ancient lore,
While I nodded nearly napping, on my door there came a tapping
And a voice cried, sharply snapping: "I've a bill you've seen before."
Suddenly aroused I muttered, "Who is tapping at my door?"
"Just the laundry—nothing more."

—*With Apologies to Poe.*

The philosophy of a room on the top flat.—Student before mirror: "A hair in the head's worth two in the brush."

Mock Trial.—The announcement that the McMaster University Literary Society would hold a mock trial at its annual spring open meeting drew a large crowd to Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of February 27th. The programme was in two parts, the first being musical and literary. The University Glee Club sang three numbers, "There is Music by the River," "Farewell Song," and "The Miller's Wooing," in pleasing style, the baton being wielded by Mr. W. J. McNally. Miss Ada Heath received hearty and well-deserved applause for her reading of a character sketch.

Then came the mock trial, before His Honor Mr. Justice Pompous Augustus McDiarmid, who looked very imposing in his white wig and gown. He was a most upright and learned judge, and his decisions seemed to meet with the hearty approval of the audience. The other officials of the court were :—Clerk of the Court, Froebel Bologna Dixon ; Court Crier, Ferocious Banjonian Mabee ; Sheriff, Roderick Dhu McLaurin ; Constables, Elephantus Columbus Jordan, Wonderful Whopper Lailey, Easily Jollied Chave, and Court Stenographer, Jay Hooligan Cranston.

The first charge was one of trespass against Wandering Jew Ellis, alias "Sardines." Jacobus Magnus Warner, K.C., appeared for the plaintiffs, Donald Bhain Buchanan, Wink At Cameron, Hungry Rufus Nobles, and Daring Archibald McGregor. The defendant did not appear to answer to the charge of trespassing in Room 15 on several occasions, and was sentenced to thirty days in the Home for Incurables.

Alphonso Stokes also failed to appear when he was charged by Higher Critic Feast, lawyer for Lower Critic Fraser, with having disturbed the peace. The defendant's past record was taken into account, and considering the gravity of the present crime, the terrible sentence was imposed that he should be deprived of library privileges till May 10th. It is reported that efforts will be made to have this sentence commuted.

Corruption of the morals of Class '04 by circulating improper literature was the serious crime with which Jacobus Theodoric Priest was confronted. Editus Assistans Brownlee, K.C., was Crown prosecutor, and Abe Lincoln Hoodles was lawyer for the defence. Novus Achilles Harkness, Seedy Jones, professor in Bacteriological Bugology, and the defendant gave evidence. The sentence gave the defendant the option of fifteen years' imprisonment with hard labor or thirty days living with his mother-in-law. The first alternative was chosen.

Rambling Gilpin Hartley acted as solicitor for Seedy Jones and Codfish Sam Cosgrain in their suit against Moulton College for engaging in theatrical performances without a license. The case was referred to the Court of Uncommon Pleas, to meet shortly at Moulton College.

The funniest case of the evening was the one in which Patrick O'Flannigan Riddiford was charged with stealing fish from the nets of Ephraim St. Jock (St. James), fisherman. St. Jock, with his habitant speech and injured air, Ikey Dunky (Duncan), with his loquaciousness, and the always funny defendant, were a trio of splendid witnesses. Wink At Cameron and Hungry Rufus Nobles, solicitors, distinguished themselves by their eloquence. A life-imprisonment sentence was passed, and on the defendant making objection he was given twenty years more for contempt of court.

Two charges were withdrawn. They were that against Gosh Eli Tompkinson, of leaving a yawning gulf unguarded, preferred by Anglo Saxon Woodburn, through Solicitor Wee Jonathan Grigg, and that against High Headed Bingham, of going where he wasn't wanted, preferred by Solicitor Flat Superintendent Beddow.

For assaulting James J. Corbett and injuring his reputation, Whalloping Volens Poapst was sentenced to have a twenty-pound dumbbell tied to his neck and to be tossed in the middle of Locke's Philosophy. Josh Billings McLaurin prosecuted.

The swearing in of the jury in the case against Rev. Wilhelm Quarrington *et al* for conspiring to defeat the referendum, caused considerable amusement, as did also the subsequent actions of the sleepy jurymen. Josephus Nestorious McLean, K.C., prosecuted, and Habbukuk Loquacious Kempton defended. Eli Perkins Dadson, John Cohoe, and Senator Poapst gave evidence. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Sentence was deferred till after examinations.

The last case was a charge of heresy against Bishop Justinian McLachlan, preferred by Gee Whizz Langdon. It was referred to the deacons of Highfield, where the Bishop holds forth.

Those in charge deserve hearty congratulations on the success of the evening's entertainment. The large audience seemed thoroughly to enjoy the fun provided. From first to last interest never dragged, though the programme was, perhaps, a little lengthy.

THEOLOG. in Theism class :—"Star dust ! star dust ! I guess that is what gets into a fellow's eyes in May."

A NEW international language, called Esperanto, is said to be flourishing, with a growing literature, a score of periodicals, and a society for its study. This literary creation is said to have emanated from the brain of a Polish doctor with the hope that by its means people of different nationalities might know each other ; and out of pity for students of the modern languages whose groans and sighs are heard in all quarters of the globe. This language is so

simple that a person can learn to read a book with the help of a dictionary in about eight hours. The most valuable features of this lucky find are: the expression of the most delicate shades of meaning, its invariable terminations for nouns, adjectives and adverbs, and its system of word-building, by means of which fifty other words can be constructed from one root-word. It is now in order for belated students of the modern languages to cheer up.

It is a matter of frequent comment that the Debating Society has a goodly number of very fair speakers. These are youths who avail themselves of an opportunity; who regularly attend and speak, and it is for just such men that the society exists. The question discussed on Saturday, Feb, 14th, was the one which has lately vexed the city, viz.: "Resolved, That Andrew Carnegie's donation of $350,000, with its conditions, to the city of Toronto, be accepted." E. F. Cohoe (affirmative) was pitted as leader against John Cohoe (negative). The negative appealed to the independent spirit which should possess us, and the affirmative to the common sense and utility of the gift, with the result that the judges, Messrs. McLean, Stokes and Bingham, decided in favor of the affirmative. A. E. Haydon, B.A., as critic, had a word of praise for everyone and also for the work of the society in general. . . . . Thirty-five members of the society were present on Saturday, Feb. 21st, at the discussion of the question, "Resolved, That religious instruction should be given in the public schools of Ontario." C. D. Jones, '06, led the affirmative, and Leslie Vail, '04, the negative. The words "religious instruction" caused considerable discussion as no definition would quite suit either side. F. J. Scott, B.A., as critic, believed too many "taffy" criticisms were made, and so spoke adversely of each speaker. Messrs. Brownlee, MacDonald and Norman, the judges, decided in favor of the affirmative. . . . . "Resolved, That the Governor-General of Canada should be a Canadian citizen," was the subject for Feb. 28th. The affirmative was led by J. B. McArthur, '05, and the negative by Alex. Stewart, '06. The affirmative argued that a Canadian Governor-General would get the large salary now given to an Englishman, that he would work solely for Canada's interest, that an Englishman does not understand Canadian politics. The negative upheld that a British Governor-General guards the interest of Imperial Federation, that he shows no partiality, that he strengthens the link between us and the motherland, and, finally, that the British Governor-General speaks well of Canada in England on his return. A. L. Huddleston, B.A., as critic, made many apt personal suggestions. The judges, Messrs. R. A. F. MacDonald, Lailey and Bingham, decided in favor of the negative.

Notwithstanding the fact that Professor Dale's going away means less work, the students who take his lectures are sorry to see him go. Having cleared the (historical) mental vision of the freshmen, sophomores and juniors he returns to the more peaceful pursuits of an agricultural life.

ATHLETICS.

Editor: S. M. McLay, '03.

For many years the different classes in the University have fought for supremacy on the athletic field, and on all these occasions great interest has prevailed among the students. Since the Matthews' trophy was presented to us for inter-year competition, the enthusiasm has greatly increased and has been the means of promoting our sports. Nearly all the students endeavor to secure positions on their respective year teams and a great many take part in the events on Field Day. This is conducive to bringing out all available talent, and, thus, we can compete creditably with other Universities in athletics. Before this cup was presented to us, the champions were presented with bronze pins. Now the winning year holds possession of the Matthews Cup until they are vanquished. Last year '03 won the coveted prize, but now have to resign to '05, who were able to make the largest number of points during the term. On Field Day they secured twenty-one points, and won both the Association and Rugby football championships. Ten points are allowed for each of these, which give them altogether forty-one points. This was the largest score, and therefore '05 are champions, '04 pulled up to second place by winning the hockey championship, altogether making thirty-four points.

This year has been somewhat unfavorable for our athletic contests; but despite this, the matches were very interesting, and played with much vigor. All of the football games, both Association and Rugby, were played in inclement weather. The campus was wet and slippery, nevertheless no enthusiasm was lacking. This winter has not been very satisfactory for hockey on open-air rinks, and thus our inter-year competition was postponed, and then rushed off in a few days, while the weather kept cool. Owing to their being played so late in the term only three teams out of the five contested.

The Intercollegiate Intermediate Rugby schedule for next season has been made out. McMaster is in a series with Varsity and Trinity.

On Thursday, Feb. 19th, the first match in the inter-year hockey championship was played between '06 and '04. The game was very fast, but one-sided. The score at full time was 10 goals to 0 in favor of '04. M. S. McArthur officiated as referee, and was not called on to penalize players much. He gave good satisfaction, and seemed to enjoy himself out in the chilly zephyrs. The following represented their respective years: '04—Goal, Harkness; point, W. Lailey; cover-point, R. A. F. McDonald; forwards, Baker, Bingham, Maybee and Blackadar. '06—Goal, Stewart; point, Pearson; cover-point, Dadson; forwards, Murray, Edwards, Chave and Wells.

According to the schedule drawn up, '03 should have played against '05, theology drawing a bye. Owing to inability to play '03, and theology defaulted, and on Monday, Feb. 23rd, a battle royal was witnessed between '05 and '04 for the final championship. The ice was in very poor condition. It was soft and slushy, and its surface was covered with snow. The game could not be said to be very fast, although none the less interesting. Both teams worked hard, but owing to unfavorable conditions under which they played, they were hampered and soon became tired. Neither team could show to advantage on such ice, as to brilliancy or speed. The checking was very close and hard and became extremely amusing both to the players and spectators. The score at half time was 2 to 0 in favor of '04 and at full time 3 to 0. J. A. McDonald made a very impartial referee, none of his decisions being challenged. He was strict, and consequently many players received two-minute penalties. The competing teams were as follows: '05—Goal, Munro; point, Stephens; cover-point, J. B. McArthur; forwards, M. S. McArthur, Peine, J. B. McLaurin, Vining. '04—Goal, Harkness; point, W. W. Lailey; cover-point, R. A. F. McDonald; forwards, Baker, Maybee, Bingham, Blackadar.

A change in our method of managing the hockey team was made this year. In the past, the captain has had all the work to do, that is, captaining the team while on the ice, choosing the players and also arranging matches. This year Mr. E. H. Mihell, '04, was appointed manager and much of the success of the team is due to his able advice and management. His service was valuable. He arranged exhibition games for practice, and was very diligent in getting out all available talent in the University, in order that the best possible team might be chosen. His efforts were in a great measure crowned with success. McMaster, out of over a dozen games this season, has been defeated only once. That was a costly defeat, but the fault did not lie in the manager, captain or the team; it rather rested with their opponents.

Mr. Lyman Lachland, a former McMaster graduate, and now studying medicine at McGill, acted as our representative at the executive meeting of the Intercollegiate Hockey Association, which was held in Montreal last month. Some important business was transacted. Varsity wished the league to adopt the O.H.A. offside rule, but on taking a vote the result was 5 to 4 against the amendment. Another amendment was passed, however, which will have a good effect. The rule for this year allowed graduates of one year's standing to play with their Universities. This amendment allows only students in attendance to participate.

Royal Military College, Kingston, won the Intermediate Intercollegiate championship. They defeated Varsity II at Kingston by 8 goals to 1 and here by 14 goals to 3. Both games were fast, but one-sided. Varsity had so changed their men from one team to another that when they played these games, a much inferior team was placed on the ice to that which had played in the former games of the season.

McGill won the Senior Intercollegiate championship. Varsity seemed overtrained when they played their first matches, but for the last two contests their form was much superior and they played excellent hockey.

Varsity seniors challenged the Wellingtons for possession of the Wilson trophy, which is emblematic of the city championship. Their challenge was accepted and Varsity won by a score of 11 to 6. It was a complete surprise to all interested in hockey. The Wellingtons did not appear to play with the vim and dash of Varsity. It is safe to say that Varsity never played a faster game this season. St. George's then challenged Varsity and won the trophy by a narrow margin. If the cold weather continues the Wellingtons, in all probability, will again challenge for it.

The Jennings Cup series is finished, and Junior S.P.S. are champions. The Dentals and Junior S.P.S. were winners of their respective series. A protest was entered against the Dentals for playing an ineligible player. It was allowed and the Junior and Senior S.P.S. competed for the trophy, the former eventually becoming possessors of it.

Upper Canada College, in its quarterly magazine, laments the fact that the score which its team made against McMaster in an exhibition Rugby game was the smallest of any score they made during the fall season. It will be remembered that in our first game of the season they defeated us by 2 points to 0. They attri-

bute their failure to run up a larger score to McMaster at half-time laying off three of their men and putting on three others in order "to try them." That was not the case. One of our men could not remain for the last half, and another man with the consent of Captain Davidson, of U. C. C., replaced him. It might also be mentioned that the game was played on the College's campus, and, if it had not been for the short distance from the goal to the dead line, U. C. C. would not have scored at all. They obtained both their points by kicking to the dead line in the last five minutes of the second half.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: D. C. MACINTOSH, '03.

REV. A. W. GAZLEY, '01, is preaching in Strathcona, near Edmonton, N.W.T.

REV. J. H. HANNAH, '99, Theol., '01, of Peterborough, was a recent visitor at McMaster.

REV. W. P. REEKIE, '98, has accepted the pastorate of the Sparta and First Yarmouth churches.

MR. E. A. BROWNLEE, '01, of McMaster, has received and accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Walkerton Baptist Church in May.

REV. P. K. DAYFOOT, M.A., '96, of Port Hope, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church in Orillia. He is to enter upon his new work on March 1st.

REV. E. J. STOBO, Theol., '96, B.D., '99, of Poplar Hill, is to take the pastoral charge of the Port Burwell, Calton, and Lake Shore Calvary churches on the 22nd inst.

REV. J. H. HUNTER, M.A., '99, who was until recently pastor of the Baptist Church in Coaticooke, Que., has undertaken the charge of the North Hatley, Waterville and Magog field.

REV. W. A. GUNTON, who took his theological course at McMaster, recently resigned the pastorate of the Gilmour Memorial Church, Peterborough, and has entered upon his new work as pastor of the church in Wallaceburg.

Rev. Walter McAlpine, '95, Theol., '97, of Georgetown, was a recent visitor at the Hall.

Rev. L. F. Kipp, '01, has gone to Gravenhurst to take the pastoral charge of the Baptist church in that town.

Rev. Lachlan McKinnon, Theol., '91, of Port Elgin, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Gilmour Memorial Church, Peterboro'.

Rev. A. S. Cross, '99, formerly pastor of the Walsh and Pine Grove Churches, has accepted an invitation to become pastor of the church in Hartford.

The ordination services of Mr. Judson McIntosh, '00, pastor of the churches in Whitevale and Green River, were held in Whitevale on the 16th ult.

We congratulate Rev. A. W. Gazley, '01, of Strathcona, N.W.T., upon his recent marriage to Miss Laura Clements, formerly of Bruce county.

Rev. A. B. Cohoe, '98, Theol., '01, has resigned the pastoral charge of the church in Grimsby. He intends to pursue an advanced course of studies in theology and sociology at the University of Chicago, and will enter upon this work on the first of next month.

Rev. J. Atkins has entered upon his new work in Alvinston. Before his departure from Bracebridge a farewell gathering was held, at which the words of appreciation spoken and a handsome presentation testified to the esteem in which Mr. Atkins is held in the field of his recent labors.

The Baptist church in Cobourg has had one of the most prosperous years in its history. Twenty-eight new members have been received, and congregations have increased in numbers. We congratulate the pastor, Rev. J. T. Marshall, '00, and Mrs. Marshall, who is also a graduate of McMaster, upon the success that has attended their efforts.

Mr. J. Frank Ingram, '99, Theol., '02, who has been at Newton Theological Seminary since last fall, was married on the 24th ult. to Miss Annie L. Dawson, of this city, and is now on his way to Burmah. He has been appointed teacher of Mathematics

in the Baptist College at Rangoon. We congratulate Mr. Ingram and wish him a successful and useful career.

Mr. S. R. Tarr, '95, M.A., '97, has lately been awarded one of the first prizes given by the American College of Insurance, Cleveland, for the best essay on "The most effective use of insurance advertising." The value of the prize was $50, and the article is to appear in one of the college text-books. Mr. Tarr has also been appointed corresponding instructor of the college. We congratulate Mr. Tarr.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editor: W. Raithby.

We had a call last week from Dr. Calley, of Chicago, general secretary of the B.Y.P.U. of America, and Rev. Geo. T. Webb, of Toronto, secretary for Ontario. The doctor gave us an after-dinner speech, which was greatly enjoyed by all.

The annual dinner was substituted for the regular programme of the Excelsior Society on Friday evening. There were oysters galore, served in all forms. Cakes, candies and fruits. One who attended would have no hesitancy in stating that the repast was prepared in a very tasty manner, if he were to judge by the way the guests, as well as the boys, appreciated it. After the inner man had been satisfied and the usual business of the society transacted, the following programme was rendered: A violin duet by Messrs. Gillies and Weston; a recitation "My Mother's Doughnuts," by Mr. J. S. Haverstock; a speech which was very enthustically rendered on "Canada's Future," by Mr. Nesbitt; a vocal duet by Messrs. Telford and Wilford; the reading of the "Maple Leaf," by the editor, Mr. J. Wreyford; a comic recitation, "A Dutchman's Mistake," by Mr. G. Doan, president; an address by the critic, Mr. Clark, and also one by the ex-critic, Mr. McNeil, were enjoyed, Mr. Clark excelling in Scotch humor and Mr. McNeil in Irish wit. The President of the Philomatic Society, Mr. R. McTavish, then gave a short speech. Altogether a very enjoyable evening was spent.

The monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held on February 12th. We were favored with an address from Rev. J. G. Brown on Foreign Missions. Mr. Brown spoke of the work in India and Bolivia, and the encouraging results that are evident. Christianity is gaining a firm hold on the native

Christians, which is evidenced by the missionary spirit, in endeavoring to send the gospel to the tribes about them. Their contributions are generous, and they seek purer and cleanlier modes of living. The speaker asserted that Christianity is the means by which many of the calamities of India are to be removed. In Bolivia the work is hindered by religious persecution, but much has been accomplished by the missionaries laboring there. The great need of the foreign field at present is more men of the right stamp to fill up the vacancies caused by the sickness and furloughs of the missionaries.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: EMMA FARES.

JANUARY 23rd was an ideal night for a sleigh drive. At least, so the Moulton students thought as they seated themselves in sleighs and gaily started off, the bright faces and merry laughter telling that all were entering heartily into the mirth and spirit of the evening.

TERM examinations began on the 13th of January. For a week the spirits, wont to be so gay and almost irrepressible, were effectually subdued. All energy was reserved for study, and indeed an unusual amount of work was accomplished. One might salute a friend in the corridor and be greeted with a chemical equation, or a line from Virgil, in reply. Conversation at table was very limited and uncertain; each student being intent on planning how much French or German she could stow away in the short time still remaining before the examination. Our text books went everywhere with us, and were referred to on all possible occasions. The bulletin board was consulted periodically, and various exclamations were heard as the different students learned the results of their examinations. Those who had first-class honors wondered if their class standing was high; those whose names were in the list of second class regretted that they had not put forth a little more effort during the term, while those who had third class were thankful that they had not failed.

THE day of prayer for colleges was one of great blessing to our school. In the morning at ten o'clock we had an informal service, led by the Rev. Mr. Warnicker, and at eleven Dr. Bates addressed us. Both services were impressive and helpful, and a

source of spiritual uplifting. After a quiet hour in the afternoon, we had a vesper service, and in the evening Dr. Weeks led a prayer service. Our Wednesday evening prayer meeting, which Dr. Farmer took, was a blessing to us all.

THE reception given by the ladies of the Bloor Street Church made a very pleasant diversion coming, as it did, when the term examinations were just over. All the Moulton students enjoyed the evening, and its memory will be placed among the many happy ones of this school year.

THE Senior concert, held in the College chapel on the 20th of February, passed off very successfully. With Mrs. Arnton's kind help the Seniors had prepared three scenes from "As You Like It," and a castanet drill, for the entertainment. The programme consisted of the drill and scenes, supplemented by an instrumental solo, two vocal solos and a reading. After the programme a social hour was spent in the reception rooms. When all expenses were paid, and the proceeds counted, it was learned that the Seniors were able to add $35 to the New Building Fund. Being able to add even this modest sum, they felt richly rewarded for their work. We are adding only small contributions to the New Building Fund, nevertheless it is surely growing, and we hope very soon to see started the building of which we are in such great need.

NOTE.—Some of this material was unavoidably held over from last month.

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: E. S. ROY, B.A.

DURING the past month we have been favored with a visit from the following gentlemen:—Revs. Gilmour, Gordon, and A. L. Therrien, of Montreal, who gave us a treat in the form of short addresses delivered in the Convocation Hall. We have also had a visit from the Rev. Dr. Lafleur, who spent a Sunday at the Institute and preached to us both morning and evening. His words were highly appreciated and his visit much enjoyed. It is interesting to listen to one speak when he is drawing from an experience of over fifty years of active Christian service.

A NEW feature of college lifeat the Institute at present is the existence of two literary societies, "The Gladstone Literary and

Debating Society" for the English, and "La Société Littéraire Feller" for the French. These two societies are of quite recent birth, but already they are beginning to manifest signs of life and enthusiasm. They meet once a week in separate class-rooms, where they listen with interest to the reading of papers prepared by the members of the societies, and to the discussion of important subjects of the day. The teachers wish the boys every success in this work, and trust they may derive no small amount of good from the time and energy spent in this way.

HOCKEY.—As the first of a series to be played, a good stiff game of hockey was put up here on Saturday, Jan. 31st, between a team of alumni of the Institute, who live in Montreal, and the Institute team proper. The score was: Feller, 3; Alumni, 1. During the first quarter the Montrealers kept the puck well into their opponents' territory, but soon the Feller boys found their bearings and scored the only game of the first half. In the second half it immediately became evident that the Feller team had not till now played their game. Their defence suddenly turned to a wall impenetrable and the forwards worked together like magic. In no time two goals were added to their first. After a few minutes, when facing near the Feller goal, McKay of the Alumni saw a little opening that Campbell was not filling, and he had the good luck of poking the puck through it. That was the last game scored. With a better combination the visitors will make a redoubtable team to meet in future games of the series, but this time they succumbed to their betters. Every man of the latter deserves praise for his work. Ross is the star of the team; Shaw, cool and persistent, is a wonder to watch; Parker, on the wing, is swift and sure as an eagle; Frith, the captain, is always at the right place; Leith was a feature in the game with his fearless checking and long lifting. All this, with the cock sure assistance which Gordon gave the little "black horse" in goal named Campbell, is the secret of success. The whole of Feller Institute is now wrapt in happiness and satisfaction. The teams lined up as follows:—

ALUMNI.		FELLER.
R. Cuthbertson	Goal	M. Campbell
C. McKergow	Point	W. Gordon
C. McKay	Cover Point	C. S. Leith
L. Packard	Rover	D. Ross
J. Osborne	Centre	H. Shaw
K. Ayer	R. Wing	E. Frith
R. Grafftey	L. Wing	H. B. Parker

Referee—Mortimer Packard.

Visitors are generally welcome at the Institute, but we seem to have some of late whose departure would give more pleasure than sorrow. Among these we might mention the "Mumps," "Chicken-pox," and "Mademoiselle La Grippe," whom one might expect to be a favorite among the boys, but she is not at all popular.

Note.—Held over from last month.

Here and There.

Editor: H. Procter, B.A.

An effort is being made by the students of Toronto University to procure a suitable Convocation Hall. The estimated cost of the building is $50,000. The plan of those interested is to raise $30,000 from graduates of the University and to ask the Ontario Government to supplement this amount to the extent of $20,000.

Yale students are to collect the voices of all remaining Indian tribes in a phonograph. Presumably, Yale is planning a new yell.—*Ex.*

We clip the following from the February issue of *The University Monthly* of New Brunswick University: "This month the University of New Brunswick passed its one hundred and third birthday. The classes in the University are larger than ever before and everything in connection with the college shows the same progressive spirit. *The Monthly* is meeting with increased success. Its circulation is rapidly increasing and it is no longer a burden of expense to the students." We are glad to learn of *The Monthly's* success and wish it all prosperity in the future.

A swarm of bees chased Willie, till the boy was almost wild,
His anxious parents wondered why the bees pursued the child.
To diagnose, they summoned their physician, Dr. Ives,
"I think," he said, "the reason's clear, our Willie has the hives."

—*Cornell Widow.*

Prof.—"A fool can ask a question which a wise man cannot answer." Student.—"I suppose that's the reason so many of us flunk."—*Ex.*

THERE are eight representatives of the University of the United Kingdom in Parliament—six Conservatives and two Liberal Unionists.

FOR a long time it has been commonly acknowledged that Freshmen were green and froward, Juniors light-hearted and gay, and Seniors grave and awe-inspiring, but no one knew just what adjectives to apply to the Sophomores until quite recently when President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, supplied the deficiency. In an address before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, he settled the question once for all. Speaking against the shortening of college courses he said : " I can't for the life of me see how a man can expect to graduate a Sophomore who ever saw a Sophomore. They are lovable fellows. The sap of manhood is flowing in them, but it hasn't reached their heads."—*Oberlin Review.*

TEACHER—" How dare you swear before me ? " Pupil—" How did I know that you wanted to swear first ? "—*Ex.*

THE University of Mississippi numbers among its faculty a Japanese who holds the position of professor in chemistry.—*Ex.*

LITTLE BLESSINGS

Lord, in each day's littleness
Let Thy mercy hold and bless,
Choose my way that I may be
Ever wise in serving Thee :
Nor in childish folly call
Any gift or mercy small—
Any trial of my state,
Any cross or sorrow, great,
For Thy greatness holdeth me :
And Thy littleness may be
The first token of a care
High as heaven and heavenly fair.

—*Isaac O. Rankin, in University of Ottawa Review.*

A WRITER in one of the English reviews scores Oxford for her laziness. Cornell alone, he says, is about as rich as four of the richest Oxford Colleges put together, and Harvard is nearly twice as rich as Cornell. He thinks that there is danger that vigorous and efficient American universities will secure many of the distinguished Oxford teachers.—*Ex.*

" I'M so tired this morning," said the first moth. " Up late last night ? " asked the second. " Yes," replied the first, " I was at a camphor ball."

MODERN PROVERBS.

1. He that readeth his work in the summer is wise, but he that spendeth his time in Muskoka will be sorry in May.

2. He that winketh with the eye is a Freshman, but the Senior looketh straight ahead.

3. As Vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke of cheap cigars to the nose, so is the sluggard to them that send him to college.

4. He that is surety for a stranger, shall smart for it ; and he that lendeth to a friend shall wear his last year's overcoat.

5. He that withholdeth coal, the people should curse him, but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it.

6. There shall no evil happen to her that skips no dances, but the wicked shall be filled with mischief.

7. A wicked messenger boy soon loseth his job, but a faithful ambassador receiveth many tips.

8. Every wise woman hath two programmes, and loseth that she wanteth not.

9. Better a corner of the housetop, where a fire is, than the front room in a cold boarding house.

10. It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer of second-hand books ; but afterwards he shaketh hands with himself.

11. He that saith unto the homely Fourth Year girl, Thou art beauteous, him shall the Freshettes curse, the Sophs shall abhor him.

12. As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is a registered letter from home to the student.

13. Answer not a Freshman according to his freshness lest thou also be like unto him.

—*Solomon Jr., in The Varsity.*

A student at Wabash College inscribed the following heart-rending lines in his Pyschology :

If there should come another flood
For refuge hither fly,
If all this world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry.—*Ex.*

THE RIVER.

Why hurry, little river,
Why hurry to the sea?
  There is nothing there to do
  But to sink into the blue,
And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home.

Why hurry, litte river,
  From the mountains and the mead,
Where the graceful elms are sleeping
  And the quiet cattle feed?
The loving shadows cool
The deep and restful pool,
And every tribute stream
Brings its own sweet woodland dream
Of the mighty woods that sleep,
Where the sighs of earth are deep,
And the silent skies look down
On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh linger, little river,
  Your banks are all so fair,
Each morning is a hymn of praise,
  Each evening is a prayer.
All day the sumbeams glitter
  On your shallows and your bars,
    And at night the dear God stills you
  With the music of the stars.

—*Frederick George Scott, in the Mitre.*

THE *Manitoba College Journal*, in opening up an exchange department, has this to say :—" Rather than make apology for presenting this new page we would hasten to beg pardon for not having opened it sooner. Such a column brings us more nearly into touch with what is happening in other colleges, while it prevents us from becoming entirely centred in our own interests. It is certainly important that we should be recognizant of the questions and doings which are affecting the life and thought of other colleges." We heartily agree with the *Journal*. Apropos of the subject, we note that this year *Notre Dame Scholastic* has not had an exchange department. We wonder why.

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
APRIL, 1903.

ON BOARD THE ROSE MARIE.

Very different from the usual steamboat cook was the applicant for the vacant position upon the Rose Marie—an old side-wheeler that combined the functions of slow freight-boat with those of tug. The festivities consequent upon meeting a long-parted friend, during her two days in Ottawa, had proved too much for the retiring incumbent. Consequently Captain Dobell had informed poor Katie that she was no longer an indispensable adjunct to the ship's company. His remarks were couched alternately in English and French—according as a phrase of one or the other seemed to apply with greater force.

While this storm was progressing, a poorly dressed woman had stood upon the wharf scanning anxiously the tugs and barges along the shore. There was the strength that suffers and endures in the pale face which looked older than it ought—a face with tender gray eyes amid the cruel lines of hardship and pain. Beside her, with hand clasped in hers, stood a child of three. Like the woman's, its worn dress was carefully mended and neat. She was darker than the mother, a sturdy child—quite happy now in watching the change and hurry upon the dock and the moving river.

With an excited wave of his hand and a choice Saxon expletive, the captain finally dismissed the maudlin appeals of the sobbing Kathleen. Gently pulling the child, the other woman walked quickly toward the irate dignitary. Trembling a little, but with a firm voice, she asked whether he required another cook.

"Oui, mais je—I no tink you do at all," he replied in no un-

kindly way, surprised at such an inquiry from a person of her appearance. "You nevare cook on boat before these firse tam, non? W'at you do wit' l'enfant? Can't tak'er 'long."

"Oh, I couldn't leave her," she exclaimed, in fright at the thought, "but she will be no trouble to you. Please, captain, give me a trial."

Captain Dobell was not given over-much to fine scruples, but he hesitated about consenting to this delicate, sad-faced woman exposing herself to the rudeness of a river crew. However, he must have a cook before leaving—that was plain, and he must start that morning, too. Well, if she brought the child along, that would be some company and protection for her, anyway. So the woman stepped over the gangway with her child, and without further ceremony was installed in her tiny kitchen as cook of the Rose Marie.

"Ba gosh. She'll no lak' it moche, I'm tink," said the captain to his first engineer. That worthy, being a native of Glasgow, always disdained to make use of any language except his own, although he understood French well enough; so he was usually addressed in broken English.

"Well, Cap'n, if I ken any mon that dare molest yon woman or the bairn, he'll hae to settle wi' ma'sel'," and there was a gleam that meant resolution in Angus McLeod's keen blue eyes.

And later in the day, when an undersized but exceedingly talkative deck-hand named Legère made some offensive remark in reference to the newcomers, the tall Scotchman rose slowly from his lounging position against a pile of salt sacks, and grasped the shoulder of the speaker so that he jumped with pain.

"Din'na ye say the like again!" he thundered. "Ye dairty-mouthed peegmy, I would throttle ye, but ye're no half a mon."

"Saprie! I not mean dat—true."

McLeod said no more, but the gleam in his eye now was dangerous enough to make a larger and braver man than Legère shake.

Like the generality of French river hands the crew of the Rose Marie (consisting of three men besides mate and assistant engineer) were a good-natured enough lot—not quite responsible when a little extra whiskey could be had, but not likely to distress wilfully a timid woman. As to little Rita, though never allowed

out of sight by her mother, the child was made a pet from the first, and many were the playful kindnesses showered upon her by the demonstrative Frenchmen. They showed a degree of rough chivalry, too, towards the mother—addressing her simply as "Madame," instead of trying to elicit her name, which she had never volunteered. Beyond a respectful salutation or a kindly remark about the child, even the Scotchman made no attempt at engaging the new cook in conversation. It was early in July when she entered upon her tasks, and when the heated term of August followed upon a week of wet weather, she was still engaged in her weary routine.

One evening after supper, when the captain was taking his turn at the wheel, McLeod was leaning by the side of an open window, smoking.

"Seem lak' Madame look a leetle seek—w'at yo' t'ink?" said Dobell, shifting his quid of "beaver" and expectorating with an air of assumed unconcern.

"Ay, she's pale, an' coughs," replied his companion slowly.

"Bon Dieu! De work's too hard. I wonder w'y she kip herseff at it, eh?"

Angus made no response as he gazed steadily at the channel ahead. He puffed a great cloud of smoke—and wondered too.

A little later, as he passed the cook-house, he stopped a moment and playfully caught up little Rita, with whom he was a great favorite.

"Mr. McLeod," called the mother, gently, from within the cabin, where she was busy washing dishes. As usual after supper, the crew were all lounging on the lower deck.

"Ay, Madam," and carrying the child he set her down in the doorway.

"May I speak to you—just for a minute?" she asked timidly.

"Ay, an' more if ye wish," was the kindly response.

She seemed almost afraid to commence, and her fingers toyed nervously with the dark curls of the child.

"Perhaps you wonder what—what kind of woman I am, Mr. McLeod," she began in a faltering voice, looking up sadly, but the kindly blue eyes encouraged her to proceed. "I'm not here through choice—and I don't think I'll stay many weeks

longer," she added with a weary smile, after a fit of coughing had interrupted her. "I am a stranger, Mr. McLeod, but you have been very kind to Rita—and to me, too—and there is no one else I can ask." She paused again and looked in tearful love at the child, who had slipped away to resume her play with "Dollie" upon the deck. "If anything should happen to me—suddenly, you know—will you take her to the Orphans' Home at Ottawa?—for they were very good to her once when I was in the hospital. And I want to ask you to do something else—will you try to deliver this letter?"

She handed him an envelope, which she now took from the bosom of her dress. It bore the name, "Thomas Wheeler," but no address.

"It is my husband," she said simply, "but I don't know just where he is." Then in words that McLeod knew were from a breaking heart, she added faintly, "I heard he was boating somewhere along the river, but I am afraid he has not the—the same name now, and I cannot find him."

And then for a moment she forgot she was not alone.

"Oh, Tom—Tom," she sobbed, and her hands grasped the table as though she were about to fall.

The engineer caught her arm. She thanked him weakly as he guided her to the old wooden chair in the corner of the cabin.

"Missus Wheeler," he said gently, in his deliberate fashion, and the unaccustomed use of the name roused her, "I'll do my best to find yir mon an' give him yir letter. An' about the lassie, dinna trouble yirsel'—my sister Mar'get, who's nigh-bye Rocklan', would be glad to give hir a hame. She's aye grievin' that she has no bairns."

"Oh, God will bless you for your good heart, and—"

"What like is yir mon—in looks?" he interrupted hastily.

Her voice broke as she answered, "Tall, and dark—and handsome," she said with a pathetic proudness. "Rita favors him more than me. Oh, you will try to find him, won't you?"

"I'll do my maist," he said quietly, and left her. "But I'm no sure how I'll treat him," he muttered to himself as he stepped out on deck. "The blackguard. I'm no saint mysel', but the very deil would no trample sic affection as yon." And his great Scotch heart filled with pitying wonder at the patient strength of the frail woman.

"Ay, the love of a woman. My God! but it's a michty thing." And lighting up his pipe he puffed in a way to rival his own engine.

All day it had been insufferably hot; then the sun had sunk from a conflagration of clouds into a river of flame. As the August twilight drew quickly on, the motionless atmosphere became almost suffocating. The slow-moving paddle-wheels seemed to pause in weariness before every turn, and the engine throbbed as though gasping to get its breath from the lifeless air. The chief engineer was seated upon the after rail, his chin upon his hands. It was past his time for turning in, but the night air was so intolerable that he had not gone below. He sat on awaiting the coming thunder-storm, and gazing at the darkening hills away back from the north shore. It was now quite dark. In his unrest he rose to take a turn or two around the deck. The door of the kitchen (from which the little sleeping cabin of the cook opened) contrary to custom had been left unclosed so as to catch any possible breeze. He stood before it a moment, in an emotion of protecting pity, then moved on as a sound of smothered coughing struck painfully upon his ears. When he returned to his seat at the back of the boat, the pipe between his teeth had burned quite out—unnoticed. As he gazed up the river into the night, he was thinking of something besides the long tow of lumber-barges whose flickering lights pierced the darkness through which they were slowly gliding.

Above the throb of machinery he could hear the crew making merry below with song and fiddle—it was too hot for the customary jig. Just before dark the Rose Marie had stopped at Rockland to pick up a barge that had been loading there. One of the barge hands had come on board, and as he brought with him an unopened bottle he had been given a hearty welcome and induced to spend the night. The talk turned upon the recent three days' stay in Ottawa. According to the boasting accounts, each of which vied to outdo the other, a month's wages must have been pretty nearly disposed of. The new-comer, too (who, though he spoke the language of the company, was evidently not French himself), had a glowing tale of a high spree in Montreal.

"Parbleu! There is not much money on the old scow this trip," laughed the mate. "Our Scotchman left his in Ottawa, too—but at La Banque Nationale."

"Sais pas!" exclaimed McLeod's assistant, who had left the engine-room for a moment to taste of the festivities, "Madame, the cook, doesn't leave much on shore, anyhow; she stayed at the wharf the whole time. So one might find something in the little trunk at the foot of the bunk in the kitchen cabin."

"Ha! ha! What do you know about the cabin of Madame? Only first engineers can look there," and Legère gave one of his suggestive grins.

"Oh, even you can have the privilege of seeing the box through the window, for that matter," said the Scotchman's second, contemptuously. "But have a care, mon petit, it would go hard were you overheard just now." There was a general laugh at the apprehensive glance from the little coward as he made sure that McLeod was not within earshot.

"Bah! d—!" he exclaimed, regaining his nerve, "he is asleep in his bunk this hour or more."

The stranger had listened attentively to the jesting, though he did not take any part in it.

"Is the captain alone?" he inquired,—"I'll go up and offer him a drop, too," and taking the bottle, he went up on deck. The hatchway was so situated that it was not directly in sight of the steersman. Neither could the intruder see the engineer, screened as he was by a projecting corner of the after-cabin. He groped his way stealthily in the gloom. The storm was almost ready to break, and a premonitory flash of lightning deterred him for a moment. He reached the open door of the cook-house, and slipping off his boots sneaked through to the inner apartment. Just as he stooped to feel for the box, the woman commenced to cough, and awaking suddenly, became aware of the intruder's presence.

Starting up in her alarm she clasped her arms about the sleeping child, and cried faintly, and then more loudly, "Oh, help! help!"

But the sound could never have reached those below through the noise of the boat and the shouting laughter. The captain, too, heard nothing of it; but around the corner of the cabin a bended head was suddenly raised. Before the intending thief could do more than think of checking the calls for aid, he felt himself held back, and an angry grip closing upon his throat. Both

were strong, and for a moment or two their struggle was a fierce one. Then, for a second, a vivid flash made of night an unearthly day.

"Tom!" cried the woman, and in a paroxysm of coughing fell back insensible upon her pillow.

"Mary! My God!" came almost incoherently from the throat of the wretch, just as McLeod's fingers were tightening upon it. Then the engineer loosened his hold, and both men stood by the bedside.

"An' so she's found him," muttered Angus, grimly, but not addressing the other. "Dinna greet, Rita, lassie," he said soothingly to the sobbing child. Then striking a match he hurriedly lit the little lamp from the bracket above the bed, and held it so that the light fell upon the white face on the pillow.

"Ye d—— brute, how came the blood?" he demanded through half-clenched teeth.

"By God! I didn't so much as touch her," cried the frightened wretch. "It's her coughing."

"Ye've killed hir for a' that, ye heill-born," hissed the Scot, and a crash of thunder seemed to join in his fierce denunciation. But his immediate concern was relief of suffering, not retribution.

"Wet her head a wee bit," he said, handing the other a jug of water and a towel from the little stand in the corner. "We're just abune the village, so I'll hae the cap'n stop at the wharf, an' I'll gang ashore to fetch Dochter Ross—he'll do all any mon can."

"And then I suppose you'll arrest me?" said Wheeler, sullenly.

"Ye dastairdly coward," came the demand of scornful rage, "would ye leave hir now? After all yir work; surely ye'll be no quite sic a wretch. I'll promise, if ye bide wi' hir now, I'll do my best to help ye escape yir dues. I cud tell the rest that ye o'ercam' yir wife wi' joy at the sudden sicht o' yir braw face," and with this parting burst of irony and angry contempt he went out to speak to the captain.

It was a matter of only a few minutes to reach the wharf, and Angus, having jumped off without waiting for the boat to touch the pier, was hastening through the storm to the sleeping village upon the hill.

Meanwhile, in the little cabin, the pale sufferer had slowly

come back to life. The sight of her husband's long-sought-for face bending above her, and the touch of his fingers upon her forehead, filled her with a bewildering joy.

"Where am I, Tom?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I know," and she trembled with the terror of remembrance. "No, no, I wasn't dreaming—a man—I couldn't see his face—was choking you. Oh, Tom, how did it happen?"

Was it only to escape the last accusing of his poor victim? Was it mere cowardice that sought to shift the blame upon another? Was it, perhaps, to make happier the death of a loving woman, whose life had been cursed through his? Who can distinguish the direction of all the motives entering into that composition of forces which moves the will of man to a deceit like Wheeler's?

"I saw someone slouching into the cabin, and then I heard a cry. I knew it was yours, Mary, and—and I rushed in to save you."

Love like hers is faith as well. "Oh, my own brave Tom! You did come back to me—at last, didn't you? Kiss, daddie, Rita," she said tenderly to the child, who still shrank in fright from her father.

"You'll be good to her, Tom dear, won't you,—when I'm gone?" She perceived no note discordant to her joy, in his confusion of manner and mumbled reply, as she tenderly stroked his rough hand.

McLeod and the doctor were carefully picking their way along the ramshackle wharf.

"So you really want me to make the woman believe that her villain of a husband was acting as her protector?" the latter was saying.

"Ay, Dochter! Ye see, in the dark, 'an the tussle, she cud na verra well ken which was which—an' if she believes that hir ain mon was fichtin' for hir again the other, she might dee more peacefu' like."

"And think that you are the cowardly villain?"

"It's a hard eno' thought—but she must dee in peace. An' perhaps she'll ken the right o' it hereafter."

Hurrying past the questioning group upon the lower deck, they ascended to the cabin. The doctor entered. Angus McLeod stood motionless in the storm without.

The alternating glare and crash, and the roar of the down-coming torrent, raged about him unheeded. A long quarter of an hour elapsed before the doctor reappeared.

"Is it ower?" was the low-toned question.

"Yes; she died clasping her husband's hand. The lying wretch had made her believe him her rescuer, before I came. It was just as well, I suppose. You will be glad that she did not seem to have recognized his opponent at all."

"I thank God for that!" he said, fervently. The doctor partly understood, and his hand-clasp was as warm as his heart.

Early next morning the captain looked into the engine-room.

"W'at 'bout de leetle kid, eh?" he said in evident anxiety. "Sacre! Seems lak' dat scamp mak' off widout her some tam' las' night. You t'ink we find any frien's of Madame?"

"I'll tak' the lassie mysel'," said Angus, simply, looking intently at the indicator upon the boiler. "I had promised the mither I would."

STAMBURY R. TARR, '95,
in The National Magazine (Boston.)

GARETH AND LYNETTE.

Arthur was the greatest of the Welsh kings. His coming was attended with mystery, and yet the people believed that he had been divinely sent to rule them. So he received the support of his people, and was enabled to rule with a large degree of equity. When he came to the throne he found the realm in a state of confusion,

> "For many a petty king ere Arthur came
> Ruled in this isle and, ever waging war
> Each upon other, wasted all the land."

But, by banding the knights together into a union called "The Table Round," he was enabled at once to preserve unity in the realm itself, and quell any insurrections in his domains.

In Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette" we have a picture of the court of Arthur as it was at the zenith of its greatness. And such was its character that it was considered to be the highest

type of manhood to serve the great king as knight. So the aspiration of the noblest youth in the land was to sit at the "Round Table." To be great at Arthur's court meant true greatness. He was greatest who was most unselfish, most courageous, purest.

Gareth, the youngest son of Lot and Bellicent, was a young man full of buoyancy and daring. His two elder brothers had been for some years Knights of the Round Table, and his great ambition was to bear the same enviable title. Moreover, ambition had become resolute determination with him to gain it at any cost.

The departure of Gareth's elder brothers for the court had made Bellicent, the mother, rather lonely. So it was only natural that, when Gareth approached her with the question of leaving home, she should be reluctant in granting his request. In truth she contrived every device of which she could conceive in order that she might turn him, if possible, from his purpose. But he still persisted in his intent. Indeed the mother's suggestions served but to feed the flame of the lad's enthusiasm, until he even expressed his willingness to walk through fire if thereby he might gain her consent. Thinking that he would repent of his bargain, she agreed to let him go on condition that, for one year, he should serve in disguise in the king's kitchen. Gareth's reply was characteristic of the man,

> "The thrall in person may be free in soul."

And so he gained his wish.

Gareth still lingered awhile after receiving his mother's consent, but finally he slipped away without letting her know that he was going. It was a beautiful morning when he set out for the court at Camelot. The air was fragrant with the heath of springtime, and

> "the birds made
> Melody on branch and melody in mid-air.
> The damp hill slopes were quicken'd into green,
> And the live green had kindled into flowers,
> For it was past the time of Easter-day."

Accompanied by two of the family servants, Gareth started for Camelot. When they reached the plain on which the city was

built, they saw in the distance the great spires, the towering buildings and the shining gateway. All was indistinct through trees and smoke and mist ; anon all would seem quite clear, and then again all would disappear.

After some time they reached the gateway, a thing of marvellous beauty. And while they still stood wondering, there came from out the gate a hoary-headed old seer who told them of the city and the king. The old man's riddling description was quite in harmony with the city of mystery, that city that—

> "is built
> To music, therefore never built at all,
> And therefore built for ever."

Gareth, resolute in his purpose, followed the old man into the city. All was new and interesting to him as he passed up the streets to the palace. Then he came to the palace itself ; but all external beauty and splendor paled into insignificance as, for the first time, he heard and saw the great Arthur. That was a moment of supreme humility and delight for him, in the consciousness of his own imperfection and the king's purity.

Entering the royal presence, he heard one after another present their petitions, and then he in turn came forward with his :

> "'A boon, Sir King,' . . . 'grant me to serve
> For meat and drink among the kitchen knaves
> A twelvemonth and a day, nor seek my name.
> Hereafter I will fight.'"

The king was pleased with him, and the only regret that he expressed was that the lad had not asked for something better.

> "So Gareth all for glory underwent
> The sooty yoke of kitchen vassalage."

And thus he served until his mother repented, and freed him from the vow that he had sworn.

Having been released from his oath, Gareth requested the king to make him his knight in secret, until perchance his deeds would speak for him. With a little reluctance the king granted his request, but privately charged Lancelot with his care as he went on his first quest.

Even on the very day that Gareth was knighted there came into the palace a lady with a request which the youthful knight considered as his great opportunity. She was

> "A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
> May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
> Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
> Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

Lynette, for this was the damsel's name, had come to ask for Lancelot to overthrow four knights who were besieging her sister, Lady Lyonors. Three of them, who called themselves the "Day"—"Morning Star," "Noonday Sun," and "Evening Star"—defended the passes to the palace. The fourth and mightiest, who bore the name of "Death," besieged the lady in her own castle with the intent of forcing her to wed him.

Perhaps somewhat discourteously Gareth sought as his boon the right to go on this quest. Pardoning his rough manner, the king granted his wish. This aroused the anger of Lynette, who had asked for Lancelot, Arthur's greatest, and was given a "kitchen knave;" so she turned and fled. Taking Arthur's gift of horse and armor, Gareth followed.

The reception which Lynette tendered Gareth, when he came up with her, was not the warmest. Rather she was very rude in her treatment of him, and, if she condescended to speak at all, her thoughts were clothed in bitter irony. But Gareth's words were always gentle and his actions ever courteous. So they rode on together.

At length they came to the first pass. Guarding it was Sir Morning Star, who came forth at sight of the two. And three beautiful girls came forth too, who arrayed him in blue arms and gave him a blue shield whereon was the morning star. Then the two knights met on the little bridge that crossed the stream. The battle was short and decisive: Gareth was the victor.

After sending the disarmed and vanquished knight to Arthur, Gareth again followed Lynette, whose discourtesy was slightly softened by her champion's victory. And as she rode she sang:

> "O morning star that smilest in the blue,
> O star, my morning dream hath proven true,
> Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smiled on me."

Ere long they came to the second pass, where Sir Noon-Day Sun was guard. His mail was splendidly burnished and shone in red and gold. A short conflict ensued, this time in mid-stream; and Gareth was again victorious, owing to the horse of his opponent slipping, and the rider being thus overthrown. And as they resumed the ride, Lynette broke into song again:

> "O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
> O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
> Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.
>
> "O dewy flowers, that open to the sun,
> O dewy flowers, that close when day is done,
> Blow sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me."

Riding on, the two soon came upon the third member of the "triumvirate" Day, viz., Sir Evening Star. He was attended by a "grizzled" old woman, who armed him in rusty, tarnished arms. This was a more keenly contested battle, and it was some time before the issue was settled. But, by persistence and courage, Gareth was again able to gain the day. This time Lynette's heart was completely softened, as may be gathered from her song,

> "O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
> O rainbow, with three colors after rain,
> Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath smiled on me."

By the time the third knight had been overthrown it was evening. Lynette was now satisfied that Gareth was more than "kitchen knave." Gareth was elated with his two-fold victory over the arrogance of Lynette and the prowess of the knights. Indeed he made bold enough to say that—

> "There rides no knight, not Lancelot, his great self,
> Hath force to quell me."

Just then Lancelot, in compliance with the king's wish, came along, and in jest called to Gareth that he would avenge the defeat of the conquered knights. Not recognizing the great knight, the elated youth closed with him, and in a moment Gareth's pride was brought low, almost as low as he himself was brought.

After passing the night in rest, the three advanced towards

"Castle Perilous," where Lady Lyonors, in her own palace, was a prisoner. In preparation for the final conflict Lancelot had given Gareth timely advice, and acquainted him with many of the devices to be used in times of threatened danger. After listening Gareth answered—

> "Here be rules. I know but one—
> To dash against mine enemy and to win."

Sir Death, who dwelt in a huge black pavilion, came forth—

> "High on a night-black horse, with night-black arms,
> With white breast bone, and barren ribs of Death,
> And crown'd with fleshless laughter."

The grim visage of the knight, the utter black of both horse and armor, and the fame of his might caused the bold Sir Gareth some uneasiness. But, mounted on Lancelot's charger, he dashed forward to meet his enemy. Nothing could have given greater surprise than what happened. Terrible Death was easily overcome and overthrown. And when Gareth, with his sword, split open his enemy's helmet, instead of a giant appeared a boy who pled for mercy, saying that his three brothers bade him do it, for

> "They never dreamed the passes could be past."

Thus Lady Lyonors was freed, and Lynette was made happy. And so Sir Gareth won his first quest.

> "And he that told the tale in older times
> Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
> But he that told it later says Lynette."

A. S. Woodburne, '06.

A SHAKESPEAREAN THEATRE.

Imagine ourselves in "Merrie England" in the time of "Good Queen Bess." We have accepted an invitation out to dine. Our host and hostess make us very welcome, and the quaint, old-time hospitality charms and interests us. After dinner we, with the other guests, stroll towards the Blackfriars Theatre, where, at three o'clock, is to be acted the newest comedy by a rising young playwriter, one William Shakespeare.

During our walk we notice a few of the old hovels, made of clay-plastered wattles, but these are being rapidly replaced by houses of stone and oak. One of the new-fashioned, carved, curtained wagons called coaches goes jolting by. It has neither springs nor windows, but has wide open sides, which offer an unobstructed view of painted and bewigged court ladies.

Soon the theatre comes in sight. It is an octagonal building, having nine small windows in each side. Outside the door the scene is one of confusion. A score or more of young men and boys are eagerly waiting to seize the bridles of the horses of such gentlemen as come mounted. We have been informed that young Shakespeare once held horses outside a theatre, until some players, accidentally talking with him, found him master of so fine a conversation that, struck therewith, they recommended him to the company.

Entering the theatre, to our surprise we find most of the people under the open sky, some standing, the majority sitting on rude benches. A few covered seats in the galleries are occupied by wealthier spectators ; fashionable gentlemen in starched ruffs, padded, long-waisted doublets, richly ornamented socks, jewelled garters and rosetted shoes ; ladies who wear caps and hoods of every shape, ruffs of terrible stiffness in three puffs around the neck. The long, rigid bodice, reaching nearly to the knees, and below this two huge puffs on either side, seems to be the prevailing mode.

Men of distinction, nobles, courtiers, occupy seats on the stage, and seem to be there chiefly to exhibit their accomplishment of clumsily smoking the newly-imported Indian weed. The pit is thronged with citizens, joking, chatting and having a noisy

time. One can see Shakespeare himself peeping through the curtain to see if Lord Southampton has come to see his new play.

All the stage appliances are of the roughest kind. A few flowers scattered over the stage represent a garden with gnarled oak and fountains. Crowds and armies are shown by a dozen scene slides. Heroes ride in and out on hobby horses, and a card is hung up to announce whether the scene is in London, Venice or Athens. The members of the theatrical party are limited, one actor taking many parts, but the actor who doubles his role wears the double cloak, which can be worn on either side, so that a turned cloak with a false wig and beard forms a ready and effective disguise.

The play proceeds with great simplicity and rapidity; there are no tedious waits while the actors are donning elaborate "make-ups." Strong passion, expressed in kindling words and living action, abundantly makes up for absence of "canvas sunlight and painted gloom." But though the stage machinery was rough and undeveloped, and though we did not have a Booth or an Irving as actors, yet, playing sometimes an important part, but oftener a minor role, we saw the great father of the modern stage, William Shakespeare, "the best poet, who led an obscure life, using his genius for public amusement;" the one of whom Emerson says, "He touches nothing that does not borrow health and longevity from his festive style." We were never more delighted than when he spoke, or more sorry than when he held his peace. He alone of all the actors interested us.

> "As in a theatre the eyes of men,
> After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next,
> Thinking his prattle to be tedious."

So, when he made his exit, our interest waned.

To describe the play more in detail would take too long; suffice it to say that the guests which mine host took to the Blackfriars Theatre that afternoon will not soon forget the novel experience.

Edith Dennington Hartley, '05.

THE INCARNATION.

A voice from the eternal throne!
  Adoring seraphs listen, when
The Father makes his purpose known,
  To interpose for sinful men.

Let the divine and human blend—
  For thus the heavenly purpose ran,—
The Son of God to earth descend,—
  Become the lowly Son of Man.

Let Gabriel first, swiftest of wing,
  The joyful news to earth proclaim,
That born in Bethlehem is the King
  Who saves, for Jesus is His name.

Now full of angels is the sky,
  Who sing with bosoms all aglow,
Glory to God who dwells on high,
  Peace and good will to men below.

Most wondrous stoop! exploit of grace!
  In heaven or earth excelled by none,
God's own Anointed leaves his place,
  And David's Lord becomes his Son.

The Godhead shines in human face,
  Heaven's pity weeps through human eyes,
And Mary's fragile arms embrace
  The mighty God who built the skies.

Since, joined to Christ, humanity
  Has been exalted to the throne;
A more than human sympathy
  May to a sorrowing world be shown.

D. M. W.

McMASTER ABROAD: IN ITALY AND GREECE.*

I.

ROME, ITALY, *March 4th, 1903.*

We can hardly believe that the above address is correct and that we are really in the city of Pompey, Cæsar and Milo, but what we have seen leaves no room for doubt. We have enjoyed every moment of the trip. We left Geneva on Monday morning. . . . It was a grand day's journey through the heart of the French and Italian Alps. Mile after mile the railroad threaded its way along narrow gorges, along mountain lakes, or plunged into tunnels cut sheer through the everlasting hills. High above towered dozens of great silvery peaks, each with the cap of snow which is characteristic of the Alps.

About six hours after we left Culoz (France) we reached the frontier city of Modena. Here we made our acquaintance with the Italian custom-house officials, queer little men with long feathers in their caps and a generally important look. Just beyond rose the great bulk of Mount Cenis, its summit wrapped in cloud. The Italian train lost no time, but plunged into the famous Cenis tunnel, where for *half-an-hour* we steamed through the giant base of the mountain and emerged in Italy proper. All the signs on the stations changed, and instead of "café" we saw "caffè," and instead of "gare," "stazione." For two hours more we kept on through the mountains where of old the poor Waldenses were hunted from peak to peak. The valley kept widening, and at 7.30 we were at Turin, in the great Piedmont Plain.

After half-an-hour's stay in this city we left for Rome. It goes without saying that we didn't get much sleep, as the compartment was crowded. It was broad daylight when the train stopped for twenty minutes at Civita Vecchia, on the sea coast, where we had our first glance at the Mediterranean, which, by the way, looked very much like Lake Ontario. Two hours later and ruins of aqueducts began to appear, then the great dome of

*Portions of letters received by Professor Campbell.

St. Peter's, the walls of Rome, and soon we descended from our train into the "Stazione di Roma."

. . . . . .

First we went to the Forum by way of the bridges near the Temple of Vesta. What a sight it was !—that vast excavation from which on all sides the hills rose steeply, crowned with monasteries and public and private buildings of every epoch. A few columns still stand intact—elegant Corinthian capitals and the long lines which indicate the arcades and aisles of the great meeting place of Roman statesmen. Vast masses of broken arches in stone, and brick so worn that it seems almost like rock, mark the emplacement of Constantine's Basilica. At sunset we went to the Coliseum—the greatest sight in Rome, most majestic in its ruin. Underneath, gallery after gallery of dark passages, where prisoners were kept in the brave days of old, when the cry was, "Morituri te salutamus!" or "Christianos ad leones." The giant silhouette of this monument of Roman days will remain forever in our memories. That night we slept like logs, and yesterday we felt in fairly good trim for a long jaunt. We walked about sixteen miles.

First St. Peter's, the most stupendous piece of art and architecture ever imagined. A huge coffered ceiling, literally crusted with designs in bronze; Michael Angelo's frescoes, and the famous brazen doors; the tombs of the popes, each a *chef d'œuvre* of sculpture, and costing a couple of hundred thousand dollars each; the great sacrarium, where, in the centre of the church, in company with pilgrims of every land, we looked through the golden grille into the shrine of bronze which contains the heads of Peter and Paul. Many kissed the doors and went away with an ecstatic expression. Our next visit was to the great Vatican museum. For three hours we wandered through the most superb gallery of sculpture that exists to-day. Nearly all the most famous statues are there, and I particularly noted the Doryphyros of Polykleitos, Pæontus' Victory, the three statues of Minerva, the Zeus of Otricoli, the Apollo Belvidere, Aphrodite of Knidus, etc., etc. Among the most curious was a leopard in alabaster, with spots arranged in black and white marble, eyes of green crystal giving it a wonderfully life-like expression.

Next we mounted to the great hill of Janiculum, now laid out

with fountains, walks and gardens. We stopped a moment under Torquato Tasso's oak and went on to Garibaldi's monument, a superb equestrian statue which overlooks the whole city. Mile after mile of domes, towers and steeples rose up from the hills of Rome ; beyond lay the blue line of the Apennines, and at our feet the yellow stream of old Father Tiber. We had no time to waste, so went down to the nearest bridge, took a glance at the mouth of Cloaca Maxima, then stopped at the little round Temple of Vesta, whose Corinthian columns are badly gnawed by time's relentless tooth, then started bravely out for a three-mile walk to the great Basilica of San Paolo, far outside the walls of the city—in fact two kilometers from the old mediæval gate of San Paolo. The Basilica, founded in honor of St. Paul, as St. Peter's for the founder of the Church, is simply a museum of fine arts. Hundreds of pure white marble columns, medallion portraits of all the saints, and huge frescoes and mosaics of scenes from St. Paul's life. The day we were there hundreds of people were there on pilgrimage, and listening to their priestly cicerones, who spoke to each party in their native tongue.

The next thing to see was the Appian Way, but we didn't know just where to go until, away off over the hills, I saw the famous tomb of Cecelia Metella and recognized the famous location. This was three or four miles farther on, so we stepped out lively along the "via septumarum ecclesium," passing en route the catacomb of St. Dermtilla, which we visited in company with two French actrices and the old cicerone. Great yawning caverns and an infinite variety of inscriptions and tablets showed where the primitive Church worshipped before the days of ease and decadence. Three miles more, along the Appian Way, brought us home. It was a great walk. All along the route we met great unwieldy wains, pulled by big white oxen, or patient little donkeys dragging or bearing burdens. At sunset, as we entered the gate of St. Sebastian, the whole city lay in majestic outline against the quiet evening sky.

This morning (March 5th) we took the early morning train for Naples. All day we've been talking a mixture of French, Italian and Latin, and enjoying our conversation, with the peasants. The Apennines are still covered with snow, but the trees in the valleys are in their white mantle of buds, the peasants

hard at work harrowing, and, high up on the steep crags of the foothills, we can see the villages, each huddled round an "acropolis," crowned by some huge mediæval castle. Here and there we pass by crowds of women busy spading the fields, or shepherds, clad in garments of sheepskin and leather, are tending motley flocks of sheep or goats. Four hours more ought to see us in Naples, where, en route for Brindisi, we shall stop to see Chancellor Wallace.

II.

ATHENS, *March 13th, 1903.*

It seems hard to realize that we are in classic Athens—the Athens of Socrates, of Plato, and the orators. Everywhere mod ern houses, the street car and the electric light. Before saying anything further about Athens let me speak of our stay in Naples and what we saw in the three days spent in the most beautiful city of Italy. We stepped out of the train just one week ago last night, and emerged into the midst of the shrieking and gesticulating cabmen which make that city in-famous. At last we picked one out who consented to take us to the hotel of Chancellor Wallace for thirty cents, a distance of about one and a half miles. We had hardly more than stepped inside when the Chancellor came down, and if ever three people were glad to see each other it was we three exiles. We talked all that evening, and the Chancellor said he was too excited to sleep.

Next morning we drove to Pompeii, three hours away, through the streets and suburbs of Naples. On the way we saw people eating, weaving and sewing in the streets, flocks of goats being driven in to be milked before the houses, curious two-wheeled carts, drawn by wretched little ponies—one outfit had a cow, a steer, a mule and a pony as the motive-power ! Once inside the city of Pompeii we entered another world—the world of classical antiquity. We walked along streets furrowed by chariot wheels, saw the shops, each with its terra-cotta sign, the frescoes on the walls, the fountains, altars, courtyards, and public buildings, as fresh and as well preserved as if they had merely passed through a fire last week. In the museum are pathetic-looking

figures—petrified bodies of those who had been overtaken by the storm of ashes. We saw, too, loaves of bread just as the Italians bake to-day, tools, cooking utensils, bracelets, mirrors, armlets, cameos and brooches, helmets, greaves, swords and chains—all in excellent condition.

That evening we stood on the balcony and looked out on the glorious bay, seen to its best advantage from the hill where the hotel was situated. To the left the city, and beyond old Vesuvius, in front the silvery Mediterranean, with Capri like a purple cloud on the horizon line. To the right the hill of Pasillipo, where Virgil wrote his Georgics, and where, finally, he was buried. Next day we went to the museum, and in the afternoon drove to Puteoli, three hours from the hotel. It was here Paul landed, and here the wealthy Romans loved to spend their leisure at the hot-springs. We visited the ruins of the Temple of Isis and the great theatre—the most perfect of any we have yet seen, better than even the one at Pompeii. The dens for wild beasts, the trap-doors, the subterranean passages and conduits all remain. Our next move was to the crater of Solfatara, an immense hollow which still sends forth sulphurous fumes and hot gases. The ground seemed hollow and we felt glad to get out and drive home. We had a long talk, or rather long talks, with the Chancellor, and enjoyed our visit immensely.

Sunday morning we ran the gauntlet of the station porters and boarded the train for Brindisi. On the train we met two Greeks from India, who were so exasperated at the insolent demands of the porters that one offered them his hat, and said, "Here, take that, you miserable robbers!" They had paid 30 francs ($6.00) to land from their steamer and get on board the train. At Corfu the steamer stopped six hours, so we went ashore and our Greeks showed us all the sights. Getting ashore in the Mediterranean means descending a ladder into a pitching and tossing boat, manned by villains whose faces would hang them at sight in our country.

. . . . . .

Tuesday morning we landed at Patras. Our Greeks were very kind and saved us all kinds of bother. All day we passed along the shores of the Corinthian Gulf. Just across lay Delphi, in the valley near Helicon and Parnassus. At about 1.30 we took

lunch at Corinth—a wretched collection of huts and sun-dried bricks; fifteen minutes more and we crossed the famous isthmus celebrated by Pindar in his great Isthmian Odes, and were soon speeding along the rocky and precipitous shores of the Saronic Gulf, with Salamis and Ægina in full view. Before long we were at Megara, another wretched little town, and our train rushed steadily on along the mountain flanks which descend steeply into the sea. What a barren land! Great masses of grey and brown hills and purple mountains, little patches of stony land, tilled by peasant women, slowly and laboriously, with the time-honored mattock or still more primitive wooden plow. Once clear of the mountains, we passed Eleusis, and emerged into the beautiful Attic Plain, where, far off on the horizon, towered the Acropolis.

Our Greeks drove off the crowds of cabmen and found us a nice little hotel. Next morning we called on the secretary of the local Y.M.C.A., a splendid fellow, who had received letters from Fermaud, the secretary of the World's Central Committee of the Y.M.C.A., recommending us to his consideration. He found us a good room and board with a Baptist missionary, an old Greek, who was glad to see us. That night we attended their little prayer-meeting. We didn't understand the Romaic, but the texts were on the walls in good ancient Greek, so we felt at home. The newspapers use a more or less literary Greek, approaching the ancient, but the common people speak a language further away from the original tongue than Italian is from Latin.

Yesterday we visited the Acropolis. What a magnificent sight! Phalerum, Peiræus, the sea far off, like a mass of molten silver, the mountains round Attica, with Pentelicus, Hymettus, and Lycabettus standing out prominently; at our feet the city, and all around the smiling Plain of Attica. Everything is, of course, in a terribly ruinous condition, but exactly as I pictured it. I was enabled to point out to Will. the Cave of the Furies and that of Pan as we walked up the slope. Every part of the walls, even to the remains of the Pelasgean age, seemed familiar to me, and I found a little piece of the original Propylæa wall, which was used before the Persian Wars, and which White [Professor White, of Harvard] mentioned in his lectures. The top of the Acropolis resembles a vast quarry. Gaunt slabs of marbles rise high in air; drums of columns, fragments of beauti-

fully sculptured friezes and coffered ceiling lie about everywhere. Beyond all towers the majestic, lonely ruin of the Parthenon. To think of all its ancient splendor and its present desolation ! Assuredly as for tongues they shall cease, and as for knowledge it shall pass away. We saw the little mass of the Areopagus—a rocky knoll from whose steps Paul spoke, also the hill of the Muses and prison of Socrates.

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III.

ATHENS, *March 17th, 1903.*

It's just a week ago to-day since we reached Athens, and during this short time we have thoroughly studied the Acropolis and its monuments, and besides have photographs of Hadrian's Stoa, the Tower of the Winds, the old Agora, the Areopagus, five or six views of the Acropolis, from different positions, the Stoa of Attalus, the Cemetery of the Ceramicus, Dipylon Gate, Stoa of the Giants, and the Dionysiac Theatre. About twenty-five or thirty more views will complete the list.

The other day I stood on Mars' Hill and saw all around the same landscape which greeted St. Paul the day he pronounced his famous oration, which, according to tradition, makes him the equal of any of the Attic orators. Longinus says, after enumerating Lycias, Aristides, and others, "To these I would add Paul of Tarsus, one of the first founders of an unproved doctrine." When the ruins close to Mars' Hill are so imposing in their decay and desolation, what must it have been when for miles extended porticoes and colonnades, hundreds of statues, herms and votive tablets, and above all the great Propylæa and the Parthenon glittering in the sun with its snow-white marbles of Pentelicus ! As one stands where stood the great Apostle on that memorable day, the statement "He that is lord of heaven dwelleth not in temples made with hands" assumes a new significance, for of all the splendid city of that time and age there remain only ruins and crumbling masses of earth.

Fair Athens of Pindar's day is a poet's dream ; the modern city is absolutely miserable. Once off the principal streets and

squares, which are well paved and lined with magnificent buildings, you find yourself in narrow, wretched streets, many of which are without sidewalks. When it rains the condition is simply indescribable, for the people throw their dirty water into the gutters, which then become veritable rivers. When, on the other hand, it is hot and dusty, real Attic dust—the dust of ages, I guess—blows, and the stench from unnumbered drains and gutters is enough to turn one's stomach. Many monuments, such as the Theseum, the Stoa of Giants and that of Attalus, are situated just in the midst of miserable structures and in such unsanitary surroundings.

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One thing never changes, namely, the beautiful landscape of Attica, which is surrounded by rugged purple mountains and open only to the sea, which shines like a great mirror of silver when seen from the Acropolis under the morning sun. I lay down on a great marble architrave, and thought of what an abyss of time separates us from that far-off age of gold and ivory, of temple and oracle, and in spite of all the beauty of that age, I am thankful to be living in this busy twentieth century. As one wanders through the Museum and sees the beautiful tomb reliefs, the mind is insensibly led to thoughts of the inevitability of death and the exceeding brevity of time. On some a mother holds a child out to be kissed; on others, friends hold each other's hand in farewell; others show old men with bowed heads saying farewell to their sons who are leaving for the wars. All these stones just depict the daily life of the noble Athenians of two thousand years ago. Surely on thinking of these far-off Greeks, whose very dust is dissolved in the elements which compose our earth, and whose names and sorrows are forgotten, one realizes how short life is and how true it is that "if for this life only we have hope then are we of all men most miserable." Really on visiting these dead cities there is a feeling of sadness which lays hold of one—at least I find it so—and one seems to feel that he, too, is already dead, or as good as dead, walking among the tombs of the buried ages.

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GLENN H. CAMPBELL, '00.

THE QUEST OF LOVE.

We cannot hear the melody
The planet, swiftly swinging, sings ;
Our ears are dull to harmony
That oft from passing heart-strings rings.
Love, listening, hears.

Like sunset after dreary day you smiled,
In tearful beauty. Startled, my heart flew
Filled by some new, wild joy at sight of you.
I felt the tumult, wondering like a child.
"I love you." Mystic magic fires that word.
Your eyes dropt down, swept swiftly back to mine,
Searching my heart. Thrilling, I drank like wine
Those liquid depths. Soul answered soul unblurred
By veil of earth between. And then I knew
That in the strange somewhere of ages past
I lost you. In earth's lone shadow realm at last,
Shrouded, I find, clasp, claim you mine anew,
To climb past sun and sun and stars above,
Through starless space to Him whose name is "Love."

A. E. H.

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Editorial Notes.

By defeating Trinity University in the final debate, McMaster has again won the championship of the Inter-College Debating Union. The victory was the more notable by reason of the fact that by gaining it McMaster obtained the championship for the *third* successive time. Our representatives against Trinity were Messrs. A. E. Haydon, B.A., and J. M. Warner, '04. They nobly and victoriously upheld the honor of McMaster. To enter the finals we had to defeat Victoria University and Knox College, and this we did, thanks to the ability of Messrs. E. A. Brownlee, B.A., A. E. Haydon, B.A., H. Procter, B.A., and F. J. Scott, B.A. To all of these we offer the hearty congratulations of the faculty and students. In our next issue we hope to be able to publish a photogravure of these five young gentlemen, and also give an account of the triumphs they have achieved. In this connection we may be permitted to commend the officers and members of our own Debating Society. This meets every Saturday afternoon, and gives opportunity for practice in the art of debate. The presence of such a society and the large interest it arouses in the general body of students, indicate a healthy intellectual life. We look to it to keep up the supply of capable men to represent us worthily in the inter-college arena.

Many of our graduates will remember Mr. D. R. Keys and his interesting lectures on English literature before the advent, and also during the absence, of the present incumbent of the chair in that department. They will be glad to hear that he has received well-deserved promotion in the University of Toronto, and that he is now Associate-Professor of Anglo-Saxon in that institution. The members of the Faculty have the happiest recollections of their intercourse with Professor Keys as a lecturer in our University, and they unite with his old McMaster students in congratulating him upon his promotion. The present writer is proud to have been a student under Professor Keys at old 'Varsity, and is grateful to him for inspiration received then and for help and friendship freely given ever since. He knows the extent of Professor Keys' learning and the infectious enthusiasm of his love for the early monuments of our Anglo-Saxon tongue, and feels certain that his Alma Mater has honored itself in recognizing the long service and many merits of David Reed Keys. May he long live to enjoy his honors !

Book Reviews.

Prophetic Ideas and Ideals.*

Professor Jordan has evidently been a student of the prophets for many years. He has also had experience in the ministry and has gained a knowledge of its aims and problems. It is, therefore, natural that he should seek to introduce ministers to the Hebrew prophets. This he has succeeded in doing well, and it is safe to say that the preacher of the gospel who reads this book will find his mind and his soul enriched for his work. The method of treatment adopted by the author is one that makes it possible for him to leave undiscussed many of the questions of criticism that are at the present time agitating the minds of scholars. This he can do because he seeks to set forth the ideas and the ideals of the prophets, and not to enter into a discussion of the authorship

*Prophetic Ideas and Ideals. By Professor W. G. Jordan. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, $1.00 net.

and a critical analysis of the books. By this means the treatment here given is made richer in spiritual results.

The discussion of the ideas and the ideals of the prophets implies that the author believes that these great servants of God "were thinkers, honestly facing facts and consistently applying God-given principles," and that this gave them ideas ; it implies also "that they were men of faith, that is, men who, though sharing the common human limitations of having to present eternal truths in the forms of a particular age, were yet convinced that changes of form would not destroy the realities of religion which gave them inspiration and strength." This gave them ideals. The scheme adopted is to present short treatments of the prominent ideas of the prophets one after the other, so that the whole brilliant galaxy passes in review during the course of the book. This means that we have here two great departments—the discussion of the character of the prophets, and the treatment of their doctrines.

Two marks of the prophetic work are pointed out:— "First, that not by scepticism is superstition to be fought and conquered, but only by the presentation of positive truth, which quickens a nobler faith. And, second, that the true conservatism is progressive ; the only way really to preserve the great message given in the past is by grasping the essential principles that are at the heart of it, and giving them new expression to meet changed conditions and fresh needs." The author holds that "their central purpose and constant aim is to make men feel the presence of a living God. To them history is a living movement hastening onward to its goal. They have the assurance that Jehovah will not utterly forsake His people, but after dark, distressful days, the light and glory of His presence will be made known." While general remarks like these show the drift of the treatment, it should be said also that each prophet is dealt with separately, and is sketched in his own personality and individuality, so that we have a large gallery of attractive pictures.

This is a greater book than it seems at first to be, and will refresh the soul of any minister who reads it with care. We should be thankful that one who is lecturing in one of our own Canadian universities can write such a book. J. L. G.

Frances E. Willard.*

More than five years have passed since Frances E. Willard, "the uncrowned queen, received from her Father, the King of all the universe, her crown of glory," but these years have not in the least lessened her influence over the world-wide army of White Ribboners, nor has it lessened the universal respect paid by all classes of men to this woman, who stood for so much of what is purest and best. To any girl who longs to realize her highest possibilities for good this story of the thoughts, aspirations, endeavors and successes of Frances Willard must be a source of inspiration. The opening chapters present vividly the great temperance reformer as a little girl on the western prairie farm, full of life and activity, learning the lessons of an outdoor life that were in time to give an unshakable faith in nature's God. A little later we see her attending school and growing more and more eager for knowledge, till her motto became, "*Scientia auctoritas est et labor vincit omnia*"; later on the college girl, a brilliant student and ever popular, still has no higher ideal than the gaining of knowledge for knowledge's sake. A severe illness gave her time for reflection, however, and during it she became an earnest Christian, and made it her chief aim to do good. In her teaching life she was elected dean of the Evanston College for Women and Professor of Æsthetics in the North-western College for Men—the first woman who ever occupied such positions. When she entered on her work as a temperance reformer the W.C.T.U. was only in its infancy, but mainly through her efforts it grew to its present proportions and acquired its wide-spread influence. The story of this life is told in a very sympathetic manner by a personal friend, who yet portrays very faithfully the whole character of this remarkable woman. It will well repay careful reading and thought. J. M. N.

The Red Box Clew.†

This book is especially suitable for children. There is enough of mystery in the plot to sustain the interest throughout, and the moral bearing is good. The story is of a child left by her nurse

*Frances E. Willard. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

† The Red Box Clew. By J. Ellis Breckenridge. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

upon the doorstep of the home of kind people, who care for her until their death makes it necessary for her to depend upon herself for a livelihood. She becomes anxious, as she grows older, to learn of her parentage, and various unpleasant experiences result from her investigations to this end, but there is compensation at last, for she finds her parents and a happy home.

J. E. D.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. A. RAY, '03.

SPRING.

What a glorious time is the time of the spring,
When the flowerets bloom and the pretty birds sing;
And the lambs frisk and sport, on the hills, in the vales,
Drinking milk with their mouths, 'xpressing joy with their tails.

D. M. W.

THE Literary Society has placed its destinies for the coming year in the hands of the following: Honorary President, Chancellor Wallace; President, J. M. Warner, '04; 1st Vice-President, W. E. Matthews, '05; 2nd Vice-President, Miss K. I. McLaurin, '04; Recording Secretary, A. H. Baker, '04; Corresponding Secretary, T. McC. Dadson, '06; Treasurer, E. C. Jordan, '05; Curator, N. A. Harkness, '04; Secretary Committee, D. G. Munro, '04. With this able and enthusiastic staff of advisers President Warner has assumed the responsibilities of office. Under his direction we predict for the "Lit." a year of prosperity and success that will rival the record of any year in its history.

THE students were favored recently with a visit from Mr. Bone, the veteran Welland Canal missionary. The coming of Mr. Bone has been so regular, and his talks to the students so refreshing, that a year's course would not be complete without his pleasant smile and cheery word. The message he gave to the students, coming as it did from one who has worked successfully on an unusually hard field, was an inspiration to all who heard it. Mr. Bone knows how to blend religious aspirations and sound common sense in an original and interesting manner. Among his many audiences there is not one that has a more cordial welcome or more sincere wishes for continued success in his labors than the students of McMaster University.

A CURIOUS case of telepathy was discovered in the Hall recently in which a dignified senior gave incriminating evidence against himself on a charge of suffering the woes of "evidences" in the body, but being other where in spirit. Instead of the accustomed response to the roll-call he murmured half audibly, "I do." Query—"Where was he at?"

THE editor has been requested to state his opinion as to the probable effect of the Gamey charges on the laundry collecting business. We hasten to assure the enterprising and ubiquitous agent that in our humble opinion the accounts will maintain their present regularity and that the task of collecting will be as difficult as heretofore.

PROFESSOR to class in Psychology—"Are we like the Sophists?" Student—"No! a—— —." Professor, interrupting—"Quite correct, the Sophists were wise men."

THE Literary Society on March 13th were treated to a programme of recitations and solos. Messrs. Maybee, Lailey and E. Gray gave the musical part, and E. St. James and H. W. Piercy were in their usual good form in reading and recitation. The president, P. A. McDiarmid, announced that his swan song would be due on the 27th.

INTER-COLLEGE FINAL DEBATE.—McMaster students, old and new, were never prouder of their Alma Mater than on Wednesday evening, March 18th, when for the third successive year our debaters carried off the championship of the Toronto Inter-college Debating Union. The opponent on this occasion was Trinity University, and foemen worthy of our steel—the men representing good old Trinity proved themselves to be. The debate took place in the splendid new Convocation Hall of Wycliffe College before a large and appreciative audience. Long before the hour set for the opening of the evening's programme the McMaster contingent, nearly one hundred and fifty strong, arrived and took possession of the gallery. From there they delighted the audience with such choice ditties as "Hoe the Corn, Moses," "Boozer Brown," "Some Folk Say That a Nigger Won't Steel" and "In the Good old Summer Time," interspersed with "Boom on Mac!" and our new blood-curdler, "Oscí-wowwow!" etc. The Trinity students on the main floor contributed to the fun with songs and yells. One of the melodies was in Latin, without Kelly's keys accompaniment.

Shortly after eight o'clock the President, Mr. A. N. St. John, B.A., of Victoria University, called the meeting to order. Vocal solos by Mr. Arthur Hayes, of Trinity, and Miss Lillie Senior, '05,

of McMaster, were much appreciated. A report of the year's work of the Union was given by the Secretary, Mr. W. H. Vance, of Wycliffe College. It showed the organization to be in a very flourishing condition, and suggested that some kindly disposed gentleman might donate a trophy to the Union.

The debate followed. The subject was, "Resolved, that labor organizations are in the best interests of a country." Mr. T. F. Summerhayes, B.A., led off for Trinity, who had the affirmative of the question. He traced the development of the trades union and other labor organizations during the past century, also the economical growth of the world during the same period, and broadly speaking, claimed all the credit for the organization of labor. He claimed the betterment of the moral, political and social position of the working classes to be largely due to the same cause. Unions were necessary because of the distrust between capital and labor at the present day. Workingmen had to combine to keep up their standard of wages. They were an effective remedy for the sweating system. They assisted the legislatures in passing laws for the benefit of the working classes. They benefited the workingmen, and through them the whole community. Mr. Summerhayes' speech was listened to with interest.

"Boom on Mac!" greeted Mr. J. M. Warner, '04, as he rose to reply for McMaster. After disposing in short order of the main points in the affirmative leader's speech, Mr. Warner laid down a number of strong objections against labor organizations. They retarded social progress, by deterioration of their members through internecine strife, by their narrow and short-sighted views, by the corruption of the public morals through strikes. They were detrimental to the community because of their hatred of capital, and opposition to any strengthening of a friendly understanding between employer and employees, and because of their hatred of non-union laborers. They were tyrannical in their methods, as evidenced by the boycott, the sympathetic strike and the creation of a set of demagogues in the walking delegates. They defied civil law in the breaking of contracts, in instigating and committing acts of violence, in refusing to be incorporated, in intimidating weak administrators of the law, and in boycotting the militia. They created a large unemployed class which was a menace to society by limiting the number of apprentices, by fixing a minimum wage and by closing the ranks of the union. The organizations were rabidly selfish, not only towards employers and non-union men, but even towards other unions. They interfered with the personal liberty of non-unionists, unionists and employers, and this personal liberty was the proudest and most boasted possession of the Anglo-Saxon race. Mr. Warner's speech was one of the finest made in the inter-college series this year.

Mr. S. J. Arnott followed for Trinity. He argued that labor organizations tended toward industrial peace which could be secured in no other way. He enlarged upon the benevolent society aspect of unionism, claiming that this was the strongest feature of the system. He attempted to justify strikes, which were often necessary in order to avoid servitude. The upholding of a principle was often worth any cost. Strikes were often caused by employers and not by unions, and nearly half the strikes were caused by non-union men. Strikes were also growing less, a system of arbitration taking its place, which would be impossible were labor not organized. He contended that the negative must be willing to accept the consequences of trying to suppress unionism if they held them to be such great evils. Mr. Arnott is a Trinity Freshman, and shows great debating power. He will be a man worth watching in the years to come.

Mr. A. E. Haydon, B.A., in closing the case for the negative was saluted with the new yell, of which he is the inventor. He touched upon the economic evils of unionism. It was based on the principle of strike,for which the country must pay. Organized labor was no longer on the defensive, but was lusting for conquest. Whether successful or not the country paid for the strike in the increased cost of goods. The fixing of a minimum wage deprived poor workmen of the chance to make a living, while it handicapped skilled labor. It limited production, by unnecessarily harassing capital, which, therefore, hesitated to invest in industrial enterprise, by shortening the hours of labor, and by increasing cost of production. Thus the national output and national capital were lessened. The nation's trade was endangered in favor of foreign competition. Labor organizations could not permanently raise the average wage, which depended upon the economical condition of the country. Mr. Haydon's brilliant peroration will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to hear it. He summed up his opponent's case, pointed out its weaknesses, outlined his own and his colleague's arguments in a masterly fashion. He was loudly cheered when he took his seat.

Mr. Summerhayes had a difficult task in the five minutes allotted to him for reply. He refuted some of the negative's arguments, but not enough to convince the judges, Hon. Mr. Justice MacLaren, Principal Hutton, of Toronto University, and Rev. G. R. Fasken, of the superiority of his case. Judge MacLaren gave the decision in favor of McMaster, complimenting all the speakers on their style and delivery, especially the winners.

Mr. Herbert W. Piercy, Theology, McMaster, made a great hit with a couple of readings, while Mr. Rutherford, of Trinity, pleased the audience very much with a violin selection. "God Save the King," and cheers for Trinity, McMaster and the judges, brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

This year McMaster won her way to the top by defeating Victoria, Knox and Trinity. This was the eighth successive victory. What we shall do in the future without the services of Messrs. Brownlee, Haydon and Procter, who graduate this year, remains to be seen, but

> "Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
> And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory."

STUDENT (to professor, who has been discussing the principles of the barometer, monometer, and other meters): "What is the principle of the gas-meter, professor?" Professor: "I am sure I don't know. They are the most unprincipled things I ever saw."

WHEN Mr. Bone, the veteran sailors' missionary, was paying us his annual visit lately he told the story of a man by the name of Little who was a little man with a little wife and they had fifteen little Littles. When asked how he managed to live on his little income he replied: "O, every little helps." One of the boys suggested that this was a *little* too much. We wonder if he had reference to the fifteen or the salary when making the remark.

Our genial and popular Professor of Philosophy was the recipient of a very pleasant surprise recently. The members of the class in fourth year metaphysics entered his home one evening *en masse* and after the preliminaries, Mr. D. J. Welsh stepped forward and delivered an address in which he thanked the doctor on behalf of the class for the efforts he had put forth and the interest he had manifested in their welfare during the past three years. At the proper juncture Mr. L. C. Fraser presented a portfolio containing the portraits of the most famous philosophers and psychologists, ancient and modern. Dr. TenBroeke made a suitable reply expressing his appreciation of the kind words and deeds of the student philosophers and assured them of his deep interest in whatever the future had in store for them. These arduous duties being over, Dr. and Mrs. TenBroeke entertained their guests in an informal manner and a very pleasant time was spent. The presence of Dr. and Mrs. MacKay and Miss Ten Broeke, of Panton, Vermont, added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

WE hereby announce that the new head of the department of dog-matics has arrived and taken his place upon the platform at chapel service. This new position he prefers to that of pastor's pup in the wild and woolly west. (This joke is intended for the faithful only.)

Debating Society.—On Saturday, March 7th, the Debating Society discussed the question, "Resolved, that Canada should be annexed to the United States." W. Whan, '06, led the affirmative, and D. G. Munro, '05, the negative. The speakers at times warmed up to the subject considerably, and on the affirmative to such an extent that an onlooker might have believed they really meant what they contended. F. B. Dixon, '03, acted as critic. The judges were, L. C. Fraser, '03, C. C. Lumley, '03, and Mr. Gilles, of the University of Toronto. Mr. Gilles, in a brief, apt address, gave the decision of the judges, which was in favor of the negative. The visits of men like Mr. Gilles from other universities to our Debating Society does much to foster a healthy intercollegiate spirit.

On Saturday, March 14th, the subject discussed was, "Resolved, that women should be admitted to the franchise." The affirmative was led by E. W. Clarke, '05, and the negative by W. V. Poapst, '04. The time for open speaking was somewhat shorter than usual to allow more time to the critic, Mr. Thos. McGillicuddy, of the Provincial Department of Agriculture, who had kindly consented to address the Society. He first criticised briefly the various speakers, and then commenced his chief theme, "Debating and Public Speaking." His whole remarks were interspersed with such well-selected illustrations and humorous incidents that he literally carried his audience by storm. He advised—that speakers be chary in the use of manuscript and that it be to them a cane rather than a crutch—that speakers remember their three-fold object, to please, persuade and instruct. In debating he cautioned that we keep before us three essentials, the argument, rhetoric and elocution. He then gave some useful hints, of which a few were to have something definite to say, to say it in a pleasing manner, to read widely and well, to look your audience in the face ("for," said he, "what boots it for a speaker to be looking at his boots?") Finally the two most important things were to be in earnest—and try to get your idea into the minds of those whom you address—so that, as Emerson says, "'What you are' thunders so loud that what you say cannot be heard." The judges, Messrs. Procter, Langdon and Huddleston, decided in favor of the negative.

At the last meeting on March 21st the Society was resolved into a Parliament with the President, G. W. Gorman, '05, as speaker. The question discussed was "Resolved, that the investigation of the recent charges of corruption in the Ontario Legislature should be conducted by a royal commission." The Hon. E. R. Gray (Oxford) started the afternoon discussion by a masterly exposition of the Government's attitude. Among those who followed were: W. C. Riddiford (Washington), O. Gray

(Manitoulin), J. B. McLaurin (N. Oxford), M. S. McArthur (E. Toronto), E. H. Mihell (Brant), W. P. Poapst (Russel), F. C. Mabee (S. Norfolk). Between and during the speeches there were many cross-firing, jibes and even threats. Fortunately, however, the pugilistic, or at least, the political, attitude of the speakers resulted in nothing more than a motion for adjournment, which was unanimously carried.

On Saturday, March 28th, the members met to elect officers for the ensuing fall term. The following were elected: President, T. McC. Dadson, '06; Secretary, D. A. MacGregor, '05; Committee, Messrs. W. A. Cameron, '05; C. S. Eaton, '05, and F. E. Lumley, '05. The newly-installed men thanked those present for "the honor they had conferred upon them." Mr. Gorman, the retiring president, gave a short resumé of the work done, and wished the new executive and the Society success. The sessions were then prorogued until October next.

On the evening of March 27th Dr. Farmer delivered the last lecture of the University's winter course, unless Dr. Goldwin Smith should be able to fulfil a conditional promise later on. Owing to very unfavorable weather, and several other public functions, the attendance was not as large as usual. but all who were present were favored with a good hour of condensed teaching upon the subject presented, and were well repaid for facing the storm that prevailed. The lecturer's theme was, "Old Bibles and the New Criticisms," and was illustrated by stereopticon shadows of many old manuscripts. The speaker first indicated the place occupied by the Higher and Lower Criticisms respectively, and the value of each. The problem confronting the Lower Criticism is to determine whether the text of the Old and New Testaments have been accurately preserved for us; whether we have to-day the words as first given by inspiration. In the absence of the original manuscripts some scientific method must be elaborated for determining from nearly 4,000 manuscripts in our possession how the original read. Earlier attempts were briefly reviewed, and then more fully the method of Westcott and Hort. In their presentation they arrange the manuscripts in four distinct groups, viz.: the Neutral, Alexandrian, Western and Syrian. Interesting accounts were also given of some of the most important manuscripts, especially of the Vatican (B), the Sinaitic (discovered by Tichendorf in the Convent of St. Catharine, Mt. Sinai, in 1844), the Alexandrian (A), in the British Museum, Codex Bezæ (D. at Cambridge). The variations of the texts are few, and, as Dr. Hort says, "only about one word in every thousand has upon it substantial variation supported by such evidence as to call out the efforts of the critics in deciding between the readings."

The final meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Thursday, April 2nd. At the morning session the chair was occupied hy Vice-President Beck. Prof. Farmer read a letter from Dr. McLaurin, of India, in which he referred to the "Forward Movement" discussed at the last general conference. The advisability of holding conferences for the deepening of interest in the work is under consideration. The Doctor expressed the hope that McMaster might join in this crusade. The report from Taylor Street Mission was then heard. Dr. Goodspeed informed the Society that a new and more suitable building had been rented, and pointed out the encouraging phases of the work. He hoped the boys would lend their assistance with renewed energy. The matter was left to the Executive Committee.

The speaker for the morning session was Rev. Mr. Norton, who chose as his subject, "Some of the Principles of our Home Mission Work." It is necessary for us to believe that humanity is lost. We must be convinced of the savable condition of the race and have confidence in the Gospel as the only power by which men can be saved. There is a tendency to present the moral life as opposed to the regenerate life. Responsibility in life always increases in exact proportion to proximity. It is difficult to arouse the same enthusiasm over home missions as over foreign. There is a romance about work abroad which is not to be found in the home field. Home mission work is distinctly altruistic. The question has been raised, "Does home mission work require the same amount of consecration as foreign?" He believed the home work demanded as much self-effacement as the foreign. The present existing relations between the weak church and sister churches in similar conditions was very commendable and nothing short of the spirit of Christ. The choice and acceptance of fields was dwelt upon at some length. There is no field but will call forth all the preacher's abilities. The question of accepting a church should be determined by the need. In conclusion, Mr. Norton briefly outlined the forward policy of the Home Mission Board. The work is encouraging in every respect, and this address by our Superintendent should be an incentive to every young man to attempt great things for the Master.

At the afternoon session the chair was taken by Dr. Farmer, the retiring president. The usual devotional exercises occupied the earlier part of the session. These were followed by a series of informal addresses by members of the senior classes in Arts and Theology. Those representing Theology were, A. A. Scott, B.A., J. E. Miles and H. L. Kempton, B.A. The thoughts expressed by these gentlemen were very interesting and helpful. Messrs. Scott and Kempton came to McMaster from other and larger institutions, and their testimony to the helpfulness of the ideals and methods of McMaster were in consequence of especial value.

Mr. Miles spoke from the view-point of a man who had been in close touch with practical life before entering a university, a fact that lent weight to his words in the minds of those whose lives have hitherto been sheltered in the University, and who are shortly to leave it for their chosen spheres of activity in the world. The speakers from the senior year in Arts were, Mr. P. A. McDiarmid, Miss McNeill and Dr. Lumley. All bore testimony to the worth of the meetings of the Fyfe Missionary Society as a factor in the life of an undergraduate, and to the religious life of the Faculty and students as an indication of the reality of religious experience and its undoubted right to a place in the life of the individual.

With this service another year in the history of the Society came to an end. Perhaps there has not been a year when so wide an influence has been exerted or when the Society has more fully realized the aim of those who founded it. The work of the present year has not been without its difficulties, and for the success that has attended the efforts of the Society much praise is due to the energetic President and his efficient executive.

We regret that Dr. C. C. Lumley, '03, has been for some time upon the sick list. He hopes to be around again before examinations commence.

Rev. Ralph Trotter was a visitor at the University recently, conducting chapel service and giving the students much good advice in general and a few Hebraic hints to the theologs in particular.

Prof. (calling roll)—"Mr. G——." Voice—"Mr. G. is not coming any more." Prof. (drily)—"Um-ah—that will not hinder us much."

One of the most delightful evenings passed in some time by Class '03 was that on Friday, April 3rd, on the occasion of an At Home given them by Mrs. TenBroeke. The guests were received by Dr. and Mrs. TenBroeke and Miss TenBroeke, of Panton, Vermont. Following the example of the genial Doctor, the guests laid all formality aside and gave themselves up to the pleasures of the evening. The silhouettes executed by Mr. E. J. Bengough were the source of much amusement. Twice during the evening Miss Mae Dickenson delighted all with her sweet singing. Gathered in groups the company enjoyed to the full the dainty refreshments. To the class about to break its ranks the opportunity to come together and discuss past, present and future, was indeed greatly enjoyed. All too soon came the time to sing "Auld Lang Syne." The evening closed with the guests showing their regard and appreciation of Dr. and Mrs. TenBroeke in three hearty cheers.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: S. M. McLAY, '03.

A REPORT has come from a former McMaster graduate in Arts, now in Winnipeg, of the success of Brandon College last fall in football. That which makes it so interesting to us is that Mr. A. W. Vining, a graduate of McMaster in '98, was a member of the champion team. Brandon College has always done well in the football arena, but never played any games away from home. Because of this its reputation in football was not very far spread throughout the West. This year they have won a great triumph, and have added another laurel to their college, by defeating Manitoba College, one of the strongest colleges in the West. No scoring was done until the latter part of the last half, when Brandon scored 5 goals and their opponents only 2. We congratulate Brandon on their success, and hope they may achieve many honors in their athletics in the future.

ABOUT twenty-five McMaster men attend the Y.M.C.A. this year, and on Friday evening, March 27th, they gave a nine o'clock supper in the Residence Dining Hall in honor of the winning team in the recent basket ball series. There were four teams in the contest, with Messrs. Lailey, Riddiford, Miles and Mabee as captains, of which that captained by Mr. Lailey won. Mrs. Pritchard had laid an excellent table, to which the physical culture men did ample justice. Mr. A. Stokes, the class instructor, was a splendid chairman and gave a brief speech on gymnasium work and its future. The winning captain, W. W. Lailey, '03, then spoke, and was followed by an honored guest, A. E. Haydon, B.A., President of McMaster Athletic Association. F. C. Mabee, J. E. Miles and W. C. Riddiford spoke briefly on the occasion of the gathering and the plans for next autumn. Sem Casgrain made a few interesting observations, and, on taking his seat, was cheered to the echo. Then followed suggestions for next year, and a discussion as to whether we should join the proposed Inter-Collegiate Basket Ball League. The affair was brought to a close at 11 p.m. by singing God Save the King.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—On Wednesday, April 1st, a meeting of the Athletic Association was held, and the following officers were elected for next year: Honorary President, Prof. W. S. W. McLay, M.A.; President, V. A. Ray, '03; Vice-President, W. W. Lailey, '04; Secretary-Treasurer, R. A. F. McDonald, '04. An amendment was made to the constitution of the Association with

reference to the eligibility of receiving the McMaster crest. The motion formerly adopted was in effect, that only those who have been chosen to represent the University on track teams or in two or more championship matches on first Association, Rugby and Hockey teams, will be granted the emblem. The amendment adds, "that the letter be given to those members of the track team who shall equal or break any one of the following standard records in our own games, or winning first place, shall equal or break any one of them in Inter-College or Varsity games as a bona fide M.A.A.A. representative; these standard records to remain until broken, when the new records shall take their place: Shot, 33 ft. 5 in.; 100 yards, $10\frac{4}{5}$ secs.; pole vault, 9 ft. 11 in.; half-mile, 2 ms. 10 secs.; hammer, 95 ft.; 220 yds., 24 secs.; high jump, 5 ft. 2 in.; 440 yards, 55 secs.; discus, 95 ft.; 120 hurdles, $19\frac{4}{5}$ secs.; broad jump, 19 ft. 4 in.; mile run, 4 ms. 48 secs. In case any record shall be broken by more than one man at any one meet, he only shall receive the letter who shows greatest proficiency."

A MEETING of the new Athletic Committee was held on Saturday, April 4th, which consisted of the following members: The President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, P. McDiarmid, Theo., D. G. Munro, '05, and E. F. Cohoe, '06. The captains and manager of the different athletic teams were appointed. G. F. Stephens, '05, was elected captain of the Rugby team; J. B. McArthur, '05, captain of the hockey team, and A. G. Vining, '05, manager of the track team. The captain for Association football will be chosen next term. Financially the Association has come out about even. This year the expenses have been somewhat higher than in former years, and an extra levy was made so as to be able to make a clear statement on the books. A committee, consisting of the president and vice-president, was appointed to interview the faculty with reference to the payment of athletic fees. It is thought by some that a compulsory fee should be levied on all students, whether participants in athletics or not; some think it advisable to double the fee only, and still others would rather have it remain as formerly. Nothing definite has been decided as yet. The matter will probably be left over until the fall.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: D. C. MACINTOSH, '03.

MR. C. A. GRANT, '02, is taking up the study of law in Winnipeg.

MISS E. E. DELMAGE, '01, is on the teaching staff of St. Mary's Collegiate Institute.

REV. J. J. ENGE, Theol., '01, has become associate-pastor of the Baptist church in Maukato, Minn.

REV. N. A. WHITMAN, Theol., '00, has accepted the pastorate of the Brighton and Cramahe churches.

REV. J. J. PATTERSON, '97, of Wingham, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Buffalo.

MR. R. C. MAGEE, '02, holds the office of President of the Literary Society in the Normal College, Winnipeg, where he has been in attendance this year.

MISS OLIVE M. CLEMENS, '01, was recently married to Mr. J. Sidney Barrett, and will reside at Oak River, thirty-five miles west of Brandon, Manitoba.

REV. C. J. TRIGGERSON, '00, M.A., '01, has resigned the charge of the Forest and Attoxeter churches, to become pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church in Minneapolis.

MR. J. W. HOTSON, '01, M.A., '02, who has been studying at Chicago and at Cornell during the past six months, has been appointed principal of the Macdonald School at Guelph. He will complete his course at Cornell before taking up his new work.

REV. J. C. CURRY, who studied at McMaster during the year '99-'00, and who has been pastor in Cherburn, Minn., has undergone a serious operation in Rochester. We are glad to report that he is recovering rapidly and will soon be in his usual health.

MR. W. W. CHARTERS, '98, is studying in the department of Pedagogy at the University of Chicago, and expects to receive the degree of Ph.D. in July. Mr. Charters has been asked to publish several of the papers which he has written during his course.

Rev. M. D. Coltman, '01, of Brampton, was married, on the 10th of February, to Miss Annie L. Warwick, daughter of Mr. Francis L. Warwick, B.Sc., of Buckingham, Que. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. Y. Overing, assisted by Rev. R. N. Carkner, of Buckingham.

On the 24th of March Rev. Judson McIntosh, '00, pastor of the church in Whitevale, Ont., was married to Miss Frances Champion, of 76 Claremont St., Toronto, the officiating minister being Rev. C. W. King, of the Parliament St. Church, assisted by Rev. Professor Welton. The ceremony was performed in the Eastern Avenue Baptist Mission, in the presence of a large audience, including several fellow-students of the groom from McMaster. In the evening a reception was tendered to the bride and groom by the people of the church and congregation in Whitevale.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor: Emma Fares.

A very pleasant evening was spent on the 13th of March in the college reception rooms, when the Juniors entertained the Seniors. The guests were received by Mrs. Wells and Miss Carrier, president of the junior class. The evening passed merrily and all too quickly, thanks to the hostesses, who entertained us so gracefully. But although it was so delightful, we realize that with it has passed another event of our senior year, which is all too rapidly drawing to a close, and our joy is tempered with sadness.

Friday evening, March the 27th, we were privileged in having Dr. Alexander lecture to us. The subject, "Reading," being a popular one, we listened with great interest and much enjoyment. We feel assured of the benefit to be derived if we follow the advice given to us, as to how, and what to read.

We have been very fortunate this term in securing interesting speakers to address us at our weekly prayer meetings. At the beginning of the term, Dr. Farmer, whom we are always glad to welcome, gave us a very helpful talk. Later Mrs. T. M. Harris gave us a very interesting account of her visits to the Young Women's Christian Associations while travelling in Europe last year. The following week we had the privilege of listening to Professor Cody, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, give an earnest

address on "The Second Mile." Our last meeting was taken by the Rev. Mr. Neil, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, who spoke very helpful words to us.

On the 19th of March the pupils of Mrs. Bradley gave a recital in the college chapel. It is interesting to note in these recitals the increase in self-confidence, as well as the development of the different voices of the pupils. One must experience the feelings of the vocal student, as in a tremor of nervousness she stands on the platform, conscious, inwardly, that all her further self-respect depends upon her deportment at this critical time, before one can appreciate the position. Whatever the feelings are, at least the trembling vocalist rejoices in the fact that no one else understands the difficulty with which she retains even the small amount of composure she displays. But after several recitals, when she has tired the patience of even such an indulgent audience as the Moulton students make, the pupil has gained so much self-control that recitals are no longer dreaded, but looked forward to with pleasure.

There is no student at Moulton but rejoices to realize that the Easter holidays are so close at hand, and the fact that this term's examinations have been done away with, makes the holidays all the more enjoyable. For some the vacation means a complete rest from study, but others must use the time to the best advantage, and hence will in reality have very few holidays. However the time is spent, we hope that all will return with renewed enthusiasm and determination to finish the school year well.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editor: W. Raithby.

On Monday evening, March 9th, Rev. C. J. Cameron gave us a home mission address, illustrated by many stereopticon views of Baptist interests in Ontario. The address was much enjoyed.

The season has again arrived when we can enjoy sports on the campus. With the advent of the robin and blue bird comes also baseball and football. In football we have joined the city league and are expecting some good matches.

Our annual concert was a complete success. Both Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Piercy upheld their reputations. In spite

of the unfavorable weather, a large audience greeted the artists. Mr. McDonald's first number, "The Mighty Deep," required a voice of great depth and sweetness. His enunciation was beyond reproach and this high standard he maintained throughout the entire programme. Mr. Piercy, well-known in Woodstock as a humorist, is a versatile entertainer. He reached his climax in his selection from "King John," and in the "Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," while in the humorous, the familiar "How Ruby Played the Piano," brought down the house. The College paper, *The Oracle*, proved a pleasant diversion. The article on "Canadian Literature" and that on the "Educated and Uneducated Man" were specially good. The success of the concert was assured by the untiring efforts of the advertising committee and the committee of arrangements.

The past few weeks have been weeks of exceptional benefit to our College. It was decided recently that some special evangelistic effort should be made, and after a couple of impressive meetings, led by Principal McCrimmon, it was decided to invite Rev. V. H. Cowsert, of Park Church, Brantford, to take charge of a few meetings. The first meeting he held was on the evening of March 25th, and at that meeting nine declared their determination to become Christians. Principal McCrimmon took Mr. Cowsert's services in Brantford Sunday, this made it possible for Mr. Cowsert to hold meetings regularly until the following Wednesday, when he returned to his home. The spiritual life of the College has been quickened, and many have been led into the light and life of Jesus Christ. Mr. Cowsert is a speaker of exceptional ability. His genial disposition and earnest addresses proved an effectual incentive to the higher life, and resulted in not a few conversions. We are assured that Mr. Cowsert felt a great reward in the blessings that attended his efforts, and he has the gratitude and esteem of every member of the College.

On Friday evening, March 13th, Mr. T. F. Best, secretary of the Hamilton Y.M.C.A., lectured at the College on his experiences in South Africa. Mr. Best combines in himself the qualities which we most desire in a lecturer, power of description, deep feeling, pathos and humor. He described for us the horrors of war, such as the scenes in the hospitals, the hard life on the veldt and the carnage in battles. He did not neglect, however, to mention with this the glories of the contest, such as when after much hard fighting the Union Jack floated over Pretoria. His stirring address aroused the enthusiasm of the large audience, and all experienced a deeper feeling of pride in the "Canadian boys," and loyalty to the Empire.

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: E. S. ROY, B.A.

ON Feb. 25th we had our annual meeting of the Grande Ligne Missionaries at Feller Institute. The work of the different fields was reviewed and plans for the future were discussed. The reports from several of the fields were very encouraging, some others were not so encouraging. In Ottawa and Hull the prospects seem bright. There seems to be a specially good opening for work at Shawinnigan, where Miss S. Piché has for the last two years met with considerable success in her school.

The next day, Feb. 26th, was held the annual meeting of the Feller Institute Alumni Society. Business occupied the afternoon. The Treasurer's report showed over $2,200 cash paid towards the new building. For chairs for the chapel $150 was voted.

About 500 people, most of whom were French Protestants, attended the evening meeting, which was of a literary and musical character. Nearly all the missionaries were present, as well as a number of visitors from Montreal and elsewhere. We were much pleased to see that a number of Roman Catholics took this opportunity of showing their sympathy by their presence.

A NEW feature of college life at present at the Institute is the existence of two literary societies: the Gladstone Literary and Debating Society in English, and La Société Littéraire Feller in French. These two societies are a source of a great deal of pleasure for the boys. They meet once a week in separate class rooms, where they listen with interest to the reading of papers prepared by the scholars, and to the discussing of important subjects of the day.

THURSDAY, March 5th, was a day for visitors at our school. Six of the different pastors of Montreal and other friends came out to spend the day with us. Some of these men were gentlemen from other denominations who were visiting us for the first time. We trust that the impressions made were such as will lead them to come and see us again.

Rev. J. L. Gilmour remained over for the evening and treated the school to an interesting lecture. He led us, in our imagination, across the Atlantic to the old city of Rome. Here he pointed out a few things of interest, after which he led us out of the city through the ancient "Arch of Titus," and along the "Appian Way" to the fields of the "Catacombs." After spending a short time here a party collected, large enough to enable

us to secure the services of a guide. This person was an old "Trappist Monk." He furnished us each with a small taper, which we wound around our finger and lit the end to furnish us with light. With this preparation he took the lead and we followed him down under ground through some of those old "Catacombs." We spent some time in observing the wonders of those remains of antiquity. Then we were told the story of their origin and the different purposes for which they had been used in after years, after which our old Monk guided us to the surface and we returned home all enthusiastic over an enjoyable and profitable evening.

Our hockey season has come and gone, being less than two months in length. Notwithstanding the shortness of the season, this year has been the best for sports of any in our history. Something out of the ordinary has happened in hockey. Through the kindness of the faculty we were permitted to go to Montreal and play a game. On Feb. 7th, Grande Ligne "Old Boys" came here and played us. The game resulted in a score of three to one in favor of the present students. The visitors not being accustomed to our rink, which has no boards around the sides, found it difficult to make any combination plays whatever. On Feb. 13th our jubilant seven went to Montreal to return the compliment. As we donned our hockey suits, we jumped the boards only to find ourselves on a rink nearly the size of the Arena. The fates changed and the score was four to one favoring the "Old Boys." Our forwards played a very pretty combination, but our defence were lost on the large rink. The deciding game was to be played here on Feb. 26th, the day of our "Annual Conversat," but business engagements interfered, so that only two of the "Old Boys" came out. We have the strongest hockey team this year we have ever had. It is our ambition to join some intermediate league in the near future.

Here and There.

Editor: H. Procter, B.A.

College Notes.—President Woodrow Wilson is trying to introduce the tutorial system into Princeton, as is the custom in Oxford, and by which tutors are provided for every student in his daily preparation for classes. . . The Legislature of California has just granted the University of that State $250,000 for a new building to be known as "California Hall." The University has just completed an addition to the library to contain 75,000 more

volumes. . . William Jewell has 117 ministerial students. . . In proportion to the student enrolment, Johns Hopkins has one instructor to every four students ; Cornell has one to eight ; Yale one to nine; Columbia, Harvard, Northwestern and Pennsylvania, one to ten ; Princeton, one to thirteen ; Michigan, one to fourteen ; Missouri and Wisconsin, one to fifteen. . . Cornell has been suffering for several weeks with a severe epidemic of typhoid fever. Over twenty of the cases resulted fatally. The cause is all laid to the inefficiency of the water supply system. . . It will take a 26 acre lot to provide room for the seven new buildings for Harvard's College of Medicine. The cost will be $2,000,000, half of which has been given by J. Pierpont Morgan. Five of the buildings will be given up to the medical school proper, one to the dental school and one will be used for a power house. . . The enrolment of the Scottish Universities is as follows : Edinburgh, 2,114 ; Glasgow, 2,037 ; Aberdeen, 905 ; St. Andrews, 264. . . There are twelve Yale students who, because they are more than six feet one inch tall, are eligible to membership in the new club of Brobdingnags of the University. The tallest man in the club is six feet five inches in his stockings. . . Princeton, it is claimed, is to have the largest gymnasium in the world.

"How can you dress so expensively when the city is under siege on your account?" demanded the daughter of Priam, Helen of Troy fame. "Because I get all my gowns from Paris," coldly replied the cause of the trouble.—*Yale Record.*

THE COMING OF THE ROBIN.

The robin comes with piping lay
And loud its wild notes ring;
It calls to earth: "Awake, be gay!
And welcome in the Spring."

Earth hears the song; no more she sleeps
But opes her myriad eyes;
Through every tiny bud she peeps
To see the laughing skies.

She meets the Spring with welcome cheer,
And leads it to her bower;
Her eyes gleam with a joyful tear:
A dew-drop on each flower.

The robin sings in her lilac nest
To the young beneath her wing;
Light is the heart within her breast,
Sweet harbinger of Spring.

—*E. P. Burke, in Notre Dame Scholastic.*

H. Procter, B.A. J. M. Warner, '04. F. J. Scott, B.A.
E. A. Brownlee, B.A. A. E. Haydon, B.A.

McMASTER DEBATERS

CHAMPIONS OF THE INTER-COLLEGE DEBATING UNION, 1902-03

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MAY, 1903.

OUR CHAMPION DEBATERS.

For the third year in succession McMaster has won the championship of the Inter-College Debating Union. In honor of the event we present our readers with a photo-engraving of the eloquent young men to whose ability our University owes her forensic triumphs of 1902-03. To win the much-coveted laurels McMaster defeated Victoria University, Knox College and Trinity University. Messrs. Haydon and Brownlee represented McMaster in the preliminary round against Victoria, Messrs. Procter and Scott in the semi-final against Knox, and Messrs. Haydon and Warner in the final against Trinity. The subjects debated were as follows :—(1) "*Resolved*, That for the defensive warfare of the empire a compulsory military or naval training of two years for every able-bodied male citizen between the ages of 18 and 23 would be advantageous to Great Britain and Ireland and Canada." McMaster affirmative, Victoria negative. Judges : Rev. Father Teefy, Dr. McLennan, Mr. Montgomery. (2) "*Resolved*, That trial by jury should be abolished." Knox affirmative, McMaster negative. Judges : Rev. Professor William Clark, N. W. Rowell, K.C., and A. T. DeLury, B.A. (3) "*Resolved*, That labor organizations are in the best interests of a country." Trinity affirmative, McMaster negative. Judges : Hon. Mr. Justice MacLaren, Principal Hutton, Rev. G. R. Fasken, B.A. Wycliffe College and Osgoode Hall were the opponents of McMaster in the finals of 1901 and 1902 respectively, and Varsity and Knox the winners of the championship in the first two years' existence of the Union. Altogether during the past three years McMaster has won eight victories and three championships in succession, a record unequalled by any other college in the Union.

PRESIDENT HARPER'S ADDRESS.

It was a great moment in the history of spiritual progress when the individual man became a factor ; for until this moment came the ascent of man was largely physical. And when man the individual came to be fully recognized as such, when what he was or might be had for its largest determining element himself, then, for the first time, our modern civilization had its beginning. The powers and the possibilities of the individual, as distinguished from those of the family, or the clan, or the nation ; the responsibility of the individual, as distinguished from that of a family, or clan, or nation, these constitute the real basis of substantial growth ; they furnish the true incentive toward forward movement ; they supply the elements required for the realization of the higher life.

The higher life, beginning with the first steps of civilization, inseparably related to the effort of the individual man, and taking on higher and higher form as individual effort became more distinct and determining, has manifested itself in widely varied, yet closely related forms of thought and action, the characteristics of which, always plainly discernible, distinguish it from that which is below, and, as well, from that which we may call the highest. In the several fields of art individual men and women—through all the centuries—have done work which has lifted into the higher life not only themselves, the doers of the work, but all of their fellowmen who have sincerely sympathized with such work and entered into its appreciation. As evidence of this higher life, and as its fullest vindication, stands out the long line of the world's master-poets and writers, its artists and musicians, with the millions upon millions whom they have helped and inspired.

In the department of philosophy, in which men have made gigantic effort to secure knowledge and to ascertain the origin of things and their relations, we see another sphere of the higher life ; broader, perhaps higher and deeper than that of art ; but less attractive to the ordinary man, and certainly more difficult to appropriate. Yet every man who really thinks, or who intelligently asks why, is something of a philosopher ; and the number of such, who thus touch only the border of the higher life in this sphere, is probably as great as the number of those who, in spite

of wings clipped by nature, would follow the high-soaring of the skilled artist.

In close touch with the philosopher and his disciples are the scientist and his devoted followers. These, too, seek knowledge and wish to know the origin of things. And all such, though their groping be in dense darkness, although the light revealed is in each case but the smallest gleam, by the very effort made to see it lift themselves aloft to a place from which the sight of other gleams, even dimmer, may be gained, while with each new gleam thus possessed the next becomes more clear.

The higher life includes as one of its several spheres that of ethical purpose, moral effort. Here the element of individualism is as marked as anywhere. Every man who endeavors to live a righteous life, to be honest and pure ; every man who puts forth energy to perform the obligations which rest upon him as a member of a family, as a member of society, as a member of the state, occupies a position, higher or lower, as it may be, among those who make up the constituency of the higher life. That all men are not found in this number is apparent ; yet is it not presumption that we should thus classify ourselves? We may not assign others of our fellowmen here or there; we may be grossly deceived in any estimate we may hazard as to our own position ; but if we are sincere we may easily determine in which of two directions we are moving; whether downward and away from all that is beautiful and uplifting, or upward and toward that which incites and elevates and purifies the soul. For this is, after all, the one characteristic of the higher life, in which all others are contained ; with which all others are identified.

The line between the higher and the lower is not the same line for any two individuals. One lives the lower life if, for any reason, he permits himself to live, either intellectually or morally, on a lower plane than the very highest which nature and his environment have made possible. It is only the man who lives the highest life possible for him to live that can be said to live the higher life ; the failure, at any time, to put forth his utmost endeavor—a failure of which in every case he is unquestionably conscious—degrades him from a higher to a lower position. While the man who has been denied opportunities of culture, or who has been surrounded by abnormal and injurious influences, actually

enters upon a stage of the higher life at the very moment when his mind and his life are turned away from that which has pulled him down, and lifted upward. But now, do those of us who are associated with university work sustain any peculiar or special relation to this constituency, which lives or tries to live the higher life? Yes, a double relation. In that, first of all, we make public profession of membership; for in the very act of becoming associated with an institution of higher learning, whether as student or as instructor, one openly announces to the whole world his purpose to be of those who interest themselves in the higher things of thought and life. And, further, in this act we proclaim ourselves leaders in this life. This may be an act characterized by presumption on our part; but it is an act which will bear no other interpretation. It is what every man does who makes effort in a public way to lift up either himself or his fellowman. The university should furnish the highest ideals for life, and by its discipline make possible examples of the highest type of living. The artist and the student of art, whether in literature or painting, the philosopher and the student of philosophy, the scientist and the student of science, the moralist and the student of morals, are expected to be the leaders, and, as experience shows, have been among the leaders in the higher life. It is, therefore, an appropriate thing that, at this time, I should ask a question concerning this higher life, a life with which, at least professedly, we are so much concerned. The question may be put most briefly in these words: What has religion to do with the higher life? The answers to this question are both negative and positive:—

(*a*) Religion is not the mother of art, science, philosophy and ethics.

(*b*) Religion is not to be identified with one or all of these.

(*c*) Religion is not the enemy of art, science, philosophy or ethics.

(*d*) Religion is independent of these phases of the higher life, but closely akin; in fact, the oldest sister of the family.

(*e*) Religion is essential for the fullest development of these phases of higher life.

(*f*) Religion must have certain characteristics to work in harmony with them.

In my use of the word "religion," I am not thinking of the

church, for the church is of a transitory and variable character ; the church takes on different forms at different periods of its growth and under different phases of environment, and at times and in certain places passes out of sight ; while religion is something as imperishable as the mind itself, of which it is a condition ; something that is permanent and not a mere passing phenomenon. Religion, as has been said, is a condition of the mind ; but, in its outward form, it is a kind of life ; in fact, the life which is the outcome of the mental condition.

Religion, therefore, takes on many forms, and in each case that form which is best adapted to the stage or phase of development already attained by the person or community concerned.

The same religion adapts itself to varying conditions and demands, and this capability of adaptation, it should be noted, does not weaken religion, but strengthens it. The capability of such adjustment to different personal temperaments, to different classes of society in the same community, and to communities as widely separated as are nations themselves—this indicates a strength and power the existence of which, on *a priori* consideration, one would be compelled to deny.

I may not even attempt to state what is to be regarded as the essence of religion, whether it be worship, belief in the supremacy of God, the act of faith, or the spirit of piety. But as a concrete type of religion of this day and of this land, I may use Christianity, because, as religion has kept pace with civilization, and as civilization, controlled by religion, has made progress, Christianity is the highest and most perfect form of religion thus far developed. I am thinking of Christianity in its broadest sense, and not of any one of the special forms of Christianity which have appeared.

What, now, has religion to do with the higher life ?

(1) I am not one of those who would ask a place for religion in connection with this higher life, upon the ground that each of the different phases of this life, whether art or philosophy or science or ethics, owes its origin to religion. This contention cannot be maintained as true ; and, even if true, fails to carry with it the conclusion suggested, for the child, in time, may grow independent of the mother. Is it true that the first attempts of art had to do with the expression of religious thought, and that, consequently, religion is the mother of art ?

Is it true that the earliest literature is religious literature, and that, therefore, religion is the mother of literature?

Is it true that the first philosophers and scientists and lawgivers were priests? that astronomy has come from astrology, medicine from sorcery? and that, in view of this, philosophy and science and ethics are the offspring of religion? I leave the answer to these questions to be given later, and ask, What if it all be true? We cannot to-day base an argument or an exhortation for the cultivation of religion upon this foundation.

(2) But may not art or philosophy or science or ethics constitute a religion each in itself for those who are its devotees or followers?

It was Renan who maintained that religion (and he was thinking of Christianity) was nothing but an expression of the æsthetic feeling, in other words, art.

Many writers have urged that religion is but a crude form of philosophy, and that when a pure philosophy prevails, religion will disappear.

It has frequently been suggested that science itself would serve as religion, or, at all events, take its place.

Matthew Arnold understood by religion "morality touched with emotion," thus making moral life and religious life identical, except that the former was the ideal, the latter only an imperfect and undeveloped form.

But to say that one may substitute for religion one or another of these phases of the higher life, is to say that these are identical with religion, and that they do for man what religion aims to do. I have found, for myself, the words of Professor Tiele on this point particularly clear:

"The difference consists chiefly in this, that, while science, art and morality yield a certain satisfaction, or even a considerable measure of happiness, they never produce that perfect peace of mind, that entire reconciliation with one's self and one's worldly lot, which are the fruits of religion, and have ever characterized the truly pious of all ages. The greatest genius, the acutest investigator, and the profoundest thinker, who have studied the most difficult of problems, and have made darkness light for themselves and others, will be the first to confess the limitations of their knowledge, and the insolubility of many of their problems,

and to admit that faith alone can answer the momentous and vital questions—whence and whither? Poetry and art may brighten this earthly life with their lustre, they may mitigate sorrow and soothe the troubled mind ; but they can only give true rest to the soul when they serve to bring home to it some great religious truth, in a beautiful and striking form. And even the strictly moral man, who can boast of having kept all the commandments from his youth upwards—unless utterly deluded by self-satisfaction—must often feel that he lacks something, the one thing needful."

Religion is something in itself and for itself, fulfilling a separate role, and not in any way to be confounded with art or philosophy or even morality.

(*c*) There are some who think that religion has been and is the enemy of the higher life, as exhibited in art and philosophy, science and morality. Did not the law of Moses prohibit the making of any image of anything in the heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth, and was not the artist condemned by Israel's prophets in words the most severe? Did not the reformers destroy all that was beautiful in the churches, and make their worship something devoid of all softness and beauty? Have not philosophers in all ages, whether of sacred or profane history, been treated as sceptics and mischief-makers? Has not the Church persecuted and even executed the leaders of science? Has not morality lost ground whenever and wherever formal religion has gained ground? So it is frequently maintained ; but these facts, even if known to be facts, do not carry with them the conclusion which is urged upon us. Certain distinctions should be noted.

(1) There are times when art degrades, and there are uses of art which are always degrading. Is that influence hostile to literature which would take away the obscene from literature? There are professed scientists and philosophers who step beyond their sphere of knowledge, and in arrogant spirit make strange statements concerning that with which their science has no connection. Is it hostile to science to oppose the presumptuous denial of the existence of God?

There are times when immorality becomes an epidemic, but is it the truly religious man who becomes immoral : or rather that

man who has put on the form of religion? Or is it hostile to morality to assist one who is immoral to become pure?

(2) Again, religion must not be held responsible for the actions of all who profess to act in her name. As there is a distinction between religion and church, so there is a distinction between the Church of to-day and that of the Middle Ages. There may be a religion, as Tiele says, "one of those transient forms of religious life which, having served its time and fallen into decay, cannot tolerate those revelations of progress in the spiritual domain which mark the awakening of a new life."

Such a religion should not be confounded with the normal religious spirit.

Disease must always be differentiated from health. It is the sane, not the insane man, who most truly represents humanity. Abnormal forms of religion have undoubtedly antagonized the progress of truth and the growth of the higher life; but the truth and the higher life have been all stronger for an opposition that was ephemeral.

(*d*) But if religion does not furnish us the earliest starting-point of this higher life, if religion is something independent of one or another (and all) of its phases, if religion is not the enemy of art, science and philosophy and ethics—how shall the relationship be designated? Religion may, perhaps, be called the sister; and, if a sister, the oldest of the family. But who, or what, is the parent of these sisters? That religion is a sister, and not the mother, appears (1) from facts in the history of art, literature, science and ethics. For example, so far as can be ascertained, art is synchronous with religion, while mythology is not religion, nor does it come from religion, but is an early form of philosophy. The priestly caste is something late, and its mastery of learning and law obtained after long struggle. In the earliest days every man was his own priest, and there was no such caste. Like a family of languages descended from a parent stem, among which there is an oldest and a youngest, with others growing up between, so religion, art, literature, philosophy, ethics and science are to be regarded as closely akin, each to the other.

But whilst thus of common origin, there are important points of difference between religion and these other phases of the spiritual life. It has already been noticed that no other of these

phases may take the place of religion, because no one gives that kind of satisfaction, of peace of soul, which is the gift of religion. But, as has often been pointed out, the kinship is so great as to minimize this difference.

"In the ethical life, as in religious, peace of mind is one of the objects sought for, and it is only to be found in a state of unceasing development. Nor does the man of science rest satisfied with knowing. He desires also to understand, and to systematize and unify his knowledge. The philosopher tries to fathom the origin of things, but he also expects that philosophy will reconcile him with himself and the world. So that scientists and philosophers alike, to a certain extent, also seek for contentment of soul. And does the artist never aim, in the pursuit of his art, at something beyond æsthetic enjoyment? Does he not often throw his whole soul into his works, and thus stake his happiness upon their success?"

The fact after all which marks at the same time the relationtionship and the separation which makes it impossible for religion to be taken as the mother, or to have one or another of these take her place, is this: In art the imagination and emotion have fullest sway, that is, predominate; in science, the intellect and judgment; in morality, the will; while in religion these various faculties must be held in even balance, for undue emphasis on one or the other results in an abnormal and degenerate form, such as mysticism or fanaticism, or moralism. Religion is broader than any of its sister forms of spirituality, many-sided, and well-rounded. It calls into exercise the man's whole being. When its development is normal it strengthens every function of man's life.

(*c*) This is equivalent to saying that in working for the highest and fullest and truest development one must not ignore religion. The artist cannot be a scientist and thus strengthen his intellect and judgment; this would destroy his power as artist; but he may cultivate the frame of mind which constitutes religion, and in this way obtain that of which he stands so much in need. The scientist may not become an artist, and thus find opportunity for the play of his imagination and his emotions; (we remember the experience of Darwin in music), but in religion he may find that which will remove the charge that is made and sustained against so large a portion of the scientific fraternity, the charge

of narrowness, of lack of interest in humanity, of dogmatic and arrogant conceit.

The moralist may not become religious by receiving a touch of emotion, for religion demands more than the exercise of will and of imagination. It requires also the strong and constant cultivation of the judgment. On the other hand, art, if it will, finds in religion its closest friend and neighbor, for there can be no religion without sentiment, the essential element in art. Has this not appeared in the history of art? To what has she more frequently turned, with what has she been more closely united in all her history than with religion, in poetry, in architecture, in painting and sculpture and in music?

Science and philosophy, if they will, may find in religion their closest friend and neighbor, for while without that same intellectual energy which enters into philosophy and science, there may be superstition or mysticism or fanaticism, there cannot be true religion. To what have philosophy and science always been driven in their last analysis, except to God? and belief in God is the very essence of religion.

Ethics, surely, will find in religion a sympathetic companion, for there has never existed a religion which did not, in forms more or less crude, try to influence its votaries to live purer lives. Have not preachers and religious sages, from the times of earliest history, striven with their followers to be truthful and honest and pure? Because religion has something in common with each of these spiritual phases, and also because religion in each case has something to furnish which these various phases lack, religion is essential to their fullest fruitage.

(*f*) But, in conclusion, it may be well to note briefly some of the characteristics of the religion which is best adapted to the needs of those whose lives and sympathies are in harmony with the newer life. Here we must speak of a religion as distinct from religion, for nothing is more clear than that there are as many different religions in the world at large, and even among those immediately about us, as there are different tastes and sympathies. These differences are not merely differences of creed, nor of forms of worship, but of standards of morality, of external accompaniments, and of subjective ideals. The religion of an artist will be different from that of a scientist, and that of a scientist from that

of a moralist ; but there will be some things in common between the religion of the man who is spiritually minded and the man whose mental faculties are exercised but slightly or not at all. It is only necessary to read history to learn that the leaders of the world's thought, the men who, in one capacity or another, have made highest contributions to the higher life, have for the most part been of strong religious character. What has been the nature of this religion ? What is the nature of the religion which to-day will prove acceptable to men and women of higher thought ?

(*a*) This religion will be simple in its nature. Truth is always simple ; never complex or compound. The greatest teachers have thus presented it. It was Amos who said : " Hate the evil, and love the good, and establish judgment in the gate."

It was Micah who said : " He hath showed thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth Jehovah require of thee but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with God ? "

It was Jesus who said : " Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein."

As Mr. Dole has said : " Religion is in this respect like a work of art, a picture, a symphony, a cathedral. Its genius does not forbid ornament and variety. But its greatness is in its grand, simple and total effect, towards which all ornamentation contributes." Simplicity need not shut out æsthetic form ; indeed, it must not, for otherwise many of those for whom it has a mission will ignore it.

(*b*) It will be reasonable, or the scientist and the philosopher will reject it ; that is, it must stand the test of investigation. It must make no false and pretentious claims. It must make no unreasonable demands upon the weak credulity of man.

It must appeal to the judgment and the reason in order that those of æsthetic predilections may find in it what they do not find in their special field.

(*c*) It must be a religion of toleration. One's neighbors must be allowed to differ. No single religion, not to speak of a phase of religion, can be regarded as the only one containing religious truth or affording religious help. There must be wholesome respect for the sincere adherents of other faiths, even

though far removed. Religious expression must be regarded to some extent, perhaps to a large extent, the product of historical circumstance, of geographical situation, of hereditary transmission.

(*d*) It will be a religion characterized by idealism, for otherwise those inclined toward the artistic could not endure it. Think of a religion devoid of poetry and music ; a religion with no prophetic visions ; a religion with no reaching out toward the invisible and the infinite ! There can be no place for such a religion in the minds of those spiritually employed.

(*e*) It will be an ethical religion in order to meet the demands of the moralist, and the needs of the artist ; and, in order that it may be capable of inciting to righteousness the lives of those who accept it. Let judgment roll down as waters and righteousness run as a mighty stream. For righteousness the cry goes up on every side, and nowhere more loudly or more continuously than from among those whose lives have been moulded in the atmosphere of college and university. It was the ethical side of prophetism that made it mighty in its influence, though it was handicapped in so many ways.

(*f*) It will be a religion capable of affording comfort in time of trouble, consolation in the hour of distress ; for this is what neither art nor science nor philosophy nor ethics can do; and this, after all, is the greatest demand of the human soul, when it becomes fully aware of its utter weakness. There are seasons (who has not experienced them ?) when life has nothing to offer that will please the human soul. Torn and bleeding, as it were, healing is needed ; but the power of the healing has been given only to religion, and without religion there is no health, no whole condition.

My friends, I wish to say three things, the truth of which I am persuaded will be more and more appreciated as men go forward in the higher life.

(1) Religion has much to do with the higher life ; much to offer those who are spiritually minded. It is an essential factor in a fully developed, well-rounded life. Without it you lack that which, if possessed, would give you breadth and strength and vigor, calmness and tenderness and peace.

(2) It is worth your while carefully to consider the kind of

religion, the particular form of religious culture which you will cherish. It is no longer a question of creeds, or denominations. The dividing line runs, not between this and that form of religious faith, but through all forms. The name is insignificant, the serious thing is the character of your religion. It is adapted to your needs, and it is lifting you upward? Or is it something foreign to your nature and it is dragging you down?

Is your religion a source of anxiety and pain? or does it bring rest and peace of mind? If it is not what it ought to be, do not be satisfied until it has been set aright, for every individual must have his own religion, and no other will answer his purpose.

(3) The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion capable of adjustment to any and every individual, however peculiar his temperament, however exacting his demands. Its simplicity, as the Master himself presented it, is marvellous. In its proper form it has always stood the most rigid tests; and it appeals as strongly to the reason as to the heart. It will permit you to respect your friend's religion; if he is a Jew, because it came out of Judaism; if a sincere follower of Islam, because much of Islam came from it; if a disciple of some Eastern faith, because its founder Jesus was broad-minded and tender, and saw truth wherever truth existed, without reference to the name it bore. It is a religion of ideals, not weird and fanciful, but chastened, strong and inspiring to true service. It is ethical in a sense peculiar to itself, for it is the religion of the Beatitudes and the Golden Rule. It is a religion that says: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The greatest minds of nineteen centuries have found this religion helpful. I do not urge upon you any special form of this religion, for I have in mind its very essence, that which is common to all forms, that which makes it the power history shows it to have been through all these centuries; this, as found in the teaching of Jesus is, in the words of old Hebrew philosophy—the fear of the Lord, *i.e.*, belief in and acceptance of one who has power to help, even to the uttermost. This step, this position, this opening of the mind and heart to an influence of the highest spiritual character, will prove to be the beginning of and, indeed, the chief part of that higher life which lies before you, that higher life upon which you have already entered, and in which we trust your walk will continue, until there comes the next step forward, the step that will usher you into the life still higher, the highest life—the life beyond.

THE SCRIPTURES THE AUTHORITY IN RELIGION.*

In coming to this position, we must, I think, change our method of approach. We must not come to the Bible through our creeds and confessions, but to them through it. Too often men have made their creeds the authority in religion, while they were at the same time claiming supreme authority for the Word of God. In too many cases the Bible has been made to harmonize with our creeds and traditions, so that in the last analysis they have been the authority rather than it. No creed or system of doctrine or church usage should ever be put between the living Word and the conscience. They are not authorities but the opinions of men, and should be valued and used only as such. Mark you, I am saying nothing against a creed or formulated statements of doctrine. When kept in their place, they are necessary and helpful. The man who is constantly denouncing creeds, and telling us that they are all useless and unnecessary, is talking to be heard, not to be instructive. When a creed or anything else is exalted above the Word of the living God, or put on an equality with it, and the Scriptures are made to stand or fall with it, then it is misused and becomes an injury.

I believe that much of the thought within and without the church to-day will drive us to a new apologetic, or to the re-statement of the old one, in defence of the Bible as the only infallible rule of faith and practice.

We will have to—in our battle with rationalism and unbelief in every form—approach the opposing forces in the way we are most likely to be successful. We will have to, in our conflict, make more of the Person of Jesus Christ. No criticism can ever rob us of Him as He is presented to us in the records. Our apologetics and our theology will have to be more Christocentric and Christological. The story of His person and work is not a cunningly devised fable, or the outgrowth of the fond imaginings of His professed followers. As John Stuart Mill says, "It takes a Newton to invent a Newton, and a Jesus to invent a Jesus." Christ claimed to be the Son of God, Son of Man, and the Saviour

* Concluding portion of a paper read at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, May, 1903, on "The Authority in Religion."

of the lost. He spoke with authority and not as the scribes. Not only by what He said, but by what He was, He revealed truths about God and man that never could have been known in any other way. He is a wonderful personality. As Jean Paul says, "He is the mightiest among the holy and the holiest among the mighty, and has by His pierced hands lifted empires off their hinges, and turned into new and living channels the dolorous centuries."

Standing in the presence of this unique personality, we are in the realm of the miraculous and the supernatural. Knowing Jesus as He was and is, can we believe for a moment that He was self-deceived, or would in the slightest degree deceive any truth-seeking soul? Verily, no. He knew, clearly and definitely, who and what He was, and the work He came to accomplish. He has made good His claims, has finished His work, and is now seated at the right hand of God. Accept any other position and you at once cast suspicion upon His honesty, and weaken His claims upon men as a safe guide in things spiritual. I see no half-way position; we must either accept Jesus at His own value and upon His own terms, or cease talking about Him as a great prophet, a great religious founder, a beautiful character, the ideal man, etc. If He is not what He claims to be, He is one of the greatest religious impostors the world has ever seen, and is not worthy the confidence of any truth-loving and honest man. Not to accept Him as the Son of God, speaking the highest and final word on religion, is to make all the past history of Christianity inexplicable. "For nearly two thousand years," says Stalker, "it has been the animating principle of history. It has lifted the human race from the low levels of paganism to the tableland upon which it marches to-day. It has given to the common man the sense of his dignity as a son of God, and to womanhood and childhood the consecration they now enjoy. The nations which have been formed by its teachings occupy the front rank in the march of progress. The finest minds of the modern world have acknowledged its reasonableness, and the finest characters have been inspired by its spirit." Now, does any sane man believe that all this and much more like it is the outcome of deception, collusion, or fraud? No; Jesus was God incarnate, and is the risen, glorified, reigning Lord, and all the healing streams that bless, uplift and make glad the nations flow from Him.

In thus exalting the person of Jesus Christ I do not belittle the epistles. There is a cry to-day, Back to Jesus; the Jesus of the evangelists. Many who make this cry try to discredit the writings of Paul. Some go so far as to tell us that Paul misunderstood Jesus, and that his writings are somewhat of a millstone around the neck of Christianity. It certainly appears very pious to exalt Jesus, if we may call it such, but when it is done by throwing doubt upon the larger portion of the New Testament, it is not a commendable or safe procedure. There is no contradiction between Paul and the evangelists; Paul's epistles are just as much from Jesus Christ, and are just as true and necessary to the life of the church as the gospels. All that Paul teaches is found in germ in the teachings of Jesus recorded in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. It takes the whole of the New Testament to give us an adequate knowledge of the person and work of the Redeemer. All we shall ever know of Jesus Christ, and the highest truths we can ever know of God and man in this life, we get from the New Testament. It is all from God, and is binding upon the heart and conscience of every man, and he who trustfully and lovingly accepts it is sure that in it he finds God and God finds him. The New Testament is of a piece, Jesus Christ runs through it from beginning to end, giving it its unity, and in a real and significant sense giving it its inspiration and authority.

Thus accepting Jesus as He is revealed in the New Testament, we are bound to go further and accept the Old Testament as He did. He quoted from it as authoritative; never once did he cast doubt upon its teachings, but refers again and again to it as the Word of God without doubt or hesitancy. If Jesus, then, could and did take the Old Testament and draw comfort from its promises, and use it in defending Himself against the attacks of His enemies and in establishing His kingdom, surely you and I run no risk in accepting and using it as He did. The apostles also, to whom Jesus promised the Holy Ghost to guide them into all truth, constantly appeal to the Old Testament as the Word of God. There are men to-day, in the name of Higher Criticism, who reject much of the Old Testament and are doing all they can to destroy men's faith in it as a revelation from heaven given through men inspired by the Holy Ghost.

Against some critics of the Old Testament I have little to say.

It is foolish to put them all in the same class and denounce them all alike. Some are reverent, careful and conservative, and in the end will bring us to a better understanding of the Old Testament. But for the wantonly destructive critics I have no respect. They are constantly, without thinking of the consequences, flaunting their opinions wherever and whenever they get an opportunity. Such men are no more qualified to criticise the Word of God than a blind man is to appreciate the beauties of a sunset. In order to valid knowledge in any realm there must be likeness between the subject knowing and the subject known. No man who has the Holy Spirit in him, and who has found strength and comfort and peace coming into his soul as he rested upon the Word, and who in his hours of sorrow and darkness and sore temptation has leaned upon the promises of God and has found them all that they claimed to be, will doubt the testimony of Scripture. And the man who has not the Christ dwelling in him by the Holy Ghost is not competent, I care not what may be his scholarship, to pass a judgment that is worth much on the subject. This point must be insisted upon, the need of the Holy Spirit within in order to understand the testimony of the Spirit without. Let the Spirit of God be working within the soul, and at once the voice of God will be heard speaking in the Word. To such a man the Scriptures will shine in their own self-evidencing light. Dr. Stalker says, "It is a remarkable circumstance that the ground on which the authority of Scriptures is based in the symbolical books of our church is not that on which Dr. Hodge, following the chief of post-reformation orthodoxy, took his stand. The following is the answer in the larger catechism to the question, How doth it appear that Scriptures are the Word of God? By their majesty and purity, by the consent of all the parts and the scope of the whole, which is to give glory to God, by their light and power to convert sinners, to comfort and build up believers unto salvation; but the Spirit of God bearing witness by and with the Scriptures in the heart of man is alone able to persuade it that they are the Word of God. It is on positive foundations such as these that the Protestant theory of Scriptures must be rebuilt, and when so much that is merely negative is advanced about the Bible there ought to be no delay. If the traditional apologetic for the Scriptures be abandoned it will be the urgent duty of the church to invent a new one,

for it is a perilous want when the common man is not able to give a prompt and plain reason for the hope that is in him."

The Bible's exalted conception of God, its sublime religious ideal, its high ethical and spiritual teaching, its unity, its adaptability to all the needs of the human soul at all times and in all lands, its clear and definite answer to all religious questions that may be hinted at it in other systems but are not answered ; its wonder-working power in the regeneration and transformation of the individual and in the world, together with its claims, prove that it must be from God.

It is the imperative duty of the church then to keep the people in constant and vital contact with it, insisting upon the need of the Holy Ghost in the soul in order to appreciate and understand it. When this is done the church will remain anchored until the storm is over.

Do not fear that in the crisis through which we are now passing the Bible will be lost or injured ; history should reassure our hearts on that point. It has passed through as severe battles as this without a scar. It is the winner of innumerable victories. The Jew hated it, but it lived to see the city of his chief joy in ruins, and him driven as a wanderer into strange lands. The Greek philosopher called it foolishness, but it lived to see his philosophy effete and his empire pass away. The Roman threw it into the flames, but it rose from the ashes and took no harm. The Roman Catholic hid it in a lot of mummeries and pagan superstition, but it threw them off and went forth to save and uplift the nations. The infidel, the sceptic and the scoffer threw it away with a sneer, thinking that its influence would soon pass away from the earth, but it lives the mightiest force to-day in all the world, and it shall continue to live, saving men from their sins, comforting them in their sorrows, strengthening them in their weaknesses, guiding them through all their perplexities in life, and at the end spanning for them the river of death with a rainbow arch of promise that is marvellous and grand. No, the Bible shall never be destroyed or lose any of its power, it shall go on doing its mighty work in the world until all the mists of sin and ignorance have passed away, and over a regenerated earth Jesus shall whisper peace.

W. T. Graham, '89.

Brantford.

SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD THE SECOND.

It suits the dramatist's purpose to let us first see Richard for a very brief time in the full sunlight, with any clouds that may have gathered for the moment swept aside. We are shown royalty in the midst of its court, a king with noble bearing, the supreme magistrate of the land about to ascend the throne of justice. No phrase is admitted which would intimate anything unworthy of the monarch of England in the appearance or address of Richard as he comes before us first. By so much is his fall more clearly depicted, and the contrast made the greater when we see him finally, stripped of all glory and power, an unkinged corpse on the dungeon floor.

The quarrel which comes before the king is between two nobles of high rank. One is his own cousin—Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford; the other is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. Hereford is the accuser, and his statements are strong, assigning to Mowbray the character of a traitor and miscreant, and imputing to him the murder of the Duke of Gloster, an uncle of the king. Mowbray admits that he knows something of this deed, saying that he had "neglected his sworn duty in the case," but to the charges in general returns an emphatic denial. Thus far we look upon the dispute as not unusual for the times, but that one nephew should seek to avenge his uncle's death and the other try to turn him from this purpose, as Richard does, immediately excites a keener attention.

Naturally, the parties refuse to make peace. Hereford's charges are too grave to be lightly set aside. Mowbray's character has been impeached and his honor attacked with heavy blows. He could do no other than reply to the king in passionate remonstrance:

> "My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
> The one my duty owes, but my fair name
> (Despite of death that lives upon my grave)
> To dark dishonor's use thou shall not have."

So the king's effort of conciliation is foiled, and he is obliged to appoint a day for an appeal to arms.

When we find, in another room of the palace, the aged Gaunt, Bolingbroke's father, and a lady whom we learn is the Duchess of Gloster, talking in agitated tones, we listen with straining ears, expecting to hear something more of the mystery which has been brought to our notice. The duchess is urging Gaunt to avenge his brother's death. His reply is pointed :

> "God's is the quarrel ; for God's substitute,
> His deputy anointed in his sight,
> Hath caused his death."

There is only one construction which can be put upon that statement. It is that Richard is responsible, in Gaunt's opinion, for the death of Gloster.

At Coventry, Bolingbroke and Norfolk meet for their contest. The lists are set out, the king mounts his throne, the opponents ride in on their eager steeds and the charge is sounded —when lo, the king's warder falls, and the combatants are arrested in the very act of onset. Richard summons them to him and after a high-sounding address on the horrors of bloodshed banishes both from their native land, Bolingbroke for a limited term, Norfolk for life.

The motive for this policy seems plain. Mowbray shares a secret whose exposure the king must constantly dread. Bolingbroke is determined to drag it into the light and has a favorable means in Mowbray. A shrewd plan, thinks the king, is to punish the quarrel by placing both sources of danger beyond the bounds of the kingdom. The cunning is greatly impaired, though, when these nobles are made vow never to meet or plot together in exile, for the prohibition merely suggests that which it seeks to avoid. If this is a fair indication of the king's strategy, he is sadly lacking in that kingly essential.

Norfolk's disappearance from the drama is final. His name is mentioned again, but only that we may learn of his death in exile. He has appeared as a strong man, of marked loyalty, which unfortunately has had an unworthy object. Though charged with treason he has not been proved guilty, and we are content to suspend judgment when what we learn of his after life, in other service, is so very creditable.

"Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks and Saracens;
And, toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long."

Bolingbroke and Gaunt bid farewell to each other in a very pathetic scene. The former's character is not yet fully revealed, but he is at least an affectionate son, and his father's love for him is intense. That he lives in the hearts of the people is also very evident as he bids farewell to them and his beloved England.

This trouble off his hands, Richard is about to set out for Ireland to conduct some wars which are raging there. While announcing his intention of farming the realm in order to fill his coffers, impoverished by prodigality and an extravagant court, a courtier appears with the announcement that John of Gaunt is seriously ill, and wishes to see him. A dislike for Richard has been growing upon us, but it changes to disgust as we hear him express a wish for his uncle's speedy death. He tells the reason—he desires Gaunt's money.

On a couch in Ely house lies the dying man—aged, weak and emaciated. The usual attendants are hovering around, and a brother, the Duke of York, and others are standing by. Gaunt realizes that his life is ebbing fast, and there is a burden on his soul. He cannot die in peace till it has lifted. We listen and hear him pour his grief into the sympathetic ear of York in a marvellous outburst of patriotic anxiety:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
* * * * * *
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England that was wont to conquer others
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!"

Great is the soul of the poet who can put into the mouth of a character such sentiments as these! High is the skill which can mould phrases like the above!

Richard enters, and the dying patriot delivers his counsel. It is strong and clear. Its utterance over, Gaunt is borne out to die, his duties ended, and there fades away a light which has burned with intense brilliance in a very heavy atmosphere. The blotless picture of this life is singularly ennobling, for the poet has taken pains in sketching it to emphasize what is ever highest and best—a devotion to right which leaves no foe, even self-love, unconquered.

Richard has before shown himself heartless, but his cruel outbreak at Gaunt's bedside indicates that he is lacking also in self-control. That outburst of passion is very useful to the dramatist. Shakespeare shows that Richard cannot govern himself: the inference follows that he is unfit to rule a kingdom.

Not a word of regret escapes the king when the death of his uncle is announced. As he seizes Gaunt's possessions, York tries to stay his hand, showing that, by depriving Bolingbroke of his inheritance, he will bring danger and disfavor upon himself. But Richard pays no heed; he seizes the property and departs for Ireland. The results foretold immediately begin to occur, for Bolingbroke returns, determined to regain his property, by force if need be. The people retain their love for him, and eagerly flock to his side. Nobles and barons, even the king's household, flee to Gaunt's disinherited son.

York is regent, and in the presence of the queen he receives the tidings of the gathering storm with troubled mien. The

clouds roll up very swiftly. York finds himself lacking both in forces and money, and even the possibility of obtaining the latter is suddenly cut off.

It is a masterly stroke here that prevents all our sympathy going over to Bolingbroke. As regards Richard, we feel no pity. He is getting only his deserts. But another person is introduced upon whom these troubles are falling heavily too. It is the queen—young and fair and gentle. We can pity her, with her perplexity and her sweet air of dependence, and we do.

York takes what forces he can muster and goes to meet Bolingbroke. The way in which the gruff old uncle is dealt with is a key to the popularity of his nephew. He is deferential and reasonable, smooth of tongue and gracious in manner. He is strategic, too, and by an appeal to York to be impartial in his judgment, succeeds in winning him over to neutrality. And so it happens that in all England there is no force in opposition to Bolingbroke. Circumstances have been adverse to Richard in Wales, too, and there is no army for him there. The king hears these details in his camp on the sea-coast, just after his landing. It is here that we are shown clearly another reason why Richard fails to hold the English throne. It is that he is lacking sadly in the ability and courage of statesmanship. We do not wonder at his failure when his unpractical nature is presented so vividly as in his reply to a hint that time should not be wasted, but strong action taken at once :

> " Discomfortable cousin, know'st thou not
> That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
> Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
> Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
> In murders and in outrage bloody here ;
> But when from under this terrestrial ball
> He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
> And darts his light through every guilty hole,
> Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
> The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
> Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves !
> So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
> Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
> Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,
> Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
> His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right."

If the occasion required excellence in poetic fancy, then we should render Richard our heartiest approval. But of the various modes of confronting his circumstances he is choosing the very poorest. He shows himself, it is true, to possess some of the qualities of a fine nature, but at the same time to be weak, arrogant and presumptuous. And we cannot think that his trust in the will of heaven to protect him is very genuine, for we see him alternate steadily from the heights of confidence to the valleys of despair, till at last we hear him say :

" By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more."

The rivals meet at Flint Castle, Richard behind the walls, Bolingbroke before the gates. The latter's demands are merely for reinheritance and repeal of banishment. These the king readily grants, and foolishly does more, weakly admitting his cousin's strength and his mastery of the occasion.

The transition seems a little sudden, however, from this to the scene in Westminster Hall, when York announces the surrender of the kingdom by Richard II. to Henry Bolingbroke. We did not expect to see the king give up his great possession—England's crown—so easily. Still, it seems inevitable that the power should pass to the strong diplomat whose character the unfortunate Richard sums up so well in one line :

"Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good."

A wonderful thing about the dramatist's art in this play is that in spite of the contempt which has been worked up for Richard we are moved to pity for him ere the curtain finally drops

—pity for the one so cruel towards Gaunt, so dishonest with Bolingbroke, so justly lacking in the love of his subjects. The queen is introduced again in the Langley garden, hearing in startled grief of her lord's downfall, and once more in the streets of London, meeting her degraded husband on his way to the Tower. It is true again that the innocent suffer with the guilty, and with greater bitterness, perhaps. And so we, condemning Richard, are softened as our viewpoint is changed and we see that we have realized only a part of the tragedy—only the faults and unworthy acts, none of the sorrowful consequences—none of the misery which is entailed.

The scenes given are sufficient to satisfy the sternest lover of justice. Richard in Westminster, where in former days he had been the chief figure, is now lowest of all. For him to be there urged into reading a detailed statement of his faults can be nothing short of torture. He is ordered to the Tower by the one who has supplanted him, and he must painfully walk through the very streets over which he once rode in state, the curious people intruding their glances on his grief. He must bid farewell to his wife and queen in the crowded highway. The anguish of that parting goes far in showing that, whatever the faults of this monarch have been, his punishment is great enough.

Only once more do we hear Richard's voice. It is in the solitary dungeon of Pomfret. As the lonely figure paces the stone floor of his dreary cell, music is heard in the distance. Let its effect on Richard picture him now.

> "This music mads me: let it sound no more;
> For though it hath holp madmen to their wits,
> In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
> Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
> For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
> Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world."

There enters a groom, who with much effort has obtained the opportunity to look again on Richard's face. He had been in his retinue. There exists, then, some feeling for Richard still!

The climax is not loaded with many words. While the groom is speaking a keeper enters with food, which Richard asks him to taste first, according to the custom. He refuses, under command, he says, of Sir Pierce of Exton. Incensed and im-

patient, Richard strikes him. Exton and servants, who have evidently been in waiting, rush in. Richard grasps the situation, sees that his death is determined, and for once at least there flashes from him a moment of bravery. With a weapon wrested from his assailants, he fights till two have met their death. But the odds are insurmountable. Exton reaches his side and stabs him to the heart.

Perhaps, after all, he merits some compassion. His chief fault—that which led to the others—was his utter inability to master himself. Passions and weak fancies ruled him absolutely. For this he was probably not altogether to blame. His years were few when the power of the kingdom was thrust upon him, and when he needed straightforward counsel most his advisers were flattering subordinates. Such conditions do not usually produce fine character. Certainly, Richard's life was not a happy one. Let his memory lead us to reflect at least as much as it does to condemn.

W. J. Grigg, '05.

TO A KATYDID.

You are very fond of telling,
While your breast is proudly swelling,
Of the good and gracious things that Katy did ;
What she should have done and wouldn't,
And her ways that were not prudent,
'Neath your green and glossy waistcoat you keep hid !

Ah, my lowly little brother !
Would that *we* of one another
Only all the worth and loveliness revealed ;
Aught we knew of ill abiding
In our bosoms' kindly hiding,
While the lips that had no good to tell were sealed !

M. A. Maitland.

THOMSON'S "AUTUMN."

The history of English poetry in the eighteenth century is marked by a gradual progress from the pseudo-classical style, of which Pope is the best representative, to the romanticism which reaches its culmination in Wordsworth. Of the early representatives of this movement, one of the most noteworthy is James Thomson. In his famous poem "The Seasons" there are characteristics of both schools. In general it may be said that, while the subject-matter is in accord with the new spirit, the form is markedly pseudo-classical.

There is, it is true, a departure from the conventional heroic verse of Pope and his imitators. The blank verse in which the poem is written, and which is at least comparable to that of Milton, Tennyson and Bryant, is certainly more appropriate to the subject of the poem than the monotonous ring of the rhymed couplet.

But in diction and arrangement "The Seasons" shows no advance upon the conventional poetry of the time. The poem is full of words that smack rather too strongly of the Latin lexicon. The following are a few specimens, taken, as all our illustrations will be, from the poem entitled "Autumn": "Convolved," "umbrageous," "incult," "protended," "clamant," "magnific," "error" (in the sense of wandering), "protuberant," "innumerous." The influence of Latin models is also seen in the placing of the adjective after its substantive, and in the very frequent use of an adjective where we should naturally expect an adverb. The following are illustrations: "Dew evaporate," "herd diminutive," "chase ambiguous," "light refulgent," "Autumn comes jovial on," "the clouds fly different," "the fox's fur depending decent from the roof," "what transmigrations there are annual made." There is also a great abundance of stock and roundabout phrases. The sky is the "ethereal arch," or "the pure cerulean," or "the broad cerulean scene"; moonlight is the "pale deluge," cows are "the milky drove," eggs are "ovarious food," mists are "copious exhalations," the eye is "the optic tube." Certain words are overworked; for example, "various sweetness," "various spirit," "lucid clouds," "lucid veil," "lucid lawn." Words ending in

y are numerous; for instance, "dewy," "mazy," "rushy," "milky," "breezy," "oary," "tusky." The indefinite use of the definite article may also be noted, as in the following case:

> "The juicy pear
> Lies in a soft profusion, scatter'd round."

Of figures of speech, capital letter personification and transferred epithet are of frequent occurrence. Of the latter the following will serve as examples: "The lowing vale," "bleating mountains," "venturous oar," "the painful year," "shivering thought." Among the things personified we notice Industry, Oppression, Misfortune, Melancholy, Learning, Hunger, Thirst, and even Whist! One passage is particularly rich in personification:

> "Here too dwells simple Truth; plain Innocence;
> Unsullied Beauty; sound, unbroken Youth,
> Patient of labour, with a little pleased;
> Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil;
> Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease."

But that which distinguishes Thomson's "Seasons" from the poetry of the day is its subject. To describe outdoor Nature in all her varied aspects throughout the course of the year, this is the *raison d'etre* of the entire poem. The concluding thought of "Autumn" is thus expressed:

> "Oh Nature! all sufficient! over all!
> Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
> . . . . . From Thee begin,
> Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song,
> And let me never, never stray from Thee!"

This is certainly a new note in eighteenth century poetry. In some lines the sentiment expressed is almost Wordsworthian, as in the following:

> "The fall of kings,
> The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
> Move not the man who, from the world escaped,
> In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
> To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
> And day to day, through the revolving year;
> Admiring, sees her in her every shape,
> Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
> Takes what she liberal gives, nor asks for more."

Thomson shows a genuine sympathy for animals. He speaks with indignation against "the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy," "the falsely cheerful barbarous game of death." The hunted stag, the timid hare, the circling covey, and the tender race of bees—all are objects of his interest and solicitude. The following passages are typical :

> "When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
> Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
> The swallow-people ; and toss'd wide around,
> O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
> The feather'd eddy floats."

> "Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
> Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse :
> While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
> And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
> Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
> Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
> On the dead tree, a dull, despondent flock,
> With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
> And naught save chattering discord in their note.
> O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
> The gun the music of the coming year
> Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
> Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
> In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !"

Nor is there an absence of interest in man. Among the noteworthy features are the touches here and there showing a true love of home and native land. The past history of his people is dear to the poet. He does not forget the

> "manly race
> Of unsubmitting spirit . . . .
> Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard."

There are also passages which show his ardent patriotism and his appreciation of the joys of rural and domestic life. The latter is indicated in such lines as these :

> "Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
> The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
> Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
> Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

" This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew ; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man ! "

The descriptions are graphic. In reading " The Seasons " one does not get the impression that the poet is writing " in his study, with his back to the window," or modelling his descriptions on Virgil ; but one feels that the poet is actually looking upon the scenes he depicts, so true to nature are the representations. The passages describing the Thames, " large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods," bearing, " like a long wintry forest, groves of masts " ; the spaniel in mid career " struck stiff by the tainted gale," the rushy fen and ragged furze, the fields after the deluge, lying " sunk and flatted in the sordid wave "—these and many others are particularly fine. A fairly representative passage is the following :

" Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense ! Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are Heaven and Earth.
Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;
Distinction lost ; and gay variety
One universal blot : Such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies and chimæras huge ;
Nor visited by one directive ray
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient, as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wildfire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss ;
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renewed, he sinks absorb'd,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf :
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost."

That the poet can picture appreciatively some of the tenderer aspects of life is seen in the following passages :

> "The little strong embrace
> Of prattling children, twined around his neck,
> And emulous to please him, calling forth
> The fond parental soul";

and—

> "Before the ripened fields the reapers stand
> In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
> To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
> By nameless gentle offices, her toil."

And yet, although all this is very different from the courtly society verse of Pope, it is still far removed from the nature poetry of Shelley, Burns and Wordsworth. Thomson impresses one as an interested observer rather than an ardent lover of nature. He talks about his feelings, and about "heart expanding nature," and yet he does not seem to have that keen rapturous delight in nature that is so evident in the best poetry of the romantic school. He looks upon nature as an interesting book, scarcely as the embodiment of a living spirit.

But perhaps we do the poet injustice. Probably the genuine emotions of the lovers of nature surged within his bosom, but the conventional diction in which he attempted to express himself "repressed his noble rage and froze the genial currents of his soul." The pseudo-classical style was admirably adapted to convey thought, but very poorly adapted for the expression of emotion.

It was doubtless better that the transition to the new and more original poetry of the romantic school began from within rather than from without, in subject-matter and spirit rather than in form. The inmost essence having once been revivified, a style more appropriate was sure to be found.

D. C. Macintosh, '03.

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Editorial Notes.

THE Commencement Exercises, of which a full account is given elsewhere in this issue, were a fitting completion of one of the most successful years in the history of the University. It was a great pleasure to have as guests of the University Professor A. T. Robertson, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and President Harper, of the University of Chicago, and a still greater pleasure to listen to their inspiring addresses to the Graduating Classes and the large number of the friends of the University who filled Castle Memorial Hall to listen to our distinguished visitors. The occasion of their sojourn with us will long live in the memory of faculty and students, and particularly of the Graduating Classes whose privilege it was to receive their degrees under such happy auspices. On behalf of the University THE MONTHLY expresses to Professor Robertson and President Harper our deep sense of obligation to them for their presence and their addresses. We are glad to be able to publish President Harper's address in full in this number of THE MONTHLY. To do this we are indebted to the journalistic enterprise of *The News*, which published a *verbatim* report.

In spite of the sorely-felt absence of Chancellor Wallace, the past year has been one upon which we may look back with con-

siderable satisfaction. There was an increase in the number of students enrolled in regular courses, though a slight decrease in the total registration owing to a falling off in occasional students. Good work has been done, as the class-lists will testify, and a spirit of loyalty has prevailed. The new system of mid-year examinations has proved successful in more ways than one. The students again won the championship of the Inter-College Debating Union, this being the *third* year in succession in which they have carried off the laurels in debate. Such triumphs as these are an unanswerable proof of the intellectual atmosphere that pervades the University, and of the undoubted fact that McMaster men are able to compete with the students of any other Canadian university.

In the absence of the Chancellor the details of administration have fallen to the lot of Professor McKay. It is all too little to say that he has discharged the onerous duties in a most efficient manner. What we should have done without his directing hand we refuse to contemplate. Professors Farmer, Goodspeed and Cross have taken the Chancellor's various courses of lectures, and have deservedly won the cordial appreciation of the students and their brethren of the Faculty. Professor Farmer has worthily represented the University at public functions, and Dr. Welton has acted as chairman of the Faculty with characteristic tact. But in spite of all efforts on the part of these and all other members of the Faculty, we have missed Chancellor Wallace, and will gladly welcome him home again.

We say farewell to the Class of '03 with genuine regret. The members of the Class in both Arts and Theology are a body of young men and women whose worth we have learned to know and for whom we have the highest hopes. During the years of their stay with us they have won our affection, and will retain it during the years to come. We utter no insincere words when we tell them that we prize and covet their affection in return. We expect great things of them and shall rejoice with them in every honorable success they may achieve. In the battle of life they will always have a faithful friend in their Alma Mater.

Book Reviews.

The Simple Life.*

This unpretentious volume, simple and yet sublime both in conception and in execution, richly deserves all the words of commendation which have been pronounced upon it by some of the foremost reviewers of the day. The book is intensely interesting and instructive, but it is more. It is calculated to make a man think and arouse him to action, for the author's aim is practical, not theoretical. His conception of simplicity is essentially spiritual. He defines it as a "state of mind." To aspire to simple living is to "aspire to fulfil the highest human destiny." "A man is simple when his chief care is the wish to be what he ought to be, that is, honestly and naturally human." "At bottom, it consists in putting our acts and aspirations in accordance with the law of our being, and consequently with the Eternal Intention which willed that we should be at all." It is a book which, when once read, the reader will wish to open and read again and again.

B. W. M.

Dwellers in the Mist.†

Readers of "Dwellers in the Mist" will find in it a series of interesting sketches of life and character in the Hebrides. Some of the sketches are humorous and some pathetic. Of the latter the chief narrates the tragedy in the life of a young Free Kirk minister who is misunderstood by his people and who, in consequence, has to drink bitter waters of undeserved sorrow. His experience of the harder side of the Scotch creed and character is depicted in such a way as to arouse genuine pity on the part of readers and to enforce the homely Christian lesson of charitable thought. To some readers one great charm of the book will be found in the background of landscape and seascape the author draws for his men and women. The weird grey mist that hangs over the rock-bound coast, the peat-reek that rises from the thatched-roof cottages, the wash of the waves on the pebbly shore, and the melancholy dirges sung by wind and wave and rain, these and other touches of local color give an atmosphere that harmonizes with and enhances the effect of the various stories. The book is well worth reading.

M.

* The Simple Life. By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee, with an introduction and biographical sketch by Grace King. Toronto: William Briggs, 1902. $1.00.

†Dwellers in the Mist. By Norman Maclean. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

Summer Songs in Idlenesse.*

However much we should like to do so, we cannot unreservedly praise the verses appearing in "Summer Songs in Idlenesse," by Katherine H. McDonald Jackson. Except in one or two instances, the thought is commonplace and the expression lacks distinction. The writer shows little command of good blank verse, except in "Penthesilea," where real feeling utters itself in better unrhymed verse than elsewhere in the volumes. In the lyrical measures the verses have an agreeable musical flow. The author is evidently sensitive to the beauty of nature, and can render it at times with good effect. In the lines entitled "Life" and "The Concert," she is at her best. The volume is attractively bound and printed. M.

Two Heroes of Cathay.†

Apart from its extraordinary intrinsic interest, "Two Heroes of Cathay" should have a special appeal to Canadian readers in view of the fact that, when excluded for months from the United States, the "Two Heroes" found a temporary refuge in Toronto. The present volume is a translation of the personal narratives of two young Christian Chinamen, who passed through the awful experiences of the Boxer massacres, and who are now studying at Oberlin preparatory to returning to devote themselves to the service of their countrymen. The story of their adventures during those thrilling days reads like a romance. The affection of these young Chinese Christians for their Christian teachers, and their devotion to their faith amid such trying circumstances, put to shame the fidelity of many of us in Christian Canada.

But the book is more than a narrative; it is a first-hand description of the life of two Chinese youths, from childhood up to manhood. As such it is of more than ordinary value to all who would understand the East and the teeming millions to whom we are sending the gospel. Without knowledge there cannot be the fullest sympathy, and those who are really interested will learn much from this record of the lives of these two young men. Purchasers of the book will have the satisfaction not only of getting full value for their money, but also of knowing that they are helping to make it possible for two genuine heroes to procure an education. The author will devote her royalty to defraying their expenses at college. Readers of this notice might well help in this worthy cause by promoting the circulation of the book.

L.

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*Summer Songs in Idlenesse. By Katherine H. McDonald Jackson. Toronto: William Briggs.

†Two Heroes of Cathay. Edited by Luella Miner. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00 net.

The Workingman and Social Problems.*

This book devotes a brief chapter to each of the following subjects :—The Workingman in his relation to Environment, the Saloon, his Leader, Shop Ethics, Social Reform, and the Church. There is no originality or thoroughness, and not much suggestiveness, in its treatment. The writer has been observant, discriminating and optimistic. He appreciates what the Church has done while contending that she should do more. He does not hesitate to charge the workingman with much of the Church's failure along social lines. This book is valuable for the information it gives respecting "slum" life, for the pulpit themes it is likely to suggest, for the instruction it imparts relating to city mission work, and for the interest it will awaken and deepen in the social question. The average pastor can afford to read it, but not the widely-read student of social questions. P. G. M.

Mission Methods.†

After over 100 years of experience in the foreign field, missions are being fast reduced to a science. The great question of the day is not fields but methods—how most effectively to evangelize and civilize the races of the world still heathen. This book, written by a missionary of great ability, connected with one of the most successful of modern missions, is a partial answer at least to this question. It is a strong, sane treatment of a live subject, not from the standpoint of theoretical but of practical knowledge. There is not a dull page in the whole book. We can most heartily commend it. J. G. B.

In The Hour of Silence.‡

This little book contains twenty-four brief chapters of deep brooding upon great utterances of scripture. Professor McFadyen combines the qualities of a scholar and a mystic. Each page of his book reveals deep insight into spiritual truth, and his thoughts flow out into accurate, delicate expression. The message of the book will make for spiritual refinement. It is the sort of a book one likes to read on a Saturday night, when the turmoil of the week is over, and the mind longs for a bath in some refreshing stream of thought. Among books of the devotional sort it must take and hold a high place. F.

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* The Workingman and Social Problems. By Charles Stetzle. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. 75c. net.

† Mission Methods in Manchuria. By Rev. John Ross, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell.

‡ In the Hour of Silence. By John McFadyen, Professor of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis, Knox College, Toronto. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price $1.00.

A New England Story.*

This can hardly be called a powerful book or a story of great artistic merit. It is rather a series of well-told tales of the lights and shadows of rural life in the days of the early Puritan settlers of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The great forests with only here and there a settlement, with Indian forms moving noiselessly about, and suddenly showing a spectral face at a settler's window to warn of danger, form a fitting setting for the story of Joe Barley's wicked doings, and the sore trials of his faithful wife. In these days of unbelief and spiritual unrest it does one good to walk in the spirit with those stout-hearted saints of the olden times, with their heaven-born love of freedom, their profound convictions of divine truth and soul-uplifting experiences of spiritual things, to join them in their devotional services, and breathe the hôly spirit of effectual fervent prayer that came down in those wonderful protracted meetings, where many a rebellious heart was melted and renewed to a life of blessed service for Christ. The author is plainly quite at home in these early scenes, and writes as one who loves his people, and thoroughly believes in their religious convictions and spiritual experiences. As we lay down his book we agree with him that, with all their faults of superstition and intolerance, these were true men of God, and just the sort of people to lay deep and broad the foundations of a great, free and progressive nation. C.

An Interesting Biography.†

In November of last year Dr. Joseph Parker, for thirty years pastor of the City Temple, died. His life written by a life-long friend, Dr. Wm. Adamson, was recently issued by the Revells. This is not, however, a made-to-order-in-rush-time biography, for the author had been laboring on it for years, and it was all but completed when Dr. Parker died.

Joseph Parker was born at Hexham in Northumberland, April 9th, 1830. His father was a mason of rugged frame and strong will. Both parents were intensely religious, with strong convictions. Joseph was given a good education and proved an ambitious scholar. He had had considerable experience in public speaking at temperance meetings, and in June, 1848, preached his first sermon to the lads on the village green. He at once became popular in the villages round about. Having applied to Dr. Campbell of

* A New England Miracle, or Seekers after Truth. A Tale of the Days of King Philip. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

† The Life of Joseph Parker, D.D., Pastor of City Temple, London. By Wm. Adamson, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

London for advice, he was given an opportunity of preaching to his congregation, and so well acquitted himself that he was made assistant pastor. The same year, 1852, he was called to Banbury and met with striking success. In 1858 he settled with the wealthy church meeting at Cavendish Square, Manchester, and in 1869 with the Poultry Chapel in London. The church proving too small for the crowds attending Dr. Parker's ministry, land was procured on Holborn viaduct and the City Temple, seated for twenty-five hundred people, was built.

We cannot follow out the brilliant career of the great author and preacher. Suffice it to say that a fascinating subject has been dealt with in a worthy manner in the book before us. The reading and re-reading of the life of a man of so striking personality and such wide influence cannot but be interesting and profitable to all who may be privileged to do so. L. S. H.

College News.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The annual Commencement exercises of McMaster University took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 5th and 6th, and in the opinion of competent observers were the most successful in the history of the University. The presence of President Harper of the University of Chicago, and of Professor Robertson of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., excited an extraordinary degree of interest in the friends of the college, and drew large audiences to the Baccalaureate Sermon and Convocation. The meetings of the Alumni Association were held in connection with the Commencement exercises in order to permit the attendance of the Alumni, and much of the enthusiasm that characterized this year's Commencement was due to the fact that so many graduates were present to show their affection for their Alma Mater. The fact, too, that all the exercises were held in Castle Memorial Hall gave them an appeal to the graduating classes in particular that they could have had in no other place. In view of the success that attended this year's experiment it will require strong reasons to justify their being held elsewhere in future years.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

The first of the two official functions was the Baccalaureate sermon, which was delivered on Tuesday evening in Castle Memo-

rial Hall, by the Rev. Prof. A. T. Robertson, D.D. Dr. Welton presided, and the Faculty occupied seats on the platform. The hall was well filled with an appreciative audience. The scripture lesson was read by Rev. W. H. Cline, of Owen Sound, and prayers were offered by Rev. L. S. Hughson, of Lindsay, and Principal McCrimmon, of Woodstock College. Miss Emma Fares, of Moulton College, sang Handel's "O Lord, correct me," with feeling and taste. The selection itself and Miss Fares' rendition of it harmonized with the spirit of worship that characterized the occasion.

In introducing the preacher of the evening, Dr. Welton made a reference to the intimate relation that for many years has existed between the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and McMaster, and warmly welcomed Dr. Robertson to Toronto. Dr. Robertson expressed his thanks for the cordial welcome, and reciprocated the expression of kindly feeling between the two institutions. He took as his text the passage found in Ephesians iii. 14-21, and on it delivered a sermon that must have served as a spiritual impulse to all who heard it. He gave a clear exegesis of this great passage, without any attempt at oratorical embellishment, but with evidence of ample scholarship behind what he said.

In the seven verses of the text Paul utters a petition in which he gives his conception of Christian manhood. He prays that the saints at Ephesus and the faithful in Christ Jesus may possess three things, namely: Strength in the inner man, the indwelling of Christ, and the comprehension of the love of Christ. Inner strength, which is the real measure of man, may be obtained only through His Spirit. By faith the Christian can have Christ make His home in the heart. There is need for heart culture, for somebody is bound to dwell therein. We are God's servants or Satan's slaves To comprehend the love of Christ men must strike their roots down into the love of Christ, must lay broad and deep foundations upon it. By so doing they will learn the measure of the love of Christ, will know that it is wide as the world, long as eternity, deep as hell, high as heaven. To know the love of Christ is to pass the limits of knowledge, to comprehend the incomprehensible, to know the unknowable. This is possible through the power of God. The Christian should reproduce in himself something of the character of God who has made him and re-made him in Christ Jesus.

Convocation for Conferring Degrees.

The seating capacity of Castle Memorial Hall was taxed to the utmost and hundreds were unable to gain admission on the occasion of our annual convocation, on the evening of May 6th.

Fully twelve hundred people were crowded into a room which normally accommodates about eight hundred. It was a fitting tribute to the distinguished visitor of the evening, President William Rainey Harper, D.D., LL.D., of the University of Chicago, who was to deliver the Convocation Address. The graduates in Arts and Theology also received their due share of attention. In the gallery and on the floor were proud parents and admiring friends of these young intellectual giants, who, it is hoped, will all become more or less famous in due time.

The front part of the floor was reserved for the graduating classes, the Moulton students, the wives of the Faculty and Senate, and some invited guests. Dr. Welton acted as Chancellor, and our beloved senior professor performed the duties of his office very gracefully. On the platform were seated the guests of the University to the number of about one hundred. These included leading representatives of the religious, educational, political and professional life of the city. Among them were Chancellor Burwash, Principal Hutton, Principal Sheraton, Dr. William Clark, Mr. Speaker Charlton, Hon. Richard Harcourt, Hon. John Dryden, Hon. E. J. Davis, Hon. F. R. Latchford, Mr. J. P. Whitney, M.P.P., leader of the Opposition in the Legislature, Dean Geikie, Dean Reeve, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Editor of *The Globe*, Mr. J. S. Willison, Editor of *The News*, Mr. D. E. Thomson, Rev. S. S. Bates, Rev. W. E. Norton, Rev. J. G. Brown, Rev. E. T. Fox, Rev. J. D. Freeman, Rev. Principal Massé, Principal McCrimmon, Rev. James Grant, Rev. W. H. Cline, Rev. W. T. Graham, Rev. L. S. Hughson, Rev. B. W. Merrill, Rev. J. J. Reeve, Rev. W. H. Wallace, Rev. John McNeill, Rev. C. H. Schutt, Rev. L. Brown, Rev. A. P. McDonald, Rev. J. B. Warnicker, Mr. John Firstbrook, Mr. Frank Sanderson, Mr. John Stark, Mr. J. Short McMaster, Rev. Prof. McFadyen, of Knox, Rev. F. H. Wallace, of Victoria, Professors Alexander, Squair, Cameron, Hume, Chant and Johnston, of the University of Toronto, Registrar Brebner, Principal Packenham, of the Technical School, Principal Embree, Dr. John Ferguson, Dr. C. L. Starr, Dr. George Porter, Dr. E. R. Hooper, besides all the members of the Faculty.

After prayer by Rev. J. D. Freeman of the Bloor St. Church, the following degrees were conferred :—

B.A.—Bernard Robinson Allen, Toronto ; Mary Osborne Ardley, Ottawa ; Elven John Bengough, Toronto ; Joseph Fletcher Calvert, Reaboro'; Ebenezer Cameron, Tiverton ; Elizabeth Jane Cameron, Tiverton ; Frederick Bolton Dixon, Weston ; Ernest Jones Farmer, Toronto ; Lorne Clarence Fraser, Weston ; Gilbert G. Lamont, Aberdour ; George William Langdon, Kenilworth ; Charles Clifford Lumley, Iona ; Hugh McDiarmid, Rutherford ; Peter Alexander McDiarmid, Tiverton ; Samuel McMurric

McLay, Woodstock ; John McLauchlan, London ; John Neil McLean, Sunderland ; Annie May McNeill, Toronto ; Douglas Clyde Macintosh, Breadalbane ; Isabel Jamieson Munro, Port Arthur ; Hugh Thomson Norman, Schomberg ; Walter Quarrington, Toronto ; Volney Anderson Ray, Galt ; Grace Neile Wallace, Toronto ; James Alexander Wallace, Toronto ; Duncan James Welsh, New Westminster ; Edmund John Zavitz, Ridgeway.

B.A. (*ad eundem gradum*)—Herries Locke Kempton, Milton, N.S. ; Andrew Arthur Scott, Oshawa ; Edward John Stobo, Port Burwell.

M.A.—John Edwin Davis, Ramachandrapuram, India ; Ernest William Parsons, Port Arthur ; Robert Dawson MacLaurin, Vankleek Hill.

B.Th.—Edgar Allan Brownlee, B.A., Hespeler ; Richard Emerson Guyatt, B.A., Binbrook ; Albert Eustace Haydon, B.A., Brampton ; Herries Locke Kempton, B.A., Milton, N.S. ; Thomas E. Meldrum, B.A., Fenelon Falls ; Andrew Arthur Scott, B.A., Oshawa ; Ralph Eugene Smith, B.A., Simcoe.

B.D.—John Gilbert Brown, B.A., Toronto.

D.D —Rev. John Turner Marshall, M.A., Principal of Baptist College, Manchester, England.

LL.D.—Rev. Godfroi Narcisse Massé, B.A., Principal of Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, Quebec ; Daniel Edmund Thomson, K.C., of Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Diplomas in Theology—Four years' course—Judson McIntosh, B.A., Whitevale ; John Essington Miles, Dannville, Penn., U.S.A. ; Henry Procter, B.A., Toronto. Three years' English course—Joseph Baker Grimshaw, London ; Joseph Alexander Kelley, Auburn, N.Y.

The various recipients were presented by the following :—G. N. Massé, by Professor Farmer ; Mr. D. E. Thomson, by Professor Cross ; Rev. J. T. Marshall, by Rev. Dr. Goodspeed ; the *ad eundem* Bachelors of Arts, by Dr. Wilson Smith ; the Bachelors of Arts in course, by Principal McCrimmon ; the Masters of Arts, by Dr. TenBroeke ; the Bachelors of Theology, by Rev. L. S. Hughson ; the one Bachelor of Divinity, by Rev. W. H. Cline ; the graduates in the Four Years' Course in Theology, by Rev. W. E. Norton, and those in the Three Years' Course, by Rev. C. H. Schutt.

Professor Tracy, Ph.D., delivered the address to the graduating classes. He first spoke of the great pleasure it had given him to see the steady growth of McMaster University. This was the tenth class to graduate from the University. He referred humorously to the experiences of the first freshman class, who lacked all the environments of culture supposed to be supplied by sophomores, juniors and seniors. He complimented the graduating classes on the fact that they had come, not to the end, but to

the commencement of their careers. He hoped their college courses had created in them a desire for the pursuit of truth. He urged them to be always open to receive new truth wherever and whenever it might present itself, and also to be tolerant of the opinions and beliefs of others. He concluded by warning the graduates not to think that they knew all that was to be learned, as the world would demand that they win their spurs irrespective of their academic degree.

Dr. Welton then announced the following winners of scholarships and prizes :—

Fourth Year—Crawford scholarship, D. C. McIntosh, Bread-albane.

Third Year—Shenstone scholarship in classics, R. A. F. McDonald, Strathcona, Alta.

Second Year—Harry L. Stark scholarship in mathematics, A. B. Farmer, Toronto ; Campbell scholarship in classics, J. Janes, London.

First Year—A. C. Pratt scholarship, H. B. Moyle, Burlington ; Frank Sanderson scholarship in mathematics, D. Buchanan, Clearville ; Elmore Harris prizes in Latin and in Greek, R. C. Bensen, Chatham ; James Ryrie prize in German, C. S. Edwards, Clarence ; John Firstbrook prize in French, E. A. St. James, Grande Ligne, Que.

Dr. Thomson and Dr. Massé, on being called upon, briefly returned thanks for the honor conferred upon them.

Dr. Welton, in introducing the speaker of the evening, recalled his admiration for Dr. Harper seventeen years ago, during attendance at a summer school near Chicago, and traced his progress from that time to his connection with Yale, and then to his organization of the great university of which he was now the head. The audience stood up and applauded as if they never would cease when the famous president rose to deliver his address, the subject of which was "The Relation of Religion to the Higher Life." As this address is printed in full in another part of THE MONTHLY, it will not be necessary to refer further to it than to say that it was a masterly and convincing treatment of a great subject.

At the conclusion of the address Acting Chancellor Welton arose and asked President Loudon, Hon. R. Harcourt and Mr. J. P. Whitney to say a few words. They responded in a congratulatory tone. The announcement of President Loudon that Dr. Harper would be present at Toronto University convocation in 1904 was received with loud applause. With the singing of "God Save the King," and the pronouncing of the words "Dissolvo Hanc Convocationem," the session of 1902-1903 came to a close.

Alumni Association.

The annual meetings of the McMaster Alumni Association were held in connection with the Commencement Exercises of the University, and like them were highly successful. At each of the four sessions held there was present a goodly number of graduates to listen to the interesting papers, and to participate in the animated discussion that ensued. The annual dinner was a particularly enjoyable affair to the forty odd members of the Association present. It was delightful to enjoy an hour's social intercourse with college friends amid the old familiar scenes, and to indulge in reminiscences of happy days in our Alma Mater. So popular was the gathering that many suggested that the graduates might meet in the same way during the annual convention of the denomination. The new executive committee might win distinction for itself by inaugurating such a reunion.

President Hughson, of Lindsay, presided at the various sessions, and to his energy and enthusiasm was due much of the success that characterized the proceedings. In his presidential address he discussed the relation the university graduate should sustain to civic affairs. "McMaster," he said, "has been called into being to fill a high and noble purpose in the culture of her students and their preparation for practical life. Therefore her alumni have devoted themselves largely to the ministry and the schools. I wish to suggest that there is a call to widen our horizon and think seriously of service outside of school or church or profession, and to devote some attention to the need of our country for men to conduct public affairs. Canada is on the eve of a larger destiny; whether it will be nobler is not revealed. In political affairs at least we are no longer in a position to stigmatize the corruption of our neighbors. Without referring to cases now sub judice, there is ample evidence of wide corruption in political contests. Leaders are cajoling the people, while party prejudice and infatuated loyalty make the people an easy prey. The need of the hour is for men of intelligence, broad-mindedness, independence of judgment, knowledge of history, knowledge of law, calmness of judgment, and power of speech, to champion the cause of the people and clog the efforts of political charlatans. Such qualities are products of education. If our doctrine of separation of Church and State is withholding good men from service of the nation, we need to revise our creed or modify its application. I suggest that young men, the product of our Christian school, should dedicate themselves to the political life with a high aim, and even if our paths may lead in other professions, yet is it now the need of the hour, if Canada is to be great, that men of culture devote time and attention to civic affairs in advocating

good measures, and putting forth and supporting good men and hindering evil."

With respect to the various papers, it will be sufficient to state that they dealt with vital topics in an able and comprehensive manner, and that they were greatly appreciated by all who heard them. It is to be hoped that portions of all of them may appear in The Monthly. We are glad to be able to publish a part of Rev. W. T. Graham's in this issue. Mr. S. R. Tarr, M.A., read an interesting paper on "Matthew Arnold, the Man and the Poet"; Rev. P. G. Mode, M.A., gave a careful review of Professor Peabody's sane and comprehensive "Jesus Christ and the Social Problem"; Rev. P. K. Dayfoot, M.A., and Rev. L. McKinnon discussed the reading a pastor should devote himself to; and Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A., B.D., and Rev. W. T. Graham dealt with the important question of authority in religion. Brother Dayfoot revealed one secret of his varied culture when he confessed his enthusiasm for reading at five o'clock a.m., and to an ability to postpone the reading of the morning newspapers until just before going to bed. Such unexampled virtue commanded the respectful admiration of all.

At the annual business meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Rev. P. G. Mode, M.A., Woodstock; First Vice-President, Rev. W. T. Graham, Brantford; Second Vice-President, Miss E. R. Whiteside, B.A., Regina, N.W.T.; Third Vice-President, Rev. G. R. McFaul, B.A., Ottawa; Fourth Vice-President, Miss J. M. Norton, B.A., Toronto; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. W. McLay, M.A., McMaster University; Recording Secretary, R. Wilson Smith, Ph.D., McMaster University.

AROUND THE HALL.

Editor: V. A. Ray, '03.

Farewell Dinner.—The dinner to the graduating classes in Arts and Theology took place in the dining hall of the University on Monday evening, May 4th. Promptly at six o'clock chairman Bingham led the descent upon the dining room. The tables were tastily decorated and presented a very pretty effect. The members of the graduating classes and the ladies were grouped about the chairman, while directly in front were the representatives from the faculty, Dr. Smith and Dr. TenBroeke. This table was also graced by the presence of Mrs. Smith, Mrs. TenBroeke, and Rev. J. D. Freeman and Mrs. Freeman.

When justice had been done to the good things provided, the chairman announced the toast list and proposed the first in order, "Our King and Country," to which the entire company responded by singing the National Anthem. "Our Alma Mater" was happily presented by Mr. W. C. Pearce, '01, and elicited a very fitting response from Rev. J. D. Freeman, who replied in the absence of Dr. Welton. The praises of the Graduates in Arts were sung with variations by Mr. H. C. Feast, '04. To this toast Mr. Alex. Wallace, '03, replied with that modesty and dignity which becometh a senior.

The toast to "Our Ladies" brought Mr. F. C. Mabee, '04, to his feet with a speech overflowing with poetic effusions. This attempt he confessed to be his maiden effort. Miss I. J. Munro, '03, responded for the ladies in a speech that all agree was the best of the evening.

Mr. J. N. McLean, the retiring Kakiak, favored the audience with his swan song and introduced his successor, Mr. F. J. Scott, B.A., to whom he presented the emblem of office. Mr. Scott received the gavel and in a neat speech thanked the student body for the honor conferred upon him by his election to the Presidency.

The last toast of the evening was to the "Graduates in Theology." Mr. A. L. Huddleston, B.A., in a very happy speech referred to the prospects of the future divines and conveyed to them the best wishes of their fellow-students for the happiness and prosperity of all the members of the class. Mr. R. E. Guyatt, B.A., arose for the Theologs. and in a brief speech acknowledged the kindness and honor done them on this occasion.

The chairman then called upon the Honorary President of the Athletic Association, Dr. TenBroeke, to present the cups and medals to the winners in the sports of the past year. The Doctor made a few introductory remarks on the place of athletics in student life. The fact that the speaker had distinguished himself in the classroom and on the campus as an undergraduate at Yale gave emphasis to his words, and his speech though brief will doubtless be of value to the students of McMaster.

The prizes were awarded as follows: McNaught Cup and Chancellor's gold medal, E. J. Farmer, '03; silver medal, A. E. Haydon, Theol.; silver medal, H. H. Murray, '06.

Class '05 are the fortunate possessors of the Matthews Cup.

The proceedings were then brought to a close by the singing of Auld Lang Syne. The gratitude of the graduating classes is due to the juniors for this expression of their honor and esteem.

An excellent photograph of the graduating class has been placed in position in the corridor to the chapel, where it will keep company to the ghosts of '02.

THE following is the address read by Mr. D. J. Welch, '03, on the occasion of the presentation to Dr. TenBroeke reported in our April number :—

DR. TENBROEKE—We, the members of the graduating year in Philosophy, take this opportunity of meeting with you to show our appreciation of your untiring efforts on our behalf during the past three or four years. We feel that we could not permit this year to close without making our gratitude known to you in some informal way.

We recognize that you have not had the best material out of which to make philosophers of the most distinguished character, yet you have so patiently wrought with us that many hitherto obscure problems have been made plain. Where once only darkness prevailed, now we see a faint glimmer of light. We have been brought face to face with the great metaphysical problems that have troubled men of thought in all past ages, and we have been encouraged to believe that we may find the solution of these perplexing questions and thus prove ourselves to be men, worthy of our day and generation.

When you first introduced us to the subject of Philosophy we were delighted, it seemed so clear and plain. But later on, when we entered the "Country of Truth," we perceived that we were surrounded by a "wide and stormy ocean," truly the home of illusion itself. Dense was the fog that enveloped us when we attempted to journey through Mills' Logic, Locke's Human Understanding, and the numerous other fields of obscurity. It was only by your persistent effort as a teacher and interpreter, and your constant affirmation that there was light beyond, that we were encouraged to struggle upwards from the empirical plain of sense experience to the higher realm of pure transcendentalism.

Sir, in the careful and painstaking perusal of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, Lotze's Metaphysic and Green's Prologomena to Ethics, in which you have so ably directed us, we have got new and larger conceptions of life, its reality and its worth, and we are fully satisfied that our course under your guidance has been one that has been, and will continue to prove to be, most beneficial to us.

Your kindness and goodwill have ever been manifest. You have always shown a readiness to meet the enquiring student in such a manner as to at once win his confidence and respect. Of this mutual feeling of friendship and goodwill which we believe exists between yourself and every member of this class, I need say nothing further.

Dr. TenBroeke, as a slight token of our sincere appreciation of your untiring efforts, your indefatigable patience, and your earnest consideration of what would be to our profit, I ask you on

behalf of the class to accept this portfolio of the distinguished philosophers of all ages, trusting it may be of interest to you to note the physical features of these great men whose mighty thoughts have marked the course of the philosophical history of the world.

Doctor, to yourself and to your wife, whose hospitality we have enjoyed, and who, we know, shares with you an interest in your classes, we tender our kindest regards.

On the banks of the Humber, near the old stone mill, the last social gathering of class '03 was held, on Tuesday of Commencement Week. The first part of the journey was taken on board the cars as far as the boathouse, where boats were secured and the party embarked for a trip up the tortuous course of the river. Arrived at the aforesaid mill the boats were moored, when the last contingent was suddenly descried wrecked on a bleak and desert island. Signals of distress caused skipper Dixon to launch the lifeboat, by means of which a gallant rescue was effected. Light refreshments were then served on the green and the entire party spent an enjoyable hour together. The class artist secured a photograph of the group, after which the party set sail and arrived sooner or later at the boathouse. Here a steam launch was engaged and in charge of helmsman McLean the party had a delightful trip to Sunnyside, whence the city cars conveyed them to the Hall. During the afternoon the following officers were elected: Pres., V. A. Ray; Vice-Pres., Miss Mary O. Ardley; Sec'y, E. J. Bengough.

We are glad to report that Dr. Lumley is progressing favorably towards recovery and hopes to leave the hospital in a few weeks.

With this number of The Monthly the editor of this department and his staff will rest from their arduous labors. The work of the college year having been brought to a close, we hereby hand over the editorial pen and the goodwill of this department to Mr. W. W. Lailey, '04. We are assured that our successor is a fit and proper person and we take pleasure in announcing his advent into the ranks of the amateur journalists who have served their day and generation on The Monthly staff.

PLUGGING FOR EXAMS.

O, sweetly blows the April breeze,
The sunbeams cleave the air,
The robins flit amid the trees,
And spring is everywhere.
'Twould rouse the lifeless from their tombs,
And all whom grief embalms;
But students in their stuffy rooms,
Are "plugging" for Exams.

O, green the grass on tennis-courts,
On campus, links and lawn!
Where are the lovers of the sports,
Where are the athletes gone?
Unmindful of the trophied game,
The championship, and palms,
With furrowed brow, (that measures how)
They're "plugging" for Exams.

Before the birds the dawning greet
The "Plugger" leaves his bed;
In vain the summons: "Come and eat,"
In vain the board is spread.
Was ever such a sateless youth?
Till midnight hour he crams;
And even in his sleep, forsooth,
He's "plugging" for Exams.

For weeks his loving friends have sought
Expectantly the mails,
But all in vain their hopes, and naught
Their vigilance avails.
At length a letter, (welcome sight!)
Their apprehension calms:
"Send me a Ten! no time to write——
I'm 'plugging' for Exams."

What more? Of courtesies delayed,
Of dearth of voice and sign,
Of prayers unsaid, and vows unpaid
At Love's and Friendship's shrine,
Let him narrate, unvext by grief
Distracted not by qualms,
Who with the muses finds relief
From "plugging" for Exams.

MAMIE VOO.

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